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THE  
WESTERN  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

A CONTINUATION OF THE  
ILLINOIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

VOL. I.

FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1833.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES HALL.

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CINCINNATI:  
PUBLISHED BY COREY & FAIRBANK.  
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1833.

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**CINCINNATI:**  
**PRINTED BY F. S. BENTON,**  
Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

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E. E. H.  
1876/31

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THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1833.

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TO THE READER.

IN presenting this Magazine to our readers, under a new name, and in an improved dress, the editor feels assured that the favorable reception which it has heretofore met with, will still be extended to it. Although devoted chiefly to elegant literature, it has always been our wish and endeavor, to render it useful, by making it the medium for disseminating valuable information and pure moral principles. The literature of the West is still in its infancy, and we trust that we are not unconscious of the responsibility which rests on those who attempt to direct it. Sensible that all literary effort, however refined or powerful, which does not promote the cause of virtue, and elevate public sentiment, is worse than useless, we have directed our humble energies towards the accomplishment of these important ends. How far we may have been successful, is not for us to decide.

Our future course will be directed by the same principles which have thus far governed our exertions. We shall endeavor to cull the flowers of literature, and to enliven our pages with the brilliant emanations of wit, so far as the contributions of wits and scholars may enable us to fulfil this pledge. We invoke the assistance of such gentlemen. We call on the man of genius, the classical student, the genuine lover of pure letters, to lend his aid to an enterprise which is at least laudable and innocent, but which, if carried out to a successful accomplishment, will be honorable to our country, and beneficial to our fellow citizens.

But we have other and higher views. We would promote the cause of science and useful knowledge. We invite the laborers in this wide and noble field, to enrich our pages with



the results of their researches. We appeal to the patriotism of all who desire to advance the best interests of their country.

At no period of the history of our republic has it been so important, as at the present moment, to cultivate the useful arts, and the virtues which tend to soften the asperities of human passion. Perhaps it has never before happened, that a people so enlightened, so rational, so happy in the possession of civil freedom and domestic comfort, have allowed their feelings to become so highly excited by angry and unfruitful controversy. It is a happy reflection, that at such a crisis there is a neutral ground, upon which gentlemen of all parties may meet, as under a flag of truce. The friends of science and literature, however they may differ in other respects, may meet and agree in learned and useful discussion. They may do more. They may give a right direction to public feeling. They may allure their fellow citizens to higher and nobler pursuits, than the hollow contests of mad ambition and party violence. They may enlighten and enlarge the public mind. They may inculcate kind and generous sentiments, and pour the oil of peace upon the troubled billows of dissension.

We live in a country and an age, governed by moral influence. Our republican institutions, and our mild laws, do much towards the formation of national character; but the press does more. When the latter is depraved, the salutary effects of the former are paralysed or perverted. Indeed, public opinion controls the law and the constitution, as well as the conduct of individuals; and every department of civil subordination is swayed by the master minds who impress their virtues or vices upon the great mass of society.

These propositions are too well understood to require proof or comment. They need to be only suggested, in order that their tendency may be perceived. They admonish the virtuous and intelligent to live for their country, and to exert the legitimate influence of talent and acquirement, in giving vigor and purity to public sentiment.

The literature of our country has never exerted the influence to which it is entitled. A vast portion of our education and talent is possessed by those who are immersed in the cares of business; and those elegant or solid acquirements which should enlighten the public mind, and give dignity to the national character, lie buried like the ore in the mine, or are only used to enliven the private circle, or the domestic fireside.

These are a few of the considerations which we would desire to impress on our readers, and some of the principles which will direct our course. We aspire to be useful, and to be the



cause of usefulness in others; and should we be so fortunate as to enlist only a portion of the talent of our fellow citizens in our enterprise, we are sanguine in the belief that the result will be propitious. Without such aid, it would be mere presumption in us even to hope for success. The unsupported efforts of one individual can do but little; the united labors of many may effect much. This is especially true of periodical works, which must be made interesting, as well by the variety of the subjects touched upon, as by the vigor and sprightliness with which they are treated. In the productions of one individual, even supposing him to be qualified to treat a number of topics with ability, there would be a sameness of thought and of style, which would soon weary the 'constant reader.' Aiming, then, to produce a work which shall unite the amusing and the instructive, we candidly acknowledge our own weakness, and disavow that presumptuous reliance upon our own resources, which could only bring disgrace to us, and disappointment to our readers; while we cordially invite the assistance of all who can please by wit, or instruct by wisdom.

Among the subjects which will be discussed in this work, one of the most prominent will be that of education. If it be true, that knowledge is power, and that our own country will be great, prosperous, and happy, in proportion to the degree of intelligence which shall exist in its population, it is equally true, that the instruction of youth is the most important means of producing these desirable results. We believe that the training of the young, should form a prominent feature of national policy; that it should be the care of society as well as of individuals, that education should be disseminated through all classes of the community, and that it should be regulated by a simple and uniform system. There is, at this time, an intense interest felt upon this subject, throughout the West; and the fact that so little has been done, is attributable rather to the want of information and systematic action, than to any apathy of the public mind in regard to it. It is desirable that there should be an interchange of opinions among intelligent men, a careful examination into existing systems, and a development of the resources of the country available for this great purpose.

Above all, the business of instruction requires to be divested of its technicalities, its theory to be stripped of those metaphysical abominations which have rendered it an occult art, and the whole subject to be presented, in its simple beauty, before the public. We surely have heads and hearts among us, that would labor with delight and profit in so noble a field.

The sciences and useful arts, may be ably supported by pop-

ular disquisitions; and many branches of that knowledge, which are now buried in ponderous volumes, or concealed in the jargon of foreign idioms, may be emphatically made to be, *knowledge for the people*.

The traditions of our country, embracing many valuable historical facts, and a great variety of romantic incident, may be recorded and preserved in such a work, and the most authentic materials treasured up for the future historian. Many of the pioneers are still living—the survivors of a generation which has passed away, and the only existing witnesses of those hardy exploits by which the savage and the beast of prey were expelled from their native forests. The reminiscences of such men should be collected with care, and handed down with fidelity to succeeding ages.

To the agriculturist and the mechanic, we should be glad to give, occasionally, a practical paper, bearing on the sciences connected with their respective arts.

In the department of criticism, we shall notice new publications in every department of literature, especially such as are of western origin, or treat of subjects interesting to the population of the new states.

We need not say, that tales, poetry, and lively essays will always be welcome. The elegant and sprightly emanations of genius, will find a ready admission to our pages. We invoke the aid of such as are capable of clothing ‘thoughts that breathe’ in ‘words that burn,’ while we beg dull poets and prosing storytellers to stand aloof. As the present company is always excepted, we take this opportunity of saying, that, in consideration of our vigilance in protecting our readers from the dulness of others, we claim the privilege of inflicting on them, occasionally, one of our own tedious legends.

With such views, we present our work to the public. It is, we believe, the only monthly periodical devoted to general literature, in the West. Shall it be supported? We answer, on our part, *it shall*, if patient industry, and an earnest desire to succeed, may insure success. It will be for others to decide how far *they* will second our design. If the writers will contribute to our pages, if reading men, and *reading ladies*, will assume the respectable office of *patron*, by placing their names on the subscription list, the Western Monthly Magazine may be made to equal the best publications of the American press.

The editor regrets to be obliged to commence his labors with an apology; but it is proper for him to say, that the last two numbers were made up by some of his friends, who were kind enough to supply his place, at a moment when an afflicting dis-

pensation of Providence rendered such assistance as necessary as it was considerate in them, and peculiarly grateful to himself. He is obliged to become indebted to the same source, for this and perhaps the ensuing number. After that, his attention will be devoted to this work.

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## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

HOWEVER little we may admire some of the traits in the character of the British government and people, there is one in which we should be glad to see them imitated on this side of the Atlantic. We allude to the distinctions which are uniformly awarded to those who render services to their country, but especially to such as elevate the national character by extending the bounds of science, or advancing the interests of literature. The name of Mungo Park has been immortalized, and proudly cherished by his countrymen, while that of Ledyard has been but recently rescued from almost absolute oblivion. Dr. Johnson's dictionary erected for him, independently of his other great works, an everlasting monument, in the estimation of his countrymen; while the vastly superior work of Noah Webster, the fruit of a long life of intense labor, has scarcely yet earned him a reputation above that of an ordinary pedagogue. The host of travellers who are daily returning to England, laden with 'knowledge gained in foreign parts,' are received with open arms, flattered with abundant praise, and greeted with substantial rewards; and even the still greater host *who do not return*, because they never departed, but spend their wretched lives in composing travels in the garrets of Grub-street, are liberally paid for administering food to the vanity of their countrymen. The magazines and reviews of that country, are filled with notices of such works. They are perused with avidity by all classes. When expeditions are performed under the auspices of the government, they are not only fitted out with great care and expense, and amply provided with all that is necessary to insure safety and success; but those who distinguish themselves in such services, have invariably been rewarded by the government. Such is the estimation in which that nation holds those who expend their time, and risk their lives, to increase the reputation of the country. We hold this to be a wise policy. We are no advocates for a lavish expenditure of public money; nor do we appreciate that shadow of a shade, called *national honor*, so highly, as to think it worth purchasing with the blood of the brave, or the sweat



of the laborious. We abominate war, as much as we dislike the whole system of sinecures and pensions. But we would buy knowledge at its full value, and disseminate it with a liberal hand. We would wish to see our government aid the researches of science, not for the *glory* she would achieve by such conduct, but on account of the substantial benefits to be conferred on the people by so wise a policy.

It is said that republics are ungrateful; but this is rank nonsense. It is one of those specious axioms, which is believed only because it was said long ago, and has been often repeated. Human nature is the same every where; a republican is as just and as generous as a monarchist, and loves his country as well. The difference, if any, is, that the one is debased by habitual servitude to absurd distinctions and pernicious prejudices, while the other is ennobled by independence of thought, and freedom of moral action. A president and congress would surely be as apt to do justice, as a king and parliament; the one is a collection of politicians, the other is no more—and politicians are alike, the world over. From Black Hawk up to Lord Grey, they do the best they can for *themselves*, their *friends*, and their *country*, and the greatest difference among them consists in an occasional transposition of these duties.

The want of encouragement to literary and scientific effort, on the part both of our government and people, is not to be imputed to our republican institutions. It is true, that in arbitrary governments, pensions are given to meritorious individuals—literary men as well as others. But when we notice the immense sums lavished on court favorites and idle gentry, or worse than wasted in the sensual indulgences of the sovereign and his kindred, and the comparative pittance awarded to public service, or meritorious virtue, we discover that the latter are grudgingly given as mere excuses to sanction the former.

If we continue the comparison with which we set out, between Great Britain and the United States, the truth will be found to be, that the real difference exists in the public sentiment of the two countries respectively. The government of Great Britain patronizes learning, because the pride of the nation is gratified by this expenditure of the public treasure; and our own rulers withhold that patronage, because it has never been called for by the voice of the people.

The expeditions of Lewis and Clark, Pike, and Long, were projected by our government, without any special prompting of public sentiment, and being rare experiments in the policy of our country, might have been expected to excite great interest by their novelty, if from no other cause. These explor-

ers were all eminently successful. They traversed vast regions, until then unknown to civilized man, encountered incredible toils and dangers, and accumulated a great variety of valuable scientific facts. In all these respects, their labors were fully as meritorious, and the results as brilliant, as those of Cook, Parry, or Franklin. But how different their reward! While the English have promoted their illustrious voyagers to the highest places in public favor, and given them wealth and rank, our equally deserving travellers have received no distinguishing mark of public gratitude, and their books, coldly received, have been among the heaviest lumber of the bookstores. Now this is not to be attributed to any want of intrinsic merit in the books. The accounts of both of Col. Long's expeditions are well written, and parts of them composed with great elegance; the adventures are novel and curious, and the scientific facts collected, numerous and useful. The truth is, that public sentiment is wrong, and it is the business of literary men to set it right.

We are not about to dispute the taste or judgment of our countrymen. They know what a good book is, as well as others, and can place as proper an estimate upon the merits of a scientific discovery, or of a candidate for literary fame. The defect consists in a want of public spirit, in relation to this particular subject. In general, we are sufficiently patriotic. If a paltry *ignoramus* writes a book of travels against us, who so indignant as we? If our flag is insulted, who so quick to resent the affront? If John Bull undertakes to sell us calico cheaper than we can make it, who can declaim with such patriotic eloquence against the danger of being dependent upon foreigners? If an old maid in London, who has a few thousand pounds laid by, to support herself and an interesting tom-cat, in their old age, chooses to invest it in American bank-stock, with what disdain do we spurn the ignoble idea of enriching ourselves by the use of foreign capital! But while we thus resist and disclaim foreign influence, in matters merely pecuniary, how tamely do we submit to the domination of the British press! While we shrink from the contamination of their cash and their cotton-goods, neither of which could do us any great harm, with what apathetic indifference do we see their books distributed throughout the whole extent of our republic, and exerting a silent but powerful influence on the morals and taste of the country! Now we are very clear in the proposition, that if there is one article of native growth or manufacture, which we are solemnly bound to cherish against all foreign competition, that article would consist in the products of native intellect. We should support



the talent, foster the genius, protect the morals, and invigorate the public sentiment of our own country. If we wish our people to be virtuous, we must protect them from the contamination of bad principles. If we wish them to be wise, we must cultivate the love of knowledge. If we would be truly independent, we should think our own thoughts, and disseminate such principles as become republicans.

There are several causes to which the indifference of the American people to the productions of native talent, may be attributed. The chief of these, is, the want of a systematic and liberal support on the part of our book-publishers. The American bookseller can republish an English work without paying for the privilege of so doing; but if he publish an original work, he must pay the author for the copy-right. Hence, they uniformly deal in the former in preference to the latter; and the American writer must give his labor for nothing, or be driven from the field by this disadvantageous competition. It therefore becomes the interest of our booksellers, to support English literature, and for that reason they readily circulate the English periodicals, in which that literature is reviewed. Their shelves are filled with foreign trash, a vast portion of which is disgusting to our moral feelings and our political principles; yet, controlling as they do, the literature of the country, they have the power to force into the market, productions which are condemned by the good sense of the nation, in preference to works which the nation would approve.

It is supposed and is often said, that we have not well-trained writers in sufficient abundance, to supply the reading community with books, to take the place of the British. We reply, let our booksellers publish, and our countrymen purchase American books, and this deficiency will soon be removed. We have been eminently successful in every department of mental effort in which talent has been encouraged. Our lawyers, physicians, divines, and statesmen, are inferior to none in the world; and our authors would be equally successful, if the same inducements were placed before them. Let scholars know that they can live by their pens, and hundreds would embark with pride in this noble field.

But there is, also, as we have already hinted, a want of public spirit, in relation to our literature. Men, who will subscribe liberally—yea, give hundreds and thousands of dollars to colleges, to benevolent institutions, to the support of religion, or to the erection of public edifices, can hardly be induced to take an American periodical, or buy a native book. Such men defeat the noble objects to which they so generously contribute,

by withholding their support from the main pillar of the whole system of education, morality, and religion. Unless public sentiment be enlightened and pure, these noble institutions will ever be paralyzed. The press is the great engine for directing public sentiment; and the American who would wish to see wholesome public institutions growing up, must, as the first step, endeavor to create and cherish a pure, sound, and vigorous native literature.

If it be said, that such men as those to whom we have alluded, will support American periodicals, whenever they shall become worthy of patronage, we reply, that the patronage should *come first*. Money is needed to *found* such works, and foster their infancy. In this country, money will buy any thing. Any desired amount of talent can be enlisted in any enterprise which promises to yield a fair emolument. Many a ripe scholar toils at the bar, or ‘cramps his genius over a pestle and mortar,’ who would infinitely prefer the labor and the fame of authorship, if the pecuniary gains were equally certain. Let the wealthy, the patriotic, and the tasteful of our countrymen, discard the trashy English periodicals which infest the land, and give their support to the best of our own literary journals, and the proprietors of the latter would soon be enabled to pay their contributors such a compensation as would enlist the best talents of the country.

Another defect is, the want of combined effort among the friends of literature. There should be union and mutual support established and interchanged among all those who labor in the kindred departments of learning, science, and morals. Men of letters, writers, teachers, the friends of public instruction, the lovers of science—all who labor to disseminate knowledge, or to cultivate the arts that soften and adorn our nature, should unite in the endeavor to produce an *American* feeling, in favor of learning and literature, and to give a vigorous national tone to these several departments.

We have thrown out these hints hastily, and shall, at an early period, resume the subject. It is one of great public interest, and deserves the mature attention of every lover of his country.

## LINES,

ON RECEIVING THE ILLINOIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE FROM MY SISTER IN ST. LOUIS.

THERE came a voice from the far-off West!—'twas not the savage yell,  
That once arose in that fair vale, sad deeds of blood to tell;  
'Twas not the growl of angry beasts, that roam abroad for prey—  
Oh no, far different are the sounds that greet my ear to-day.

There came a voice! 'twas not the sound of the lone hunter's gun,  
Nor hounds that track the timid deer from morn till set of sun;  
Nor echo of the thundering tread of horses wild and free,  
That o'er the prairies vast and fair, like sweeping whirlwinds flee.

There came a voice! 'twas not of winds, through forests lone and deep,  
Like warrior legions moving on, with proud majestic sweep;  
'Twas not the roll of rushing streams, careering on their way,  
When barrier rocks, with angry surge, heave back the whitened spray.

'There came a voice! it spake of cots where once the gaunt wolf prowled,  
And cities, where but late the fierce and vengeful panther howled;  
Of villages that grace the shores, and vessels on the stream,  
'Till now unknown;—say, is it not a romance or a dream?

There came a voice! it spake of fields, scarce needing lab'rer's toil;  
Where genial suns, and gentle rains, and redolence of soil,  
Give plenty to contented souls, who dwell in simple cot,  
Where earth is all a garden, and life a blissful lot.

There came a voice! it spake of wealth, and of the kindling rays  
Of science and religion, that bright begin to blaze;  
That voice, that spake of many things I dreamed not, nor have seen,  
Was—shall I tell?—the Illinois, the Monthly Magazine!

CORA.

Stockbridge, Mass.

## EDUCATION.

Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction. 2 vols. for the years 1830 and 1831. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1831-2.

'ON the 15th of March, 1830, a meeting of teachers and other friends of education, was held at the Columbian Hall, in Boston.' The object was to form a society of teachers; a committee was accordingly chosen on the 18th, to prepare a constitution, and take measures for a future meeting. After much discussion, a constitution was adopted, and the society fairly organized, under the name of the American Institute of Instruction. The object proposed, was the promotion of popular education; and to aid in this object, gentlemen were invited to deliver lectures before the society, while in session. Three meetings of the society have been held in Boston, and three courses of lectures delivered; two of these courses have been published; a volume containing the third, is now in the

press. The lecturers are men of high character in the literary world, and are most of them practical teachers. We find, accordingly, in their discourses, which are deeply imbued with the liberal and clear-sighted philosophy of the age, that all is practical, and intended and fitted for application and use. In the introductory discourse of President Wayland, of Brown University, there is a candidness, and freedom from narrow and prejudiced views, that surprised as much as it pleased us. And the same spirit runs through the whole course. We knew that many men held the opinions expressed by these lecturers, but we did not dream that the feeling was so strong among teachers. We knew that the speculative friends of education considered present systems as in many respects wholly erroneous, but did not believe that the wielders of the rod and ferule, were at all of the same opinion. But these volumes have enlightened our ignorance. They have given us reason to believe, that henceforth, those unto whom it is given to build up the character of the young, will remember, that they labor upon a temple which is to outlive the pyramids—nay, the earth itself; and that the foundation must be deep and strong and enduring—deep enough and strong enough to endure through an eternity.

We wish to speak briefly of the improvements in the science of education, mentioned in these volumes, and now coming generally into practice. The *first* of these, is the *fitting of teachers particularly for their profession*. To elevate and give more dignity to the office, was one great point, to attain which, this Institute was formed. A few years since, any man who could give and hear lessons, who understood those branches of knowledge in which the child was to be exercised and instructed, was thought fit to be a teacher. But now, men ask as to the moral character, the manners, the habits, the capability of measuring capacity, and the practical judgment of the person to whom they propose to confide a child. The lawyer and doctor, ay, the shoemaker and tinker, are educated especially for their employments, and why should not the schoolmaster be? Heretofore, the business of keeping school has been a sort of chrysalis state for those who have passed through a college life, and are as yet, unfit for the independence of manhood. Henceforth, we may hope to see it become more and more a distinct profession—the business of life, a profession of dignity, honor, and almost unknown influence and usefulness.

This change of opinion, with regard to teachers, we believe to be owing to the *second* change in the science of instruction; which is, the adoption of the doctrine, that *the object of elementary education, is, to improve the physical, intellectual, and moral*



*powers of the being educated, and not to store the mind with rules and facts—to produce men, and not mere scholars.* Dugald Stewart advocated, and Pestalozzi and Fellenberg have practised upon this system. We have confined the definition to *elementary* education, inasmuch as the education of after-years is generally to fit the person for some distinct profession or employment; but if we use the word education in its truest and widest sense, as something that goes on, not through youth only, but through life, then the above will define it with equal certainty and distinctness; for it is upon this definition of education that we are entitled to say, that so far from ceasing with youth, it does not cease even with life. While we exist, we must improve; and in this world, therefore, we are but gathering the first rudiments of knowledge—lipping the alphabet of nature.

From this view of the object of education, come, as from a fountainhead, the various other modern improvements in the science. These are, the attention paid to physical education; the disposition to lead the mind, and not to force it; to guide the efforts of nature, and not restrain and compel them; the substitution of kindness in place of dread; the abolition, inasfar as may be, of fear and pain, and the introduction of interest and curiosity; beside a thousand points of detail which it would be useless to mention here.

It was the intellect, that our forefathers educated, and they scarce gave a thought to the influence of the course they were pursuing, upon the moral man; and still less did they regard the physical. But now, we would educate the *whole man*, and though we should believe that a system of tasks and punishments improved the intellect, it would not satisfy us, if we thought the treatment would weaken the health, or arouse bad passions—hate, revenge, and envy. We are disposed to look more closely than men of old were wont to, into the nameless and dim-seen causes, which are forever at work, moulding and fashioning the youthful character; and frame our systems more with reference to these influences. We act more upon the belief, that we are bringing up the young, not so much to play well their parts in this world, as to go on with the process of self-education when they leave our hands, that they may play well their parts in eternity. It is true, that if they do well here, their lives will be a process of self-education; but men have been, and still are, too apt to educate their children to the end that they may gain fame, or wealth, or distinction, and *that*, they think, is playing well their part.

But let us look a little more at particulars, and at present, chiefly at the proposition, that teaching should become, hence-



forth, a profession—a profession to be studied, as law or physic is studied, with a view to making it the business of life, and not a means of support for a few unoccupied years, or perhaps months.

It being granted—and we shall suppose it so—that the object of education is to improve all the powers of the human being, to develop the germs which lie wrapt up in the infant, and thereby form the character of the future man; and it being granted, also, that the formation of this character is of unspeakable importance to man's eternal well-being, it follows, with mathematical certainty, that the ability of the person to whom the task of educating a child is given, is also of more importance than the ability of the lawyer, who has but the care of property, or the physician, who has but the care of health. Indeed, we must place the teacher—the despised schoolmaster, by the side of the clergyman; they both deal with the immortal part of man; they both labor to make the eternal principle within us, worthy of its destiny. But of the two, we believe that the teacher exerts more influence, and is far more in need of a thorough and long-continued attention to his business. The clergyman deals with but one principle in man's nature—the teacher deals with all. He must comprehend our whole constitution—he must be familiar with physical and organic laws—he must be able to measure the power of the young mind, and must know precisely what objects to present to it. He must understand the influence of a course of discipline upon different minds; for what will improve one, will not another. He must have kindness united with firmness, perseverance that will not tire, and patience that will bear without complaint. In short, a perfect teacher cannot be found, until we find a perfect man; but we should strive to find one that approximates to perfection—not merely perfect in the way of nature, but improved as far as art and care and study can improve us, in those things which nature gives no man.

The lawyer need not, that he may succeed, be kind, benevolent, or even strictly honest; these things may affect him indirectly, but in general, not otherwise. The physician may be ignorant of history, politics, and an hundred other things, and yet his success be as great, and his usefulness in his profession as great, as if he were familiar with them all. The clergyman may have totally mistaken notions as to the physical and organic laws, and still, in his vocation, toil on, effecting his objects with zeal and certainty. But the teacher must, inasfar as he can, make himself acquainted with every law and every relation in this vast and complicated system. He must analyze the

mind—become acquainted with each shade of the human intellect, and each working of human passion, or he will be wanting in some points, and his pupil will suffer from that want. And the habit of life and thought, the knowledge, the manner, the general character suited to a teacher, are to be acquired neither in the course of a collegiate education, nor in any other course in use in this country; they can be acquired but in one way, and that is, by a training to the profession; and this cannot be done with effect, until the place of the teacher is one of dignity and honor.

But why, it may be asked, is it, that up to this late hour, the world has not looked upon these matters as you do? Why has it been the prerogative of the man who could do nothing else, to keep school? Why are men, at this day, laughed at by their fellow students, because they propose to become teachers? We answer, because most men do not even now fully comprehend the doctrine, that in education, we are training a being that is to live forever. They look upon a school as a place where certain things are whipped wholesale into a boy, which he is, in good time, to retail out under new names to the world, and thereby make his fortune. The influence of the schoolmaster is not appreciated at all by the mass of men. They want a man that can write, read, and cipher; and provided he can do these things, and is not a thief, nor a notorious rogue, or drunkard—why, the cheaper the better.

No man of requisite talent, information, and standing, thinks it, under these circumstances, worth while to devote his life to an object which will reward him in no way; for the ignorance and error respecting teachers, would prevent him from having that influence and doing that good, which, of itself, would be a reward. If we go to the upper seminaries, where to rule, confers distinction, and perhaps wealth, we find men of the foremost rank. But it is in the first schools, where the young and ductile flock, that the next generation is receiving its mould and shape; it is thence that those will come, who, in a few years, will be the rulers of our nation; and it is there that they receive their bent, and not in the college, nor the busy world. But this very fact, that the influence of the first teacher is so remote, causes men to pass it by. They give credit to him from whose hands the wondrous instrument comes last, forgetting that others fashioned its parts and balanced its curious powers, leaving to him the easier task of knitting them into one piece. If we would make teaching a profession of honor and importance, and education a true science, we must instruct those who are to support teachers and education, as to the true end that these

things should serve. We know of no way more likely to interest the public and enlighten them too, than the mode adopted at the East, of forming a society of teachers. Let them put their own shoulder to the wheel, and there will be more room and reason to except support from others. Let them, by publications, impress upon those who would not otherwise hear of it, the importance of changing the present system, and making the office they hold, more respectable and responsible.

Such a meeting,\* we learn, is to take place in this city, and we rejoice to hear it. The persons that will assemble, will be men, undoubtedly, who understand all in relation to this matter, far better than we do—men who are interested in a subject which should interest every freeman and philanthropist. We can but wish them success. We can but wish that they may succeed in impressing it upon the public mind, that it were better to neglect politics, wealth, power, and every other worldly good, rather than the education of our children. We spend months and years in disputing about legislation, the tariff, the bank, railroads, and canals; yet all these things are but *means* to obtain wealth—and wealth but a *means* to obtain independence—and independence but a *means* to improve ourselves and our children. But on the subject of that improvement itself, we scarce deign to waste a thought. We dwell upon the means, but forget, totally, the end. We utter big words and long speeches, swearing to leave our sons free, but remember not, that if we but educate them, they will free themselves; if we but educate them—truly, morally educate them—they will despise chicanery and intrigue, the private debauchee and the public demagogue, as deep and thoroughly as we can wish.

To teachers, we can but repeat the words of President Wayland: ‘You have chosen a noble profession. What though it lead not to the falsely-named *heights* of political eminence? it leads to what is far better—the sources of real power.’ It is a thought, to wake and fill with enthusiasm any mind, however torpid. You, unknown and unhonored though you be, are every one of you exerting an influence, which you cannot see nor measure, but which still exists, upon the progress of the world—the spread of truth—the happiness of millions of your fellow men. Unto you it is given, to fashion the clay which came soft and susceptible from the hand of God. To you it is given, to lay the foundation of many a moral edifice; and as

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\* This article was written for the October number of the Magazine, the publication of which was postponed till the present time. Of the meeting of teachers which took place in October, we hope to speak on some future occasion.



you labor faithfully, or not, so will that building stand unshaken amid the storm, or totter and fall in the first breathing of the tempest. We talk of the power of the political ruler; but his power is, in truth, weak, compared with yours. Or if not weak, it is, in general, worthless. To debase a million, is a poorer thing than to raise up one from the dust. It is easier to destroy than create—to blast the germ of goodness, that is in every soul, than to nourish and train it up, that it may rejoice the eye and heart of the wanderer, and spread out its branches to shelter and protect the unfriended. ‘The most glorious minister of God on earth,’ says Dr. Channing, ‘is he who speaks with a life-giving energy to other minds, breathing into them the love of truth and virtue, strengthening them to suffer in a good cause, and lifting them above the senses of the world.’ Where education is rightly understood, it is the office of the teacher to do all this. He has, indeed, then, chosen ‘a noble profession.’

Attention to this subject, is particularly needed in the West: It is inevitable, that in a new country, the necessity of education is less felt, the science less cared for, and teachers less respected than they should and soon will be. But if instructors will put aside all jealousy and rivalry, and cooperate for the good of the country and its inhabitants, they will find their reward. The public must be convinced that the standard of excellence among those that have the care of youth, must be raised. The duties of parents must be set forth more vividly than they have yet been. Every parent is a teacher—and a teacher at that season of life when the mind is most open to impressions, and the first stamp is put upon it. How little does the present education of females, tend to fit them for the business of educating others? And yet to do that, is, or should be, the one great object of their life. Every mother, it matters not whether she be high or low, has given to her, a charge more precious than all the wealth of India—and her responsibility is proportionate. To the mother is confided the development and improvement of the physical nature of the child; and yet how few know any thing respecting the laws which govern that nature. Most of the diseases which prey upon childhood and youth, sapping the foundations of an existence intended by God to be joyous, and making life one tissue of woes, result from maternal ignorance. The education of the senses and body, is a necessary preliminary to the education of the mind and heart. This has been, hitherto, scarce heeded by any; but we trust this inattention is now at an end, and that all teachers, and especially parents, will be impressed with the obligation they are under, to care for the

health of the young. But the mother forms, also, the mind and moral character. Here is the true sphere of female influence; and who could wish a wider domain? The power of woman, as a daughter and sister, is also vast. How great, then, is the need of fitting them for their calling, and how little does that need appear to be understood!

Our remarks have been general—they may have been obscure. The point we would dwell upon, is, that education, rightly understood, is not merely the fitting of man to gather wealth or laurels in this life, but is the course which should be pursued to improve those powers, which, we believe, will live forever. Physical education is important, in consequence of the relation existing between the body and the mind; and physical as well as mental improvement must continue through life. It is true, that teachers have to do only with the improvement of the child; but they must still remember, that when he leaves their hands and their system, he does it but to take his improvement into his own hands, and proceed upon his own system; which system, however, be it remarked, he receives from them, and therefore, in truth, he is their pupil and follower through life. Ask the European man of the world, or the one that is crowned with gray locks, why he bends so low, when the proud and wealthy go by? and he will tell you, that reverence for rank was impressed upon him by his earliest friend. Ask him why he bends at the altar of his God? and you will receive the same answer. The counsel of the father is with the son, when he goes upon the battle-field, and nerves him to meet death, and enables him to die with confidence. Many a man has been stopped upon the threshold of guilt, by the remembrance of his early principles.

‘And when he lifts his hand to strike the blow,  
She that did nurse him, helpless, on her breast,  
And lulled his little being into rest—  
His mother—stands between him and his foe.  
And can he smite him? no, the palsied hand  
Falls to his side; and on the wings of thought,  
He is borne backward to his native land,  
And to the homely hearth, where he was taught  
To worship God.’

It is for teachers to awaken the public mind to the importance of early education. It is for them to take the first steps toward improving the present system—toward making their profession more dignified and respectable, by excluding, if possible, the many pretenders, who come to the work altogether unfitted. It is for them, by experiment, and open and liberal discussion, to *attempt*, at least, to settle some of the interesting

questions, relative to classical literature, the use of bodily punishment, the propriety of appealing to emulation, and an hundred other points. These subjects have been discussed already, it is true, with care and fairness; but we think them far from being exhausted.

We should not quarrel with the classics, as tending only to exercise the mind. We believe the clamor against them, results from an inattention to the object of true education, so often referred to. But we are disposed to find fault with the time of life at which the study of language is commenced, and the manner in which it is taught. Till *things* are in some degree understood, language cannot be; for it is the arbitrary representative of realities. We point the infant to the things about us, and learn him their names; and with the word, there is connected an idea. And when the infant becomes a boy, why do we cease this system, and attempt to teach him the representative, before he is acquainted with the thing represented? As to the exercise of memory, we cannot believe, that it is better to learn words by rote, than things by a true effort of comprehension. The study of nature will interest him, amuse him, and call into play the powers of the mind, attention, reflection, and memory. Geography, history to a certain extent, physiology, and many studies which are not of an abstract nature, but appeal to the senses, will interest the young, and we believe, will do much more to improve them, than the course of languages and mathematics usually adopted.

It appears to us, that the order in which the several powers of the human being are developed, is not sufficiently attended to in education. An attempt is made to force the mind; and such attempts will generally be useless, if not hurtful. The frame and senses are to be first cared for; and few, very few, are aware, how much the senses may be cultivated, by simply directing nature, and removing hurtful influences from around. The intellect is next ready to be educated—and last of all, those powers which we call moral. But it must be remembered, in relation to this last remark, that the child imitates before he reasons—he follows example, long before he heeds precept; and by the means of judicious example, he acquires an habitual morality, while yet quite young. But the morality of principle comes late—the last; and to this we refer, when we say, the moral powers are last perfected—though it might be more correct to say, that the intellect does not, till late, learn to deal with those abstract notions, on a clear perception of which, principle is founded.

But it belongs to practical teachers—to men who have de-



voted a life to the service of their fellow men, to discuss these questions with ability and distinctness. They are points requiring long thought and much experience. That education is becoming every day more worthy the name of a science, cannot, we think, be doubted. And with our advantages of government, peace, religious freedom, and an unfettered press, if we fail to do our part toward perfecting the great work, it will be to our shame. There is no danger of failing, if we do but exert ourselves. There is wealth in this western land—there is a deep spirit of inquiry. It is an age, as we all know, distinguished for the spread of knowledge. Lyceums and Sunday-schools may send forth no great scholars; the tendency may be to destroy great scholarship—and if it is necessarily so, we are willing to see it destroyed. A thousand partially enlightened men, are surely a more cheering spectacle, than one luminary, be he ever so bright. We should feel more proud of a people, whose intelligence can preserve their liberties, than of a nation of slaves—though amid the moral darkness, a Newton, a Bacon, a Milton, and a Shakspeare, shone forth unrivalled. Our century may not be remembered as the century of great intellects, or matchless learning; but it will be remembered as the age of general information and popular improvement—and we can wish no more.

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#### WORKING-MEN.

WE have received an Address, written on behalf of certain persons, who style themselves the ‘Working-Men of New England,’ accompanied by a letter, inviting our attention to the subject, with which request we comply the more readily, as we profess to belong to the *working* class, and to take a lively interest in every thing connected with the industry of the country. The attempt to separate the working-men from the rest of the community, and to erect them into a distinct party, is, however, as novel in experiment as it is doubtful in policy; and we are somewhat puzzled to get at the exact meaning of the documents before us. If they mean what is expressed on the face of them, then are the ‘working-men’ the aristocrats of the land, and the very men who are fatally bent upon pernicious schemes for breaking down those privileges which render hard work tolerable, and secure to the laborer the respect of his fellow citizens. This proposition we shall attempt to prove.

In the first place, it may be proper to ascertain who are included in the term ‘working-men.’ We gather this from the following extract.

'The industrious farmer suffers with the rest of our laboring citizens, from the low estimation in which useful labor is held by many, whose stations in society enable them to give the tone to public opinion. A large portion of our young men are countenanced by inconsiderate parents, in turning their backs upon useful labor, and in taking up some calling which appears to them more reputable. All who can do so, resort to some means of *living without hard work*; the learned professions are crowded, and combinations are formed by that portion of society who have money and leisure, or who live by their wits, to increase and maintain their own relative importance, whilst the more industrious and useful portion of the community, who are too intent upon their daily occupation, to form combinations for mutual advantage, or to guard against the devices of their better informed or more enterprising neighbors, are reduced to constant toil, stripped of the better share of their earnings, holding a subordinate if not degraded situation in society, and frequently despised by the very men, women, and children, who live at ease upon the fruits of their labor.'

If it be possible to gather any meaning from the vague generalities of this extract, we find that a distinction is attempted to be drawn between the 'industrious farmer,' the 'laboring citizens,' those who live by 'hard work,' the 'industrious and useful,' on the one hand, and the 'learned professions,' those who have 'money and leisure,' those 'who live by their wits,' 'the better informed and more enterprising,' upon the other. Here we learn, that the members of the learned professions, and all the better informed and more enterprising of our population, are excluded from the list of the industrious and useful; and that there is a difference between useful labor, and living by one's wits. According to this lucid arrangement, the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, the teacher, the statesman, and the author, are not *industrious* nor *useful men*, though they are admitted to be well informed and enterprising. The single test of industry and usefulness is *hard work*, by which, it seems, we are to understand manual labor, and neither genius, knowledge, patriotism, nor virtue, claim the slightest consideration. Franklin, Rush, Fulton, and Clinton, would fall, under this arrangement, among those who 'live by their wits;' Washington, Madison, Stephen Girard, and Noah Webster, would probably be ranked among the gentlemen of 'money and leisure,' and though 'better informed and more enterprising' than others, have no claim to a place among the 'more useful portion' of our citizens.

The attempt to create a distinction in this country, between those who do and those who do not labor, is preposterously absurd; because there is no man who holds any standing, or exerts any influence, without being practically as well as theoretically industrious. Professional men work as hard as farmers and mechanics, though in a different way. But we must pass on. The next proposition in the Address, is as follows.

'There is no consideration more discouraging, and at the same time more wholly destitute of foundation, than a prevailing opinion, that the industrious and the unlearned portion of the community cannot govern themselves.'

Very discouraging, indeed, if it was true. But will the 'working-men' be good enough to tell us, in what part of the United States this opinion prevails. Surely not in any of the middle, eastern, or western states. In the south, where the 'unlearned' working-man happens to be black, the remark may apply—but in all other parts of the United States, the industrious and unlearned portion of the community do, in fact, control every election, and exert all the powers of self-government; nor is their right to do so, publicly disputed. If, indeed, a district can be pointed out, in which the learned and idle constitute a majority, it would form an exception, because the majority must always rule—and the '*workies*,' in such a district, must work on, or become learned and idle like their neighbors. The truth seems to be, that the authors of this address are not satisfied with governing themselves, but would govern others, also; and not content with exercising the rights guarantied to them by the constitution, would make the rich, poor; the idle, industrious; the learned, ignorant; and set all hands to 'work.' This might be a very clever arrangement, but we fancy it will hardly become popular.

'Let this fact be impressed upon the mind of every American,' says the Address, 'that *the science of government has never been taught, nor understood*. There is no system which professes to give instruction upon this subject, which is not based upon arbitrary principles—or which teaches any other than this naked doctrine,—“I am born to command,—and you to obey.” Our fathers started upon a different foundation. Our constitution acknowledges no masters, no slaves,—and no existing treatise upon the science of government, no code of written laws, however profoundly or elaborately prepared, can fit our case. We must not only govern ourselves, but we must devise the method by which this important object shall be effected.'

If by the word *ourselves*, is meant the people of the United States, we should be glad to know if they do not now govern themselves; and if not, what right is withheld from them, and by whom is that right or power exercised? but if 'our noble selves,' the working-men, are meant, we confess we cannot imagine a system of government that would 'fit their case.' A republic of '*workies*,' established within the republic of the United States, would be rather an anomaly. It would be a kind of useful-and-industrious nullification. The Cherokees tried that with bad success—and the Georgians are attempting it with no better prospects. But it seems that the science of government has *never been taught, nor understood*. We had thought that Moses taught this science several thousand years ago; Samuel delivered some good lessons to the Israelites, when they wanted a king; Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, Alfred, Napoleon, Henry Brougham, Jeremy Bentham, and divers others, have tried to 'teach it.' A vast portion of our writers and orators, write



and speak of little else; and it must be a very difficult art, or else we are a sad set of blockheads. How the working-men, who acknowledge that 'no code of written laws, however profoundly or elaborately prepared, *can* fit our case,' expect to prepare one which *shall* fit it, we are at a loss to divine—unless they abolish all written laws, 'hang all the lawyers,' adopt Mr. Owen's social system, and go back to first principles. A little further on, however, our ingenious operatives, forgetting that the science of government has never been taught nor understood, assert that—

'Our pilgrim fathers, with nothing of experience to instruct them but its warnings, [that is, with nothing of experience, *but experience*,] and in the true spirit of the Founder of christianity, instituted a government that should be understood by all. No important difficulties attended its administration,—and our farmers, mechanics, and laboring men, with no guide but common sense, took their own reasonable view of the rights and duties of American citizens, assumed the character of statesmen and lawgivers, and proved themselves adequate to every duty required in building up that rational, just, and simple form of government, which is alone suited to the happiness of man.'

It seems, then, that the 'pilgrim fathers' both understood and taught that science, which the operatives declare *never was* taught nor understood, and moreover erected a rational, just, and simple form of government; but as, according to the language of the denunciation above quoted, even this system would not 'fit their case,' the inference is irresistible, that they require one which shall be irrational, unjust, and complex. By the by, we did not know, until now, that the pilgrim fathers were 'American citizens,' but had supposed that they were British subjects; but let that pass—they were good men. Their form of government is the only one which is praised by the working-men, and therefore may be supposed to be that which comes nearest to their *beau ideal*. This hint may give us some idea of the political principles of this new party. They call it a government which gave 'equal protection to all;' yet it did not protect quakers nor witches. We infer, that *equal protection*, in the code of the 'workies,' would extend only to such as the lawmakers should think worthy; and we have ample reasons for supposing, that the exception would not only embrace witches and quakers, but the 'idle,' the 'learned,' those 'who have money and leisure,' 'the better informed and more enterprising,' and all who 'live by their wits.' As we should come under the last head, we beg leave to protest against any such government. Under the rational, just, and simple rule of the pilgrim fathers, governors were made out of clergymen, majors and captains out of deacons—and the people were required to adhere to certain forms or platforms of religious

faith—nay, tradition tells us, that they knocked beer barrels in the head for ‘working’ on Sunday, and that young gallants were fined for looking at the pretty ladies in church. Do the working-men propose to revive these good old customs?

One of the grievances of these gentlemen is as follows.

‘Not only our property, but freedom and life itself, are now at the mercy of laws which the people never made, which none of us understand, and which are interpreted only by men whose opinions are in the market for the highest bidder.’

This is said in a country where the laws are the simplest in the world, and the courts the most incorruptible; where the representatives of the people are the legislators, and the people themselves the jurors. There is scarcely a judge in the whole United States, whose opinion could be biassed by money. These working-men are curious geniuses. They are dreadfully afraid of the influence of money. We wonder if any of them would agree to be rich.

‘In our cities, nearly all the real estate, as well as other property, is in the hands of a few. The laborious mechanic seldom rests beneath his own roof.’

This is an old story. In the ancient republics, parties were often formed of the idle, the profligate, and the discontented, who clamored for an equal division of property, and sought to revel upon the spoils of the industrious and provident. The *sans culottes* of France held the same tenets; and Shakspeare has put similar language into the mouths of the followers of Jack Cade. Throughout this Address, we find the same tone of discontent against the unequal distribution of fortune; and it is the most remarkable feature of this document, that such sentiments should be held by precisely that class of people who reap the greatest benefits from this state of things. If a careful inquiry be instituted into the parentage and early history of those who hold property, offices, and posts of distinction and influence, in the United States, it will be found that a large majority of them have risen from the ranks of poverty and labor. They belong strictly to that ‘working class,’ a part of whom now arrogate to their order all the industry and usefulness. Washington was the son of a farmer, and built up both his fortune and his fame by his own exertions; Franklin was a printer; Roger Sherman, a shoemaker; Governor Huntingdon, a ploughboy; Rush, the orphan son of a farmer, and reared by an indigent, widowed mother; Simon Snyder, a tanner. Monroe, Crawford, Clay, Jackson, Van Buren, Wirt, Calhoun, Webster, were all the sons of poor and laborious parents, and have all risen to the highest stations, and some of them acquired wealth, by their own talents and industry; and if we look at the men of immense fortune—the Stephen Girards of our



country—we shall find that almost all of them have risen from extreme indigence, by rigid economy and close attention to business. It is an undeniable truth, that hard work, temperance, and prudence, lead almost invariably to pecuniary independence; and the proposition, stated in this Address, that ‘the laborious mechanic seldom rests beneath his own roof,’ is only in part true; and when true, may be explained by the fact, that when such men acquire the possession of ‘roofs’ of their own, they cease to be *laborious mechanics*. Having acquired competency, they abandon hard work, leaving the places which they filled, open to others, and withdrawing from competition with their less fortunate fellow laborers.

In the letter which accompanies this Address, we are told, that ‘some of our citizens—by no means the most industrious or deserving—live at an expense that would support at least fifty families comfortably, and live in idleness; others labor incessantly, and are miserably clothed, fed, and lodged;’ and these evils are mainly attributed to banks and other incorporations, which enable men to invest their money and live on the interest. Let us examine this idea. A mechanic, by years of judicious labor and severe economy, amasses the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and weary of incessant toil, chooses, as he certainly has a right to do, to enjoy in idleness, the fruits of his industry. He finds that he can get six per cent. for his money, and being satisfied with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year, invests it in stock which will produce that sum. By retiring from business, he leaves his place to be occupied, and his customers to be supplied by other mechanics, and thus far the trade is benefited. He now lives in idleness. But let it be remembered, that he cannot eat his money, nor make clothes of his bank-notes; his income is expended in supporting his family—he becomes a consumer to that amount, and to that precise amount gives his support to the farmers and mechanics who supply his wants. Thus a rival and competitor is converted into a patron. In the mean while, his twenty thousand dollars is loaned to men engaged in active business, who make their ten or twenty per cent. out of that for which he gets but six. If this man is not industrious, he is the cause of industry in others, by furnishing to one, capital, and to another, employment. But we deny that such men live idly. Those who have accumulated wealth by active labor, usually find idleness not an enjoyment, but a burthen, and are apt to spend their leisure in useful employment. They engage in schemes of benevolence and public spirit, and are found to be the most practical and energetic of those who gratuitously serve their

country, as the managers of public charities, and plans for internal improvement. As to the luxurious wealthy, 'who live at an expense that would support fifty families,' it is mere nonsense to inveigh against them. They are few in number; their folly ends briefly in their own bankruptcy, and the ruin of their children; while the immense sums which they squander, support the laborer, and give activity to the industry of the country. We are not the apologists of such men, but freely admit, that extravagance, in any shape, is injurious to the morals of society. But the objection does not come with a good grace from the present objectors. Articles of luxury always cost more, in proportion to the labor expended in producing them, than the necessaries of life; the luxurious wealthy are, therefore, the best customers of the laborer, because they pay higher prices for the same amount of labor than others, and give employ to a greater number of hands. They are the largest and most extravagant consumers; and those who exert all their ingenuity to pamper their extravagance, and grow rich upon their ruin, should be the last to condemn the instruments of their own prosperity.

The truth of the whole matter is, that this question, like all other party questions, is a contest between the *ins* and *outs*. Political men, out of power, inveigh in good set terms, against the corruption of office-holders, but are very ready to take their places, and practice their conduct. So the poor are shocked at the vices of the rich, the idleness of the learned, and the effeminacy of those who live by their wits—yet spend their lives in arduous and often successful endeavors, to obtain for themselves and their children, the very advantages which they envy and revile in others.

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### SPORT.

TO MY COUSIN S. F.

You ask me, do you, what is sport?  
It is to wake at four, and frown;  
To think your waistcoat very short,  
And find you've got it upside down.

It is to wade through dewy grass;  
To stick in honey-pots\* of mire;  
To see a dozen plover pass—  
To snap—and snap—and still miss fire.

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\* *Honey-pot*, a deep and semi-invisible mudhole, of a honey or mush-like consistency, very fatal to young sportsmen.

It is with cold to shake and shiver;  
 To quarrel with yourself and luck;  
 To lay half frozen by the river,  
 To cock, and fire — and miss a duck.

It is to stumble over stumps;  
 To step into a dozen ditches;  
 To get a multitude of bumps,  
 And spoil a multitude of breeches.

And when you wander home at last,  
 And think your troubles all are past,  
 You find that dinner was at One —  
 That *you* were not expected;  
 And so the fowl is overdone,  
 The apple-pie neglected.

And then you have the blush of shame;  
 The questions how? and where? and when  
 You killed? and where you put your game?  
 And guesses when you'll go again.

Ah! think not, dream not, coz, of sport;  
 I'm sure you cannot go it.  
 I have a ream of paper bought,  
 And dubbed myself a poet;  
 And would you starve to win a name,  
 My loving cousin, do the same.

## OLD ROSY POSY.

A SCHOOLBOY RECOLLECTION.

HAVE you ever been in the valley of the Connecticut? If not, you have missed a pleasant path in your travels; and let me, as a friend, advise you, if you ever go East again in the summer season, to eschew the heat of the cities, the crowd of the springs, and with a light heart and plain suit of homespun, to stroll, at leisure, along the bank of the great river of New England. You will not find the richness of the South, nor the immensity of the West, in that quiet region; but as you loiter in the shade of the queenly elms, or climbing the hill-side, look down upon the mingled green and gold of the meadows—the blue river creeping lazily through the midst, and see beyond them, the spire of some village church peeping over the trees, with a neighborly chimney or two, and in the distance, the dim and misty mountains,—the whole reposing in such a millennium-like stillness, you will feel that there is other and better beauty in the world, than that of Castle Garden, or the piazza of Congress Hall.

In one of the little villages that vegetate upon the banks of

this peaceful stream, I lived—some ten years since—a well-whipped schoolboy. I knew, in common with all my fellows, every apple, pear, and plum-tree, in the township; and as long as we had thus much geography, we cared but little whether Astrachan were on the Caspian sea or the Baltic. Now, of all the orchards within our jurisdiction, there was none so excellent as that of an ancient negro, familiarly known as old Rosy Posy. Not a man in the parish could show such magnificent greenings, such luscious pippins, such party-colored and mammoth Baldwins; and as for pears, you might go for ten miles round, and not find such a St. Michael's as the one that stood just beyond Rosy's smoke-house, at the corner of the onion-bed; I remember the flavor of its fruit to this day. But all these riches were sacred in our eyes; not the veriest thief of us all, would have robbed that old negro. We would peep, at times, over the fence, and catch a nose-full of fragrance—but the omnipotence of shame prevented all invasion into that respected domain. For the industry, kindness, and entertaining stories of the old man, had procured for him universal respect and esteem. He was born in St. Domingo, a slave. His master, a true West Indian, with a heart as hard as twenty years tanning of the inner man with rum and pepper could make it, ordained Rosy to be his body-servant; to brush off the flies and serve as a conducting rod to convey his anger safely to the earth. Rosy's youth soon passed, between blows and caresses, smiles and tears; and manhood found him in the same routine. At last came the insurrection of '91. Monsieur Le Brute laughed the idea of negro supremacy to scorn, and would take no steps to secure his property, nor even his person. Nearer and nearer came the horrors of rebellion; messenger followed messenger, begging for assistance—they begged in vain. Day mellowed into evening, and evening into night—

‘ And such a night! Oh rum,  
And blood, and plunder! ye are wondrous strong.’

The planter watched the strange clouds that drove from the southeast at sunset, and muttered oaths of fearful retribution; and as darkness settled down, the glare of the fires became visible, as the insurgents lit up pile after pile of the dried cane, which is used to feed the furnaces. Now the flame would shoot up in one single unbroken spire—and then would sink, and wave to and fro, as it were banners waving in triumph.

The horses and mules that had been loosed, came hurrying by in droves; at times, one would stop, and with head erect, and wide-stretched nostrils, and trembling limbs, would gaze



back for a moment at the strange scene, and then dart away again with new speed. The roar of the ocean upon the beach below, seemed deeper than usual, and the scream of the seabirds louder. There was a vessel just visible far off in the horizon, and in the bay below, the planter's little schooner rocked quietly at her anchor. To that schooner, he found, at last, that he must retreat; and Rosy and two overseers went with him. They put off to reach, if possible, the vessel they had seen in the distance. They succeeded; but not before the torch had done its work with the planter's house, and the accumulated wealth of fifty years, was lost amid a heap of ashes.

The vessel they reached was bound to Charleston, and to that port, accordingly, they went. The first act of the christian master, after getting on board, had been to sell the slave that had stood by him to the last, and remained with him, rather than join his triumphant fellows—to sell this simple, faithful follower, to the captain. When Rosy was made acquainted with this bargain, he turned the matter over in his mind, and determined to run away; for, upon his ethical creed, though he was bound to stick to his natural master through all trials, and under any treatment, he owed no allegiance to a stranger. He made the trial, and escaped in safety. If I were to follow the varying fortunes of my black friend, during the next twenty years, I should be forced to write the usual two duodecimo volumes, as he, in that time, wandered over most of the world—tried many lives and many lands—

'Mid cliffs of ice, 'mid burning sands did stray;  
Sighed, laughed, sailed, roamed, fought, bled, and ran away.'

At length the time had come, he thought, to give up adventure; and so taking his wife and household gods, who had hitherto lived in Boston, he emigrated to the valley of the Connecticut. There was something in the eternal Sabbath that seemed to reign there, truly refreshing, after the hum of business, and the roar of the ocean, and the passionate voice of man—refreshing even to a negro; for, say what they will of the *race*, some *individual* negroes are clearly human beings.

The chief instinct of Rosy, as it developed itself in his new situation, was cleanliness. No cottage was so neat, within and without; no garden so well weeded. On Sunday, as he walked with innate dignity along the main street of the village, to church, his helpmate by his side, and his unnumbered offspring two and two behind, the stranger would stop to muse upon the unequalled tidiness of the blue coat, the well-brushed hat; the



unruffled calico of the wife, and the spotless white of the dimity frock, that served as a foil to the jet black of the unequalled Lizzy—unequalled in plumcake and spruce-beer. It was a sight to rejoice the heart of the true philanthropist. There was, perhaps, a little vanity in the long steel chain, and big brass seal; and it may be, a little weakness might be argued from the prominent place that was given to the gilt and double-gilt edition of Watts' Psalms. But he that could stop to laugh at these things, while he might admire the independence, the true humility, and, at the same time, the self-respect that shone in every countenance, and impressed every footfall, from that of the father and leader, down to that of the little pee-wee fellow who strode along with open mouth and big rolling eye, instinct with wonder—should forfeit the name of humanity.

But would you see Rosy in his true glory, go to the tavern of a winter evening. There he sat upon a high stool, his horny palms spread out toward the fire, his wrinkled physiognomy lit up with mirth and roguery combined, pouring forth the fruits of his experience, with a most voluble tongue, to the circle of awe-struck listeners. His tales were ever of the same material; he talked

‘Of battles, sieges, fortunes,  
He had passed. Of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth ‘scapes i’ th’ imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery. Of deserts wild;  
Of quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven.  
And of the cannibals that each other eat;  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.’

And still, though ever the same, his stories, like the forms of the magical kaleidoscope, were ever changing—ever enchanting. Indeed Rosy's great fault was too slight a respect for truth, in historical narrative. His ambition, like Napoleon's, was to astonish and dazzle by unexpected combinations; and well did he succeed; for as he talked, the woodman forgot that the snow was deepening every moment, and he a good half-mile to go with his load too; and the cooper neglected his wife's caution; the printer his cold; and the carpenter his lame foot. What cared they for the winter and its woes—they were sailing with Rosy by some tropical island, in sight of the pineapple and the orange; or quaking with him in expectation of the engagement; or shouting with him in victory, amid the smoke of cannon, upon the deck slippery with human blood. Even Mrs. Mellon, our landlady, though she had watched the phases of that countenance and those tales, for years, would

listen more and more earnestly, as the plot developed—dropping stitch after stitch, as gun followed gun, and shout answered to shout, until the hands ceased their mechanical motion, and the whole Mellon became centred in the eye and ear.

Or go out with Rosy at midsummer—take your angle and go out with him to the river-side. Watch the knowing gravity with which he skims his minnow over the water weeds, for the shark-like pickerel—note the sharp tone of his ‘boderation!’ as the rascal bears off the bait with a thought-like dart, and leaves the hook in naked deformity; and note too, the broad grin and low ‘ha! ha!’ of triumph, as the slimy and shovel-nosed monster is drawn a victim to the shore. Or sit quietly with the old man, under the shadow of the alder-bushes, where the stream rushes and leaps along, scooping out here and there a deep hole by the root of the overhanging buttonwood,\* in which the eddies love to play—sit there with him, and he will teach you the pleasant art, by which to take the spotted trout. Or, of a clear winter day, he will take you down to the meadow lands, and show you how to set your trap for the *musquash*, the little beaver of New England. Or, would you capture a woodchuck, or ensnare a partridge or two, or catch a flying squirrel for your city friends—go to Rosy; he will do any thing of the kind for you. But what do I say? he *will*—no, I mean he *would*; but he is gone now, poor man.

For two years, I lived in admiration of the old negro’s industry, sobriety, and intelligence—for two years, I knew him as a man that owed no debts, and asked no favors; his rent was always paid on the quarter-day, and he had not a bill in the village. Was a shingle started in the roof—Rosy was a carpenter, and needed nothing but a nail or two; did the brick backlog of his kitchen get beat and burnt to pieces—Rosy was a mason, and all was put to rights again. At last, the time drew nigh, when I should leave this pleasant place; and though there was a dash of fear with my hope, yet hope to a boy is instinctive, and could not but prevail.

Just before the vacation, Rosy’s eldest daughter, Miss Lizzy, was married to Sam Tash, a black servant of Dr. Ritton’s, and we were all invited to the wedding supper.

Such a roasting of turkies as there was that night! such a baking of pumpkin-pies! such oceans of *pandowdy*,† with here and there a transverse layer of crust! such outpourings of cider

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\* Or sycamore; it is called buttonwood in New England.

† Or *apple-slump*; a mysterious dish of Yankee land, apparently made in imitation of the chaotic state of the world, after the outer crust thereof had been broken up, and the waters covered the face of nature.

and beer, with a bottle or two of Rosy's own currant-wine, that might have tempted an emperor! In one corner were gathered the little Posies, grinning and giggling to the top of their bent. In the other, stood the bride and her groom,—she in spotless white, with a blue ribbon about her waist; and he in his new blue with yellow buttons, his starched and sublime-figured muslin cravat, and pumps in which unnumbered faces smiled, and over which forms were ever flitting. Rosy himself stood by the door; his wife sat in quiet and dignified felicity by the great fireplace. Kitchen, and dining-hall, and ball-room, were that night synonymous. We eat, we drank, we laughed, we shouted, we listened to a tale, from the old hero, fresh from the mint, and revelled in pleasures, sensual and intellectual. At last, the eldest of us called for a toast, from Rosy. The old man smiled and shook his head, and shook his head and smiled, in vain; we would have it. 'Silence,' shouted Bill Ward; and in an instant all was hushed. 'Fill your glasses;' they were filled. 'Well,' said Rosy, 'if I mus, I mus; dat's all. Here, den'—and the old man hesitated; there was no sound; but for the roar of the fire up the broad chimney, it seemed as though you might have heard a butterfly breathe,—'here den—to the slave-trader; he hab de 'scuse of a color, but he hab not de color of a 'scuse.' The rafters trembled with the shout that followed Rosy's toast; we drank it to the dregs. I can see the old man's placid face now, as he sank back fairly overcome with his exertion, and tickled beyond measure with its success.

To the supper succeeded a dance; and Rosy, who was unequalled on the fiddle, played for us till we could scarce move to the tune. It was ten o'clock; one by one, we dropped off, with a shake of the hand with the old, and a bow to the new couple. 'Long time I 'member dis,' said Rosy to me, as I was going; 'I tink dis night mos make de gray hair black again.' I bade the old man good-bye, with an unfeigned hope for his happiness.

But time is no respecter of persons, and even the memory of that night could not make 'de gray hair black again;' and when, a few years after, I returned to the home of my boyhood, and wandered up the green lane that led to the oak grove, where we used to plait crowns for May-day, I found the old cottage still there, with its unperspective sign of cake and beer; but the letters were dim and weather-beaten; and there was a brick or two gone from the chimney-top, and weeds were growing up high in the garden paths. I knew all could not be right, and so I stepped in to see the goodwife, and take a glass of her spruce. All was as of old, save that the nets and fishing

poles were gone from their former stand, and the picture of General Washington, at the end of the room, was covered with crape. It was as I suspected; the old man was dead. I walked down to the graveyard and hunted up his grave; it stood in a corner apart from those of his whiter brethren. There was a slatestone at the head of the mound, and round it, the grass had grown up thick and tall. I bent down and put it aside to read the inscription, and as I did so, I think a tear trickled down my cheek. His epitaph was as simple as had been his character. It was a single line of the poet's—

‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God.’

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### TO A FLOWER.

FAIR flower, I would not rashly tread  
 Into the dust, thine humble head;  
 I would not, with tyrannic power,  
 Rob thine existence of an hour;  
 Though that existence unto me,  
 Is wrapt in total mystery.  
 Thou hast no tongue nor power to tell  
 The secret so inscrutable  
     To human eye,  
 Why ’tis thou art; we know full well,  
 That in a little while, thy bell  
     Will droop and die;  
 And more than that we cannot know,  
 Of countless beings here below.  
 The compass is of such extent,  
 In nature’s mystic instrument,  
 The whole, man may not see;  
 And for that reason he should prize  
 The meanest thing, nor aught despise,  
     However low it be;  
 For though to him, unheard its tone,  
 Still there is an almighty One,  
 Who, from the daisy and the sun,  
     Alike wakes melody.  
 That hand which spread the heaven around,  
 Without a limit or a bound,  
 And placed in its pure depths profound,  
     The myriad orbs of night,  
 Uprear’d thy petals from the ground,  
     And op’d them to the light.  
 The very voice which bade earth speed  
 Upon her way unweariedly,  
 Hath called the sunbeam at thy need,  
 And bade the dew-drop water thee.  
 For ’tis the same pervading soul,  
 That through the universe is met,  
 Ruling alike the all-perfect whole,  
 And every part and every germ.  
 Ah! did not man that truth forget,  
 He would not tread upon the worm,  
 Nor spurn the reptile for his form,  
 Nor crush the humble violet.



## POLITICS.

I HAD long been a student of politics in the abstract. I had read the works of the wise, from Plato to Jeremy Bentham. I had marked, with care, the growth of the English constitution. I had traced, step by step, the progress of that great science—the science of legislation—from the feudal ages to our own illumined century. I had long mused with wonder and delight, over the principles and proportions of the government of my own land—and often had I thanked God, that he had given me to live in such a land. I had acquired a good idea of political economy, also; had pondered the work of Smith, and weighed the peculiar doctrines of Ricardo, Say, Malthus, and McCulloch. But while busied in gathering this theoretical knowledge, I had almost entirely neglected passing events and prevalent opinions. Shut up in my study, I heard little of the wordy tempest that was raging abroad. Newspapers I seldom read; and when I did, I skipped the politics. Nothing can be more uninteresting, than the cavils of a partizan, to one that neither knows nor cares wherefore he so frets himself. I knew, of course, that Jackson and Clay were contending for the presidency; I knew that the first had been a brave and successful soldier; and the last, a bold and successful politician—so much was matter of history. That a soldier should be rewarded for his patriotism and good services, by a civil office, was, I thought, wrong. The object of law and government, I had learned to think, was this—the securing and forwarding of the happiness and improvement of the people governed; and the lawgiver, and he that executes the laws, and every one that has an influence over them, should be capable of understanding the true happiness of the community, and the true way of securing that happiness. In this view of the case, the legislator should be chosen solely with an eye to his capability of making good laws; the executive, solely with an eye to his power and known desire of executing those laws in their true spirit. To bestow any office of responsibility, as a reward, I conceived to be dangerous, and subversive of the first principles of our government; for if the people reward services done them, by the highest office in their gift, can they look that individuals having power to bestow office, will not regard those that have done them service, rather than those that are fitted to serve the public? And to bestow a civil office as a reward for military services, was, to my thinking, to go back to the principles and ways of the dark ages. However, of General Jackson I knew nothing, and he might be, like Washington, great in the cabinet as in the field.



I stood, consequently, in relation to the presidential question, perfectly neutral; and with regard to all the other questions of the hour, perfectly ignorant.

To do away this ignorance; to come to some understanding of the temper and character of the people; to observe the operations of the republican system,—I thought would be but proper, before entering into public life; and as a first step, I determined to go through the great democratic state of Kentucky, at the time of the presidential election, and thus have a view of the enlightened yeomanry of our country, when interested and excited in the exercise of their sovereign power.

It was upon a damp and uncomfortable morning, that I got into the stage for Lexington. There were two passengers, but I could not discover their features in the misty twilight; and as conversation—beyond a growl at the delay of the ferry-boat, or the sleepiness of some postmaster by the wayside, or the weakness of the horse gears—is out of the question before breakfast, I thought my best way was, to wrap myself in my cloak, and con over my plans, and hopes, and intentions, and if possible, go to sleep. I slept accordingly. At the proper hour and place, we stopped, *snatched* a hasty breakfast, and again resumed our seats.

I had observed that one of my companions, a man with a very high shirt collar, to which but little starch had been used, and a broad-brimmed white hat, had appeared a good deal agitated during breakfast, and eyed me continually, both there and in the stage, looking as though he longed to say something to me, but was uncertain whether I was the right person or no; all which attention puzzled me not a little, as I was not aware that I had ever seen him before. Not a word, however, was addressed to me during the first stage after breakfast. The two gentlemen on the back seat exchanged a few pithy observations on the weather, the roads, and the harvest; but my opposite friend was evidently too full of *something* to take any interest in general matters, until that something was off his mind. When we stopped to change horses, I jumped out and walked into the bar-room to warm my toes; my friend of the high collar followed me. I drew up a chair to the fire—he drew up one likewise. I expected now to be addressed. He poked the backstick and kicked the forestick, and looked round at me. ‘It is cool, sir,’ said he. ‘It is so, indeed, sir,’ said I. He gave another kick—looked round again; the words were upon his lips, but he seemed unable to give them utterance; and clenching his teeth, he started up, walked to the window, and poured a glass of whiskey from the decanter standing there.

There was a pause; he took a turn up the room, hesitated a moment, and then walking straight up to me, with his hands in his breeches pockets, 'Sir,' said he, 'do you vote for Jackson?' 'I do not, sir,' said I. He took another turn; when he came back, his brow was clearer, and one hand half extended; 'You go then, of course, for Clay.' 'Indeed, I do not, sir,' said I. He bit his lip, and plunged his hands again into those unknown depths. 'Do you vote for Wirt, sir?' said he, with a low voice, like the muttering of far off thunder. 'No,' was still my answer. His eyes opened in amazement, and it almost seemed to me, horror. 'Then who, sir, in the name of all that's strange, do you vote for?' 'Sir,' said I, 'I am not a voter.' Such a catastrophe was wholly unexpected. He stared at me a minute, and then went for advice to the whiskey-bottle. 'But, sir,' said he, returning to the charge, 'you have preferences?' 'Not in the least.' 'No preferences?' 'None whatever.' 'Do you not think Jackson a despot?' 'No.' 'Nor Clay an aristocrat?' 'No.' 'Nor Wirt a renegade and a hypocrite?' 'Not I.' 'Do you belong to no party?' 'None.' 'Do you follow no leader?' 'None.' 'Then what—for the love of mercy, tell me—what do you belong to?' 'To the American people.' 'And what do you wish and pray for?' 'For the happiness of my fellow citizens, and my fellow men.'

We were ten miles beyond that place before another word was exchanged. My friend had evidently got hold of a strange idea, and he knew not what to think it—whether flesh, fish, or fowl. At last, he renewed the conversation. 'I am not,' said he, 'a partizan; but I cannot comprehend your indifference.' 'I am not indifferent,' said I,—'far from it; if I knew who would best forward the interests of my country, that man I would follow; but I am ignorant.' He bade me read the papers; he referred me to documents, to speeches innumerable; he became eloquent in opposition to General Jackson. His gray eye gleamed with double intelligence, his broad, freckled face seemed inspired, as he demonstrated that the president was opposed to the constitution, and meant to destroy it; that his party were the vilest of the land—the mob, the populace, the anarchists; that his measures aimed at making the executive supreme; that if he remained in the chair, it would be to make that chair a throne; to set the north against the south; the poor against the rich; the ignorant against the educated; to divide the Union into sections, the sections into parties; to *unbind the faggot, and separate stick from stick*; and then, amid the storm, and the struggle, and the consternation, to seize upon supremacy, and fashion the republican wand into a despotic

sceptre. I listened in wonder and alarm; my former shadow of a prejudice against the General, became substance, and I arrived at Georgetown a Clay-man. But fate had determined that I should not long remain so. I was put into a room at the hotel, where I found a small man of about five feet five inches, in a blue coat and velvet collar, busily employed with an immense pile of papers. I was myself somewhat excited and agitated with the thought of what dangers my country had to go through, and wondered that they had never occurred to me before; and so instead of going to bed, I began to walk up and down the room. My companion, like most small men, was talkative, and pushing his spectacles up on his forehead, he rubbed his eyes, and yawningly observed, that it was hard work—hard work—and very few thanks given after all. My mind was of course full of Jackson's usurpation, of which I longed for undoubted proofs; and when I heard this observation of my chum's, and noted the pile of written documents before him, I came at once, without any tedious intermediate steps, to the conclusion, that this was a patriot who had collected the very proofs I longed for; and with a look and emphasis that must have spoken volumes, I exclaimed, 'Satisfy me, sir, that Jackson is a tyrant, and you are my friend forever!' The man recoiled five feet from me; his spectacles fell from his narrow brow, and falling, caught upon the end of his long nose; and ghastly seemed his small quick eyes, as they flashed upon me over the silver rims. 'A tyrant!' he shouted; 'sir, he's his country's savior.' 'He's an usurper,' said I. 'He's the champion of liberty,' said he. 'He will crush our liberties to the dust,' I exclaimed. 'He will build them up to heaven,' he answered; and so we might have continued, asserting and counter-asserting, all night, had not some gesture of mine upset all the little man's papers. 'There,' said he, stooping to pick them up, 'are proofs, sir, irrefragible proofs, of General Jackson's unspotted patriotism.' Let me be brief, for 'tis too dull a subject, I well know, to expatiate upon; we spent hours in going over those papers. They were conclusive—perfectly uncontrovertible; they showed the president to be in truth immaculate, and proved Harry Clay to be aiming at supreme power, by the vilest means and most despicable chicanery. They informed me that the United States Bank, which I had ignorantly looked upon as a commercial institution, was, in fact, an immense political engine. I will not go into detail. Suffice it to say, that I became a Jackson-man *in toto*. It was a glorious discovery I had made, but it cost me a night's rest. The dream in which I had so long lay, was broken; I saw, with horror, my native land, the home of freedom, the hope of the world, a



field of contention, where envy, jealousy, and calumny walked unmasked, and the highest bidder was the best man. I paced to and fro, all the night long. I determined, at one time, to return home; at another, to plunge into the vortex, and save my country from ruin. Hope, fear, despair, ruled me by turns. At length morning came; it found me weary and haggard. I had concluded to go on to Lexington, and took my seat in the stage. There was one passenger,—dark, stern, and silent. My mind was full and would overflow; and what was the consequence? The dark man was an antimason; two hours were ample time to brush away the cobwebs that had been woven about my brain. I saw now with other eyes; I saw Clay and Jackson alike aiming at undue influence. I saw a secret brotherhood undermining the very corner-stone of all our institutions. ‘Crush masonry,’ said the dark man, ‘and you crush intrigue and bribery, come under what name it will. Smite the root, the hidden root, and the trunk will need no blazing, and the branch will rot of itself.’ I landed at Postlewaite’s an antimason. My health has never been very good, and the anxiety and excitement of the last two days, was too much for me. I lost my appetite and my spirits, and my strength began to fail. And still I heard the hum of politics all about me. At first, each argument had appeared to me perfect; but now, that I thought of the matter, and considered that each had *seemed* true, and only one could *be* true, I was more perplexed than ever.

The result of it all, was, I had a fever. Politics were forbidden in my presence, however, and, in time, I recovered. The election was then over—the mental epidemic had subsided, and I determined to make the best of my way home. There was a French gentleman in the coach, polite and kind, as all French gentlemen are, but who looked excessively frightened. If politics were mentioned, he moved convulsively; and once, when I observed, in speaking of the soils, that the country in that neighborhood appeared to be all clay, he shrunk from me in evident alarm. I felt for the poor man; and upon the first opening, asked him the cause of his fears. ‘Sare,’ said he, ‘I come to *Amerique* to see von *grande nation* enjoy de *liberte*’. I look for find all broder, all vise. In my *imagination*, I see von people dat vork to make de whole happy; dat chose de vise men and de good men for ruler, and in de choice, act togeder like de friend. *Mais, parbleu!* I find de same fight of dose in de power, and dose out of de power. I find de bribe, de quarrel, de hard word. I go to de *hotel*, and, *ma foi*, dey say, ha! you Jaqueson or Clay? I get in de stage, and dey say ‘gain, you sare, you Jaqueson or Clay? Every where dey vorry me to *piece*.



Ah, *Monsieur!* you have von *grande cowntrie*, you have de people *avec beaucoup de force*, but vid all de *liberté*, I see much dat would make me *miserable*. I shall go back to France, sare; dere we have von *revolution*, and all is still again; here, it seems to me, *revolution* all de time. I shall go back to France, sare, *tout a pres.*' I wondered not a whit, at the poor man's disgust. I threw to the wind, all ideas of publicity in a political way. I took to other studies, other hopes, and look forward now to other prospects. National perfection I no longer consider attainable, nor desirable even. The love of political eminence seems as strange to me—politics being what they are—as the love of the sea and the ship seems strange to the landsman, who has been just far enough to feel the nausea and misery of the rocking element, and whose hands have caught a flavor of tar from some rope by which he steadied himself. I have long prayed for 'those that go down in ships upon the great waters;' I have now added a petition for those that are tossed on the sea of politics; for they are hourly nigh to a worse shipwreck than can ever befall the honest mariner—the shipwreck of good faith,

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## WOMAN.

### A RHAPSODY.

'How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!' *Hamlet.*

WOMAN! what a subject! I feel like a new comer upon the edge of a prairie; not that my theme is as *flat*, but as boundless, and as beautiful; and I know not where to rest. Woman! what shall I say of her? shall I discuss her abstract nature? shall I dwell upon her mind, which knows, as by instinct, that which the bard and sage toil and study and delve for? shall I lay bare to you the sources of that strange omnipotence, which brings down the conqueror, calms the stormy soul, and forces the blood-thirsty monarch of the wild to kneel and worship? Shall I bid you mark that Cæsar and Napoleon but wielded the sceptre over that which is earthly in man; that Newton and Locke were lords only of the realm of mind—of intellect; while woman reigns supreme over that spiritual nature, to which the body and the intellect, with all their varied powers, are but servants? Power is sweet to us; we are all striving for it. The merchant joys in the power which enables him to gather into his coffers the riches of the earth; he layeth his plans; he numbereth up his numbers; he sendeth abroad his ships, and they bring unto

him the silks, and the spices, and the precious gems of the east; and he says in his soul, 'Ah ha! I am strong; I have got me wealth; many seek for it, but they are weak and they cannot reach it; they are short-sighted and they cannot see it; but I am stronger and wiser than they; behold my abundance!' The statesman rejoices in his might; he can wield the destiny of nations; he can bid thousands be free or fettered—happy or miserable; say, is he not strong? And what is the fame of the poet? the philosopher?—what is all distinction? It is, in itself, nothing; it is valuable only as evidence; the result and the proof of power. The bard looks on to the end of a thousand years, and lo! his words are yet listened to, his inspiration yet dwelt upon, his power yet felt. But turn now, and look at the power of woman. Let us choose to us one that has never breathed in cities, nor listened to the mockery of adulation. She is a wife and a mother; occupied with the simple sameness of her duties, unknown, unnoticed, she goes on her straight and narrow path, with calm and unhesitating certainty. The bloom leaves her cheek, the merry light no longer shines in her eye, the hand becomes feeble, the hair gray; and at length comes Death, but his coming is not unwelcome. Her race is run—her work is done upon earth; and as the children and grandchildren gather about her simple grave, they may weep, that she whose kindness always dried their tears, and woke them to good nature again with a kiss, or a pretty story, or a handful of sugar-plums—is gone; but their tears fall for themselves, not her. At first sight, you would think this good woman one of but little influence. But look again. Has she not moulded and influenced the immortal part of those around her? has she not bound them to her by a chain—a tie, stronger than fear or wonder—the chain of love? The power of the poet may be felt a thousand—ay, ten thousand years; but when the race of man is extinct, and this fair world has passed from among created things, then, and through eternity, will the influence of that peasant woman be recognised, as readily as it is to-day. Should it not humble the pride of the worldling, and put to shame the impotence of earthly potentates!

But I am wandering into the very centre of the prairie, without a guide, and in a twinkle, probably, I shall be fairly lost. Let me then go back to my starting point.

Edmund Burke said, that the peculiar character of modern civilization was caused by the influence of woman. Some of my fellow proserers would note this as a specimen of that great statesman's almost supernatural sagacity; and they would do it for this good reason, that they had thought the same thing a

thousand times themselves. But to one that cannot, even in private, pretend to miraculous powers, there is no pleasure in ascribing them to another; and therefore, simply stating this influence as something in which many believe, and which Burke has agreed in ascribing to woman, I would ask, why woman has never found an historian? Trusting, probably, to the prophecy, that Rome should fall with the Coliseum, 'and when Rome falls, the world,' Gibbon pinned himself to the skirt of the eternal city; certain, thereby, to secure a mortal immortality. Even so, too, did Hume cling to the mantle of the queen of the ocean. Even so, has every historian done since time was. Egypt, India, and all the empires of the mysterious east, may have had their historians; if they had, the world has now forgotten them.

When Thebes poured forth, through an hundred portals, her myriads to the battle, the bard would scarce have seemed a flatterer, had he said, that the sun and moon would die, when the glory of that city departed. When the architect stood among the palaces of Palmyra, and saw her streets filled with men, and heard the hum of life all around him, could he have dared to dream, that Tadmor the rich, the beautiful, 'the city of palms,' would one day be Tadmor of the desert? And if they fell, why may not Rome fall, and still the world go on? It will. The time will come, beyond a doubt, when 'Rome' will be a strange name, and the works of Livy and Tacitus and Gibbon, will be among the worm-eaten rarities of the scholar's closet. But he that writes the history of WOMAN, will be remembered while memory is an attribute of our race. Others have made known to us the men that have deceived, triumphed over, and trampled upon their fellows; but the historian of Woman will be the historian of his kind, and not of his kind's tyrants. He will trace the growth of civilization, refinement, religion, and all that is good and beautiful. He will go back to the beginning, and show that woman, from the first, has had the destiny of our race in her hands. It was Eve that cast us from paradise; by the influence of the *daughters* of man, did that moral chaos come, from which, and from the consequences of which, Noah and his household alone were preserved. As to the confounding of tongues at the plain of Shinar, we have, it is true, no mention of woman as the cause of it, but we may reason upon the facts given, and upon certain well known lingual phenomena, and what would be the conclusion? I need not say. He would go on, tracing the occasional influence of individual woman, and the universal influence of the sex. He would show why Chaldea and Egypt and Babylon fell; he would inform us

of the paralyzing influence which kept Greece, despite her beauty and genius, spiritually uncivilized. He would dwell long upon Rome; he would dwell yet longer upon the barbarians that swept away that all-subduing power; step by step he would come down to the present day, and at every step the plot would be more fully developed. He would show us the building up of the new empire—that of woman; he would trace it to its acme; he would show how, like that of Rome, this new empire became corrupted; how chivalry declined; how female education but served to undermine true female influence. He would call with a warning voice upon the friends of peace, virtue, order, and religion, to rally in defence of that power which is the best patron of every virtue. Who, or what made the world what it is? what omnipotence thawed the heart of man, chilled and indurated by the grossness and selfishness of a thousand years?

'Twas woman, with her quickening eye;  
 Woman, that pure, that perfect being;  
 Woman, that cannot die;  
 The last best work of the All-seeing—  
 Before whose face, sin, coward sin doth fly;

Woman, that spirit amid clay,  
 That can to transport turn despair,  
 And evil chide away.  
 Fair though she be, more pure than fair;  
 The herald of a brighter, better day.

'Twas she that bade the chains be riven,  
 By Passion round our spirits wove;  
 And pointing us to heaven,  
 By the omnipotence of love,  
 Made us the sons of Peace, forgiving and forgiven!

But that might is becoming weakness. Woman, leaving her true ground of supremacy, strives to rule by appealing to the eye and the ear, instead of the heart. And what then? Then comes a returning darkness, deeper than has yet been upon the earth. The fall of Rome was great, but the fall of the empire we live under, will be greater; and a few centuries hence, another, a mightier Gibbon must arise, to immortalize himself by recording a mightier catastrophe.

There is a sentence, by one of the schoolmen, on the female character, which I will quote, as a close. 'The course of creation was from the low, upward; first clods, then plants, then animals, then man, and last of them all, woman. Now, as man is above the beast, even so is woman above man (in kind, not in degree). And as her natural place is higher, so too, will her fall be more great and grievous. If so be, she serve the godly



part of her nature, lo! an angel; if the mortal part thereof, lo! a fool; and if the vile and passionate part, behold! a demon.' Ye that are cunning in human nature, said not the schoolman true?

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### THE PARTED YEAR.

FAREWELL! farewell! 'Time's youngest born! I hear  
 Thy knell upon the air, and see the bier  
 That bears thee blessingless unto thy tomb,  
 At midnight hour, in midnight's darkest gloom!  
 Thy first sun rose upon a gladden'd world;  
 Bright joy with ready hand thy flag unfurl'd,  
 And flung its infant folds with azure light,  
 Around the pinions of receding night!  
 Thy radiant form the world rejoic'd to press,  
 And youth and manhood join'd in the caress,  
 But little thought *thy* youth and age would bring  
 To love, and life, and hope, so deep a sting.

Scarce were thy young and cheerful greetings cold,  
 And vows of future love and friendship told,  
 When broad Ohio burst her icy band,  
 As if beneath a great magician's wand,  
 And bore along towards the boundless west,  
 The shining girdle of her glassy breast.  
 The gentle South, with warmth of other land,  
 Came tripping onward with an open hand.  
 Its roseate breath begemm'd each wood and hill,  
 Each verdant mead, and shady dell and rill,—  
 Burst their cold shackles, and bade them arise,  
 From Hyem's thralldom to spring's gayer skies.  
 But with it came a full and murky cloud,  
 That spread above the land—a reeking shroud!  
 It pass'd not on, but low its danky form,  
 Hung near the ground—sad presage of the storm!  
 Earth seem'd a dungeon overhung with palls,  
 And Nature pined beneath the gloomy walls!  
 Fell here and there a heavy drop at length,  
 As if the cloud was mov'd and wept its strength;  
 Then burst its gates and down the deluge pour'd,  
 And far and near the angry torrents roar'd!  
 Then rush'd each stream, by sudden rain o'erfill'd,  
 On—on—to old Ohio's shore! Earth thrill'd  
 Beneath the dark, o'ercharg'd, destroying waste,  
 That roll'd o'er town and wood with horrid haste;  
 For ne'er since first the white man gain'd the land,  
 Had such a tide swept by Ohio's strand!  
 Day after day, still gath'ring, on it came,  
 At morning's dawn and fall of eve the same!  
 Men stood aghast to meet so dire a scourge,  
 And plung'd for life amid the foaming surge!  
 The waters reck'd not of their shrinking dread,  
 But still beyond the river's ancient bed,  
 They fiercely press'd, with greedy mad'ning power,  
 And drove the cotter forth at midnight hour,  
 To seek amid th' inhospitable wild,  
 Some lonely shelter for his shivering child!

And oft as back with fruitless hope he mov'd,  
The black wave came, to snatch the all he lov'd!  
His happy hut, where peace and rest abode,  
Was swept before the wild, the second 'FLOOD!'  
The pleasant yard, where oft before the door,  
His flax-hair'd children gambol'd on the shore;  
His grains and stacks, the fruit of summer toil,  
With sweaty brow,—all—all—were now the spoil  
Of deep and warring currents, as they broke  
With fury o'er the land, that 'wail'd their stroke!'

But why repeat what each one knew and felt?  
Why tell how bad men curs'd, and good ones knelt?  
Why of the thousands houseless, homeless cast,  
And fortuneless upon the world? 'Tis past!  
Let o'er it Time's oblivion be thrown,  
And Memory here her strength refuse to own!

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Turn we a leaf of thy fast closing book;  
But still it wears a black forbidding look!  
Few rays of sunshine brighten up the past!  
Oh! may this year of sorrow be the last!

Since, at its birth, each wish'd 'a happy year,'  
And gave the new a smile, the old a tear;  
Our lot has been—and o'er it we have wept—  
To see how burning pestilence has swept,  
With desolating breath, from ocean's strand,  
Like Egypt's plague, across our happy land!  
With eager gaze, we've watch'd its mortal path,  
And sought how best to turn away its wrath;  
And when, at last, it deadly o'er us hung;  
Crush'd down the weak, the strong in health unstrung!  
When demon-like, from house to house it crept,  
And seiz'd its destin'd victim as he slept,  
Or, fierce with conscious might, at noon-day hour,  
Made e'en the hardiest feel its blasting power;  
When man, as if in twain the earth were riven,  
Like Pharaoh, shrunk before the will of Heaven;  
When child to parent—maid to lover clung,  
And over all an anxious gloom was flung;  
When none could tell the grief and dark despair,  
The broken hearts, the shatter'd bonds, the care,  
That follow'd close the blighting scourge's train,  
New gashes struck, and op'd the old again;  
Nor yet how oft the tears of love were shed,  
At childhood's grave and manhood's nuptial bed;  
How orphans, cheerless, friendless, mourn'd their doom,  
And brother wept o'er sister's fresh-made tomb;  
On thy devoted brow then fell the brand,  
And thou wert curs'd throughout a cursed land!  
All seem'd by one o'ermastering impulse led—  
For who with heart so cold it has not bled?  
Who has not had some long cemented tie—  
Some holy love, the offspring of the sky,  
Dissever'd like a reed before the gale?  
Who has not join'd the universal wail?

Here would I turn, with willing hand to cheer,  
The sadden'd aspect of the parted year;

But still, alas! its scroll presents no spot  
Of cheerful hue, undimm'd by any blot!

Look we on Europe's classic shore to find  
Some sunny space to light the drooping mind?  
Still lurid there the cloud of darkness hangs,  
And millions writhe within the poison'd fangs  
Of war, and pestilence, and tyrant's might,  
And dream but here and there of Freedom's light.  
*Still* are they slaves, and lowly bend the head,  
And cringe, unmindful of the buried dead,  
Who cry from out their bloody graves, and ask  
Once more on earth, to throw away the mask,  
And seize the rusted sword, again to fall,  
For Freedom's life, upon her banner'd pall!

But hark! a sound from Scotia's rocky shore,  
Goes forth and mingles with the ocean's roar;  
A low and lengthen'd cry, foreboding ill!  
It comes, and as it flies from hill to hill,  
Its hollow tones are heard upon the blast—  
'The sun has set—the agony is past!'  
Is this deep grief for haughty lordling's death?  
Has sceptred monarch yielded up his breath?  
'Tis not for *royalty* such tears are wrung;  
'Tis not for *kings* the world's in sable hung;  
But for a loftier one, whose genial sway,  
Earth's nations felt, and hastened to obey—  
The mighty SCOTT! whose bright meridian shone  
More splendid far than e'er imperial throne!

Our own land, too, has mourn'd the worthy dead!  
A CARROLL's spirit to its God has fled;  
The last of those who peril'd fortune—life,  
And waged with British hosts unequal strife,  
Has sunk beneath the hoary weight of age,  
To add another name to History's page!  
Oh Heaven! forbid that e'er beneath thy sun,  
One hand should mar the glorious work they've done.

But hear! the solemn clock's deep midnight chime  
Bursts on the ear, the toll of parting Time!  
Thy latest sigh, departed year, has sped—  
Thy scroll is closed, and thou art of the dead!

C. D. D.

*Cincinnati, Dec. 31, 1832.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

TALES OF THE GLAUBER SPA. By several American Authors. Nos. 27 and 28 of Harpers' Library of Select Novels.

THE names of Sedgwick, Bryant, Paulding, and Leggett will secure these volumes a kind reception, and probably, a ready sale. Those persons that ask, not what is the merit of a work, but what the name of the writer, will praise them to the skies. Those critics that consider it rank heresy, to condemn any thing from a man of undoubted genius, will say they are an invaluable addition to American literature. To us, that think it a duty to examine, as far as possible, the true worth of what we read, without reference to the power and talent of the author as shown elsewhere, or his fame and popularity, deserved or undeserved; to us, that think—we trust, with the majority—that no man, nor woman even, is infallible; and believe it incumbent on every writer, and especially on writers of distinction, to do their best for their own and their country's reputation—these volumes appear very unworthy of the persons who peep forth from behind the curtain to claim them as their work.

Mr. Bryant and Miss Sedgwick are known throughout America, and also in England, as writers of sterling worth. This volume will go forth as a specimen of their skill—a specimen of the handiwork of our very first operatives in the department of fiction; and it will be to their discredit. Newspapers and journals may praise the work, and honestly, for there are thousands that will see all its merits and none of its defects; but the millstone, it appears to us, is about its neck, and not all the bladders that kind partiality can blow, will prevent it from going down to the depths. We may be mistaken; if we are, it is not a wilful mistake. Mr. Bryant and Miss Sedgwick, we admire and respect. Of Mr. Paulding's power we have a high opinion, though we dislike his bad taste and forced humor. Of the others, we had formed no opinion, previous to reading these tales. But despite all our faith and admiration, we cannot get over the impression, that the tales comprised in these two volumes were written for some forgotten Souvenir, and thought either unworthy or unwanted.

The first tale in the series, 'Le Bossu,' would suit an Annual very well; in a volume of stories published by the choice spirits of our land, it does not deserve a place. 'Childe Roeliff's Pilgrimage' would do better for a newspaper or magazine—striking out, of course, the surplusage—than for a work that ought, in justice, to live six months at least. 'The Skeleton's Cave,' and 'Medfield,' which are said to be by Mr. Bryant, show a power of spinning out a little matter into a long thread, and indirectly prove a poverty of invention, that we are sorry to see. The 'Block House,' attributed to Mr. Leggett, is by far the best story in the two volumes; it is indeed a very excellent one, though its position undoubtedly helps its appearance. Of 'Mr. Green,' we can merely say, that a good, tangible, amusing tale, is almost spoilt by repetition and diffusion. 'Selim,' if we understand it aright, is seventy pages worth of the two old sayings, that 'charity begins at home,' and 'let me alone and I wont bite you.' Of 'Boyuca,' which we read last evening, we have to-day an indistinct remembrance; but what it was written for, we have forgotten, if indeed, we ever knew.

We trust no one will think our remarks unfair, or more than ordinarily hypercritical. Had the 'Tales of the Glauber Spa' appeared anonymously, we might have read



them with some pleasure, nor dreamed of criticising them. Coming, as they now do, from those in authority, we think they should bear the true signet. Some would judge the unknown harshly, and pass by the renowned without inquiry or doubt; but it appears to us, that these latter are the ones that should be distrusted the most, and questioned the closest. In their works, and their success, we have all an interest; in the literary world, they are our representatives. Not so with lesser writers. The unknown may fail and none note it; but when the strong falter and sink,

‘Then you, and I, and all of us, fall down.’

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CONTARINI FLEMING, OR A PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By the author of Vivian Gray and the Young Duke.

VIVIAN GRAY established for its author a rank and reputation in the world of fiction, which, for one, I am sorry to see, he either is not willing or able to sustain. There seemed to be little diversity of opinion about that work; all were delighted—all placed it among the foremost of the works of its kind, and with a universal voice, hailed the rising of a star in the literary world, which seemed, from the brightness which then surrounded it, to promise a glorious career. But human hopes are ever destined to be blighted; and the eager anxiety with which the public waited the approach of another of the talented productions of their favorite author, was followed by disappointment; for the Young Duke was a grievous falling off from its elder brother. It is true, it was talented, and some parts of it brilliant; but taken as a whole, it was unworthy of its author. But the memory of Vivian Gray still remained in the minds of its readers, and from the writer of that work, notwithstanding his falling off, they did not cease to expect much. Contarini Fleming, the third child of its author, is of a mixed nature. It would have been quite an interesting work, if the author had confined himself within the limits of a single volume; but the universal custom of always imposing two volumes upon the public, and the general understanding, that nothing could be worthy of the name of novel, except it come in that form, was not to be tampered with. The consequence is, that the world are obliged to content themselves with a second volume of patchwork, composed of diluted ideas, and an old journal of the author's travels in Spain and Turkey. The first volume is what it purports to be, a psychological autobiography, or the hero's account of the development of his own character. It is written in quite a spirited style, exhibits much of the talent which was shown in the production of Vivian Gray, and amid much wild extravagance, has a great deal that is natural and good.

It may be, that even this very extravagance is the natural effect of the development of wonderful genius; and the very graphic manner in which these wild turns are depicted, would lead one to suppose, that, like Lord Byron, the distinguished author felt within himself the capacity for such disorders, and thus painted them as something that might be natural. This conclusion is strengthened by the fact, that our author has, in many instances, been guilty of striking imitations of the noble lord, which shows that he is an admirer of his eccentricities, and has something of a kindred spirit. But be that as it may, these things can only seem natural to men of genius; and to minds of common mould, they must now and ever seem bombastic extravagance, and gross caricatures of human nature.

The second volume of this work is, most of it, as we have before said, made up of what seems an old journal of travels. In order to introduce these skilfully, our hero, after having admirably enacted the part of a madman, is seized with a sudden and strange disorder, which we are sure nothing but decided genius ever did or could suffer, and, in consequence, is obliged to travel. This is a great convenience to our author, for as it seems immaterial to the invalid where he goes, he sends him over the same ground where he had formerly been, the scenes of which he found entertaining enough to keep a journal of; and this he puts into the mouth of his hero, and thus fills his second volume with very little trouble.

The disorder which changed our psychological autobiographer into a journalist, is described to be a peculiar idiocy and lack of ideas—a want of capacity to collect or arrange his thoughts—and we are sure his after productions fully establish the strength and peculiarity of his disease.

The philosophy of our author seems to have gone to the right about, since the writing of his first work. There, he advocated the doctrine that circumstances must bend to the will of man; in this last work, he makes his hero the victim of blind circumstance, and surrounds him with mysterious agents who force him through his wild and mad career, in spite of all the efforts of his will and inclination. Finally, after having used up his journal, our author causes his hero to build him a house, and settle down to finish life, much in the style of the common sojourners on this sublunary sphere.

There is a most romantic love-story woven in with the thread of the tale, which, for the sake of a certain class of our readers, we are sorry we cannot take particular notice of. But the mind, to paint such scenes, must have felt them; and the wings, to soar to those regions, must have been strengthened in the purest atmosphere of romance. Such not being our case, for fear of failure, we must decline the task, and recommend our fair readers to the pages of the book itself, where our hero's description of his adventures in this way, will exhibit to them, if we mistake not, the very poetry of love run mad.

In conclusion, we would say, there seems to us much of forcible and natural writing in the book; and its very extravagance is of that decided, or, to use a now common expression, 'going for the whole' nature, that no one can help being amused with it. We recommend it to the public, as entitled to a high place, at any rate, among the ephemeral productions of the present day.

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INDIAN BIOGRAPHY. By B. B. THATCHER. Nos. 45 and 46 of Harpers' Family Library.

WE are very glad to see this work. An account of the most remarkable men of that remarkable race which once covered this country, has been desired by all that felt an interest in a most interesting people. Mr. Thatcher has been, for some time, we believe, occupied in studying the history of the Indians, and has, written one or two articles in the *North American Review*, on the subject; these have been incorporated into the present work. Of its historical correctness we can offer no opinion; but we think the author has succeeded admirably in making his accounts interesting. Some parts of the work are far more entertaining than many of the books that come

before the world, designed merely to furnish entertainment. Mr. Thatcher appears to appreciate the character of the aborigines justly. Without thinking them demons, he holds them to be less than demi-gods; he finds them possessed of some of the finest characteristics of man, and also of some of his worst passions. The old writers, those that lived among the Indians, wrote, for the most part, with strong prejudices, either for or against them; and we have consequently no comprehensive and impartial work, as a record of their boldly and strongly marked minds. We hope that Mr. Thatcher will not yet quit the subject. The manners, customs, religion, and general civilization, of the North American savages, as a race, have never received that attention they deserve. We think a work on the subject might be written, fitted both to amuse and instruct. A few years, and what may now be learned, will be lost; the traditions that are still in being, will soon be buried with the last warriors of that multitude that once roamed between the Atlantic and Mississippi. We trust that some one will feel interest enough in the subject, to commit these fleeting accounts to paper, while they may yet be learned from authentic sources.

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SKETCHES OF VENITIAN HISTORY. Nos. 43 and 44 of Harpers' Family Library:

FEW histories are as interesting as that of Venice. Few give us so much of the national character, and dwell so little upon the deeds of individuals. We are connected with Venice by a thousand early associations; her wonderful rise; peculiar situation, mysterious government; her vast power, compared to her small domain, her magnificence, wealth, and her sudden fall—are all familiar to our minds from childhood. And fiction also has bound us to her—

‘For Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare’s art,  
Have stamped her image in us.’

These volumes then, will undoubtedly be read with much interest. They are compiled, in great part, from the works of Sismondi—one of the best historians that has ever written. They are of a plain unaffected style; and the interest of the story, which is, at times, almost that of romance, is not broken in upon by trite observations, or vague discussions. We have the facts given with sufficient detail to bind the attention, but without that dwelling upon minutiae, or expressions of personal feeling, which is too apt to make that story very dull, which might be far otherwise. This history, in short, is written in the same unpretending manner with most of those which the Messrs. Harper have published, and is very well adapted for popular use.

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THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1833.

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ON WESTERN CHARACTER.

THE character of the western people was better understood a few years ago, than it seems to be at present. Paradoxical as this proposition may appear, it is nevertheless true — or so near the truth that we feel disposed to attempt to prove it. The travellers who crossed the Alleghany mountains some years ago, were surprised at the degree of intelligence, which they found among the western farmers and hunters. Expecting to find a race of men, whose residence among forests, and whose distance from the seats of learning, had estranged them from all correct sources of information, and rendered them callous to the civilities of life, they were agreeably disappointed in meeting with a cheerful, intelligent people, unpolished and uneducated, it is true, but possessed of vigorous understandings and inquisitive minds. They found a people equally removed from the savage ferocity of the wild Irishman, and the sullen stupidity of the English peasant. Rough, independent, and simple in their habits, careless and improvident in their dealings, frank of speech, and unguarded in their intercourse with each other or with strangers; friendly, hospitable, and generous, their character was not only peculiar, but attractive; and the candid traveller never failed to be favorably impressed with the noble ingenuousness, as well as the intelligence of our population.

But all travellers and writers have not the heart to admire the manliness of the western character; and we have latterly been continually annoyed with publications in which the ignorance, the immorality, and the irreligion of our people, are standing themes of comment. We object to none of the noble schemes for the universal diffusion of knowledge; on the con-



trary, we have always been their advocate, and shall continue such, as long as we shall have the privilege of disseminating our opinions. But when those who advocate education, religion, or benevolence, think it necessary in the warmth of their zeal, to describe our people as more ignorant and demoralized than those of other parts of the Union, we not only cannot go with them, but must be permitted to enter our protest, and to retort the charge of *ignorance*, upon those who make it.

We shall not identify any of the propagators of this absurd proposition, because we believe that many of them have advanced it under a full belief of its truth, and with the most perfect innocence of any improper intention; and they are, besides, rather too numerous for special mention. Their fault consists in giving *any* opinion on a subject with which they are totally unacquainted; and their folly is manifested by their incessant labor to raise imaginary distinctions, which have not the slightest foundation in fact. The truth is, that education, benevolence, morality, and religion have all suffered from the ignorance of certain young gentlemen, who have been their advocates in this region — but whose ignorance, be it remembered, was imported. The clergyman who should tell his flock that they were wicked, would speak truth and do his duty, because this assertion would be true of any people; but he who should pronounce his congregation more depraved than others, and place the necessity of their reformation on that ground, would probably violate truth, and would certainly give offence. So the man who will advocate religion or education, or denounce infidelity or ignorance, in the abstract, will always be right, and often successful, while he who undertakes to tell us that these things are specially necessary to *us*, in consequence of *our* amazing ignorance and depravity, will be very apt to be considered as a dunce, who has started on his travels with an empty brain, or forgot his lesson by the way.

It is not true, that the people of the western states are more ignorant than the same classes of people in other parts of the Union. The proposition is not only incorrect in point of fact, but it is unphilosophical. It will be readily admitted, by reasonable men, that the people of one state have, by nature, as good intellects as those of another, and that the accident of being born on one side or the other of a range of mountains, cannot render an individual more or less intelligent. We apprehend that men's brains—at all events, the brains of white men—are made alike, all the world over. It is very possible that climate may affect the human skull, advantageously or otherwise; the faculties of a Greenlander may be frozen to apathy, and those

of an inhabitant of the torrid zone broiled to imbecility. But it will hardly be contended, that in these United States, the same vigor of intellect is not found in every latitude. If we examine the catalogue of the great minds which have graced our republic, we do not find that they have been indigenous to any particular locality; on the contrary, they have been pretty equally distributed. This view of the subject is humbling to the absurd vanity of sectional prejudice, and should teach those who make sweeping denunciations, to indulge well grounded suspicions of their own capacity to form a decision on the premises.

But we shall be told, that, conceding the sectional parity of intellect, in a state of nature, there is a difference in the degree of cultivation; the people in all parts of the Union, are not equally well educated. Here we come to the point; and we find that our objector has confounded *intelligence* and *education*—a bungling kind of business, to be sure, but one for which we are not responsible. Schools are not so abundant in the western as in the eastern states, and of course the great mass of the people are not so well educated; but it does not follow, that they are less intelligent. Information may be gained in different ways; those most prominent, are, by reading, and by observation. A human being may know how to read, and yet be a very stupid fellow; another may be ignorant of that art, yet become very intelligent, by an intimate acquaintance with man and with nature. Reading and writing are not magic arts; of themselves, they are of little value. The mere circumstance of being able to read and write, does not make the person thus endowed more intelligent than another. It is the *use* that is made of these arts, and of the various acquisitions of the school and college, that constitutes their value. Many a man who can read Latin and Greek with facility, knows nothing else, and as far as useful knowledge is concerned, is a perfect dunce; and thousands of individuals with diplomas in their pockets, are far inferior, in point of common sense and information, to the common run of backwoodsmen. One reason of this is, that too much stress has heretofore been laid upon such acquisitions, and too little importance has been attached to the possession of useful knowledge. The obtaining of a diploma has been considered as constituting a *liberal education*, and a knowledge of the alphabet has elevated the population of certain districts into an enlightened people. Now the truth is, that *knowing how to read* is not *knowledge*, any more than *knowing how to chop* is *industry*. The question then may be stated thus; some people in the *West*, cannot read, but they can generally chop wood and shoot the rifle; some people in the *East*, cannot shoot nor chop.

but they can generally read; and the fact of their relative intelligence remains undecided.

We have asserted that the western people are as intelligent as others, and we have admitted that they are more illiterate. But we *do not* admit this to the extent that has been stated in some recent publications, which we know to be totally unauthentic, and destitute of truth. We admit that we have fewer schools, and more people who cannot read, than the older states; and for the sake of argument, we will concede if it be desired, that no man can write his name, west of the mountains, except General Jackson and Henry Clay. Yet we contend that the mass of the people are intelligent. This may be proved from their habits, from their institutions, from their police, and social condition.

Our eastern friends are apt to consider the backwoodsman a solitary, unsocial being, living separate from his species, in gloomy shades, or roaming singly through the lonesome forests in search of game. This is the history of some; and at certain periods of their lives, of many. But we are far from being an unsocial race. On the contrary, scarcely any of the population of the Union mingle so frequently or so familiarly. They meet at elections, at courts, at vendues, at races, at shooting-matches, at house-raising and log-rollings, at weddings and funerals—and so frequent are these occasions, that scarcely a week passes in any neighborhood without a gathering. There can scarcely be found a people who take so great an interest in public affairs. The elections of officers, from the most important down to the most insignificant, all cause excitement. The candidates traverse the whole country, visit the electors at their houses, and address them at public meetings; and on such occasions, the political questions which agitate the county, the state, or the nation, are discussed with keenness, and often with ability. Every man is a politician, and becomes, to some extent, acquainted with public affairs. In some of the other states, few persons go into a court of law, unless they have business. It is not so here. Court week is a general holiday. Not only suitors, jurors, and witnesses, but all who can spare the time, brush up their coats, and brush down their horses, and go to court. A stranger is struck with the silence, the eagerness, and deep attention, with which these rough sons of the forest listen to the arguments of the lawyers, evincing a lively interest in these proceedings, and thorough understanding of the questions discussed. Besides those alluded to, there are a variety of other public meetings. Every thing is done in this country in popular assemblies, all questions are debated in pop-



ular speeches, and decided by popular vote. These facts speak for themselves. Not only must a vast deal of information be disseminated throughout a society thus organized, but the taste for popular assemblies and public harangues, which forms so striking a trait in the western character, is, in itself, a conclusive proof of a high degree of intelligence. Ignorant people would neither relish nor understand the oratory, which our people receive with enthusiastic applause. Ignorant people would not attend such meetings, week after week, and day after day, with unabated interest; nor could they thus go, and *remain* ignorant. They moreover travel a vast deal. Few men can be found, who have not travelled beyond the limits of their own state; indeed, few are found residing in the state in which they were born. They are a migratory and an inquisitive people. Their country is visited by a vast number of strangers, and their conversation with these, and with each other, turns chiefly upon the soil, climate, productions, trade, and relative advantages, of different sections of the Union. On all these subjects they are not only curious, but remarkably well informed. The country too, is peculiarly adapted for the wide and rapid spread of intelligence. Its wonderful facilities for intercourse, its extensive rivers, its numerous steamboats, the goodness of the natural roads, and the influx of new settlers, from various parts of the world, are all circumstances admirably conducive to the introduction and circulation of useful facts; and that they have in fact the influence which we attribute to them, is known to all who have any knowledge on this subject. Another fact is worthy of notice. There are few mechanics, and scarcely any extensive manufactories, except at a few points, distant from a vast portion of the country. The farmers are therefore forced to employ their own ingenuity in the production of the necessities of life. They spin and weave their own cloth; they make their own shoes, and many of them tan their leather. They build their houses, make their furniture and many of their farming implements, repair their wagons and ploughs, and do a great many things, which in other countries furnish employment to a variety of mechanics. This versatility of employment, although it certainly interferes with regular habits of industry, and impedes the prosperity of the country, exercises the ingenuity of the individuals thus engaged, who, instead of plodding on in a dull routine of unvaried labor from year to year, are obliged continually to employ the inventive faculty. In a new country every thing has to be created; all is young, vigorous, and progressive. The division of labor which takes place in older communities is not yet begun. One man must



perform the labor, and exercise the ingenuity, which in other countries would be divided among many. Such men must *think* as well as work, and no man can *think*, about useful things, without improving his intellect.

There is not room to speak at length, in this place, of our public institutions. But if reference be had to our state constitutions, our codes of laws, the organization of our courts, etc. they will be found to bear a favorable comparison with those of the older states, and even to contain valuable improvements; and as the people discuss and vote directly upon all political questions, these afford ample evidence of their intelligence.

The same evidence is afforded by our social condition and police. An ignorant people will ever be brutal and factious, disorderly and careless of the rights of liberty, life, and property. Such is surely not the case among us. No people are more jealous of liberty, more tenacious of political privileges, more obedient to the restraints of law. Property and life are held sacred. Criminal offences of the higher grade, are seldom perpetrated. Highway robberies are almost unknown—perhaps we might say, entirely unknown. Travellers pass over wide regions singly and unarmed, without the fear or the danger of insult or injury. These are some of the best results of civilization; and if such a people be pronounced ignorant and demoralized, it might be well ‘to calculate the value’ of knowledge.

The whole truth of the matter is, that people are apt to undervalue the attainments of others, when they differ from their own. The man who can read, fondly imagines himself learned, and derides the ignorance of his neighbor, who is destitute of this art; when the former may be a silly fellow, and the latter a person of sense and observation. This is precisely the question at issue. The young men who come from the East to seek their fortunes, or for other purposes, are often graduates of colleges, and having a smattering of Latin and Greek, fancy all men their inferiors who know not the dead languages, while in truth, they are surrounded by men superior to themselves in useful knowledge, in the stores of experience, and in the powers of thought. Farmers, mechanics, and others, who have received what is called a common-school education, that is to say, who can read and write, but with many of whom these accomplishments are *dead letter*, are equally proud of their acquirements, and rail at the ignorance of illiterate people.

Such is the arrogance of learning! Such the absurdity of priding ourselves upon common and trivial attainments, and despising solid information. Before men undervalue the men-

tal qualities of others, they should reflect candidly, whether the diversity between themselves and those they criticise, consists really, in the amount and value of their respective <sup>11</sup>acquirements; or whether it does not rest solely upon difference of acquirement and mode of culture. The eastern man has the advantage of having schools and teachers; the backwoodsman is generally his own schoolmaster, and his book is the volume of nature; but it does not follow, of course, that the one may not be as sensible a man as the other.

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### GREAT MEN AND GENIUS.

“Pro-di-gi-ous!” said the Dominic.

*Guy Mannering.*

JOHN ADAMS, in his ‘Discourses on Davila,’ tells us, that the passion which most tyrannically leads man by the nose, is the love of distinction. I have not time at this moment, formally to refute the opinion of the ex-president, but will simply remark by the way, that had the worthy man gone a step further, he would have found, that men do not love distinction for itself, but solely because distinction is a proof that something really worth the having is within, which has made the possessor distinguished. But to avoid argument, and save the reputation of the patriotic philosopher, I will pass by the fallacy of his assertion, and suppose it true, that men seek distinction for itself. ‘Be a great man,’ says the father to the son; ‘be great,’ says the son to his soul; ‘be great,’ echoes biography and history, the past, the present, and the future. The boy starts on his path determined to astound the world. He reads of the mighty men that have gone before him; of their immense grasp of mind; their wondrous knowledge of human nature; their wide and all-embracing views; their mental combinations, rapid beyond conception—in one word, he hears of their *genius*; and from that day forth, he labors, and toils, and searches his brain through, to compass, if it be possible, that one thing—genius. Now—begging the pardon of those that think otherwise—there flits not, among the many jack-a-lanterns that lead men astray in this quagmire of a world, a viler one than that identical genius. That there is a natural and essential difference between different minds, I doubt not; nor do I believe that in most cases, the labors of a life could do away that difference.

We have all the same mental powers, but have them in different degrees. And so too, with the body. But as I do not

believe that my friend, Sam Short, of five feet three, could ever, by dint of striving, become a Goliath, neither do I believe that <sup>as</sup> worm of an Isaac Hill, could have been nourished into a Daniel Webster; though I am aware the cases are not parallel—the mind being unlimited, the body limited, in its capacity for improvement. Let the powers of the New Hampshire senator go on improving a few thousand centuries, and I doubt not, he would be a great man. I am speaking against authority, I know; but as I have refused to argue with John Adams, it will be out of my power to favor any other opponent.

So to return to my quagmire. There are many that believe not in this natural difference of *degree*, but in a difference in the *kind* of intellectual power. There is a certain uncertain something—a divine *afflatus*—a modified inspiration, which, according to their creed, descends upon some favored heads, causing them to work wonders, and speak prophecies. These deluded bugbear-chasers, instead of improving the powers which God has given them, leave their minds to lie fallow, and wander away through the world, to find this treasure—genius. With all deference, I would recommend them to read and ponder well the fable of the man who told his sons upon his deathbed, that there was a rich treasure hidden in the ground he left them; as he mentioned no spot, they dug and dug, until the whole farm was dug up, when indeed, they found a treasure—in the produce. If they wish genius, let them cultivate their own minds.

This class of self-deceiving believers, is by no means a rare one. A very striking instance of hoping to produce results without labor, fell under my observation when quite young. There was a certain Deacon Minimum, who had moved from Connecticut to Ohio, in the belief that he possessed a true genius, and was intended by nature for a great man, but was cramped and stunted in the land of sobriety and schools, not on account of these things, however, which he loved as well as any, but because there were so many competitors, who crowded his talents out of the market.

‘If mind,’ said the good man to his lady, ‘if mind, wife, hasn’t room to expand, how in the name of natur can it expand?’ Mrs. Minimum being better at a pumpkin-pie than an argument, was no fair match for her husband, and having therefore all the reasons on his side, he took up his moveables and stepped over the Alleghanies. Age, however, overtook the Deacon, and he was yet nothing more than a *good* man. Had he been wise, that would have contented him; but no, he must be great as well as good; and when he became satisfied that he was too old himself, he turned all his attention to the development of his son’s genius.

Little Magnus Minimum was as fine a fellow as ever lived. He was amiable, kind, quick, and sensible. The best scholar, the best wrestler, the best runner in the settlement. Happy and useful would have been his life, and of some import to the world his labors, I doubt not, if the Deacon had not conjured up that foul fiend, genius. 'Magnus,' said he, 'you are intended to make a great man.' 'If great men rob birds' nests,' answered the little fellow, 'I wont be a great man, pa;' and he went on to tell a long story about a great boy that had robbed a robin's nest, and how he fought the robber and got a whipping. The Deacon smiled at the idea of connecting great men and birds' nests, though had he been more worldly wise, he might probably have been enabled to read a valuable lecture upon the hint of the young champion.

And Time, with his usual pertinacity, darkened the locks and roughened the cheek, and it may be, hardened the heart of the child Magnus; and by and by, the child became a boy. He possessed all the brightness and chivalry of boyhood; but exalted above his strength and his virtue, sat that foible which his father had so tenderly nourished. Magnus looked upon himself as one destined to make a great man. He read about the mighty of past times, and listened to the conversation of those that told of the mental giants of the day. With most praiseworthy patience, he awaited the development of his own hidden and slumbering powers. In due time, he went to college; his father wished him to have every advantage, and he sent him to Cambridge, bidding him remember that he should act in every thing conscientiously, for his example would not fall to the ground.

At Cambridge, Magnus was looked upon as a decided genius; he made no great appearance in the class, was not a remarkable student, but then he thought an unaccountable deal—about what? Really, I do not know what. He thought of himself, and his genius, and all the great men of antiquity. He scarce opened his mouth but out popped Cicero, Homer, Demosthenes, and Solon. He scarce wrote a letter, but he exposed every thread in the magic robes of Cæsar and Cromwell. If you spoke to him of the color of a horse, he mentioned the prism, and the genius of Newton; if you praised a lady's headdress, it reminded him of the Scottish snood—of Burns, Scott, and Campbell; a signpost made him eloquent upon Raphael; an auctioneer recalled to his mind the grandeur of Chatham. It was unpleasant for any save an admirer of his genius, to spend an hour in his company. All this time he was as moral and kind as could be; he already fancied himself a nucleus round



which the wonderful of the world were gathering, and he was too good to set any one a bad example.

The four years soon passed over, and Magnus Minimum, A. B. came forth, a man to strive with men. He returned to his father's house. Proud was the old man of his boy. He was handsome, reputed to possess talent, and certainly sustained an unimpeachable character. Had he examined himself, he would perhaps have discovered, that the exclusive consideration of himself, and his own prospects and powers, had cramped and cooled his generous, disinterested heart. He would have found himself, I fear, growing hard and selfish; and despite all his wide and liberal views, narrow-spirited. He longed to improve his race; it was his one thought, at morn, noon, and night; he looked upon himself as a true philanthropist—he should have heeded the spirit of the proverb that tells us ‘charity begins at home,’ or rather His voice, who said, ‘Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother’s eye.’

Magnus was soon engaged; he took, after his two years’ study, a lawyer’s office; and now life was to begin in earnest. But law chained his spirit; he thought awhile, and as an opportunity at that time offered, became editor of a journal. But he was, as yet, too pure for politics, and he sold out his paper and started in trade. His friends wondered, and counselled, and cautioned; but he was seeking a situation suited to his genius, and must find it, or else his talents would be lost to the world.

He had never considered, beforehand, what line he should follow, but simply intended to be a great man, and cared not whether it were poet, philosopher, or statesman. So, finding trade to be vile, he turned to medicine; but medicine gave him no chance for distinction, and he tried authorship; at that he soon found he was like to starve, and with a sigh, he turned once more to the law. But people distrusted him, and he could find no clients. His sweetheart thought him so deeply enamored with genius, that she married the village blacksmith. The Deacon, about this time, was gathered unto the company of the just. He had never, for a moment, doubted his son’s greatness, and his last words assured him so. Magnus smiled and wept. A year or two longer he struggled with debt, disappointment, and remorse; and then, with a wan cheek and empty purse, left us for the East. We heard no more of him.

A little more than a year since, as I was waiting the pleasure of a drayman that had backed in across the sidewalk of one of the narrowest of the narrow streets of New York, I

was struck by the appearance of a man who came from a printing office across the way. His brow was heavy with care and sorrow, and his downcast look seemed to speak present thought. He passed on toward an eating cellar. There was a poor woman sitting on the step of the cellar, and a little girl was kneeling beside her. As the man I speak of came up, the girl held out her hand, and I presume, asked him for charity; he thought a moment, dropped a piece of money which he held into her palm, and turning, retraced his steps. Despite the mire, I crossed instinctively to meet him. As he came up, his eye was yet cast down, and his handsome lip curled with a smile—a smile of scorn at his own petty regret for having given his last penny to the poor. My presence made him raise his eye; there was no mistaking it. I need not say it was my fellow-townsmen, the genius.

I took him home to dine with me. He told me he was married and had two children—cherubs, of course. He told me he worked to gain them bread, as corrector of the press, at the office from which I had seen him come. He told me he had repented—repented in sackcloth and ashes, the errors of his early life. ‘Had I been taught,’ said he, ‘to cultivate the powers which I had, instead of looking for what I had not—had I been taught to imitate *goodness* rather than *greatness*, how different had been my fate. I am a victim to the mal-apprehension and misdirection of the faculties which nature endowed me with. I trusted to genius to make me a great man; but, sir, I was more foolish than those of olden times, that wasted their substance, trusting that the philosopher’s stone would make all well again. By the sweat of his brow and his brain must man go onward; it was so in the beginning, and must ever be so. We have exploded alchymy, another generation will explode genius.’ I told him I never doubted it; he stared; for—such is man’s weakness—he thought it an original idea of his own, the discovery of *his* genius.

P. E.

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LAMORAH, OR THE WESTERN WILD.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

A DRAMA in five acts, written in the West, and the scene laid on the banks of the Ohio! To one who, like myself, first opened his eyes to the light of day, on the borders of this fair river, such a production, from an ordinary pen, would possess many attractions; but coming as it does, from the fanciful mint of a

refined and classical writer, who had already established a high reputation among the poets of the land, it was indeed a pleasure to be permitted to read it.

A heavy domestic affliction prevented us from enjoying it, as presented by Mr. Caldwell's company last summer, in the new theatre. The criticisms of some who were not very good judges, and whose animadversions were mostly confined to the personations of the Indian characters, led us to believe that either the fair authoress had failed, in these personages, or that the actors had not done her justice. A hasty perusal of the poem has satisfied us, that the latter was the fact; a long acquaintance with these 'comical rogues,' has convinced us of the truth of poor old Baye's complaints against them. Between substituting their own words for the author's, technically called *gagging*, misconceiving the characters, and copious omissions, they often make sad havoc with the labors of authors, and spoil the best things in a piece. For ourselves, we should be sorry to trust a production to their own discretion; they should have it on no terms, but that of strict obedience to the letter of the piece, and the instructions of the writer; and these, under the penalty, if not of death, of at least, the forfeiture of a month's salary.

*Lamora* is, however, by no means a faultless production. From the extracts which we have seen of the authoress' play of *De Lara*, it is inferior to it. It is distinguished, however, by much refined sentiment, by many delightful figures, and much real poetry. The defects are mostly those referred to by Horace—

‘*Quas incuria fudit.*’

The drama is evidently the work of great haste; prepared, probably, for a particular purpose; to be ready by a specified time. Under these circumstances, it is almost impossible for a writer, except one of the most extraordinary gifts, to be eminently successful. It is said, that Shakspeare himself failed, comparatively, when he was directed to compose a drama according to the directions of his august mistress. The principal error, is in the selection of a subject, and the location of the scene; there is but little *vraisemblance* in the plot. An American army, marching through the wilderness, during the war of the revolution, to the neighborhood of Cincinnati, presents dangerous ground to tread upon, in more ways than one; but that the Shawano tribe should be ignorant of the advance of such a force, is too serious an outrage upon the Indian character and habits. We are no advocates for an observance of all the unities; but in a five act piece, from the pen of an accomplished

writer, replete with much good poetry, there are certain rules of the Epopee which cannot be dispensed with.

‘Fictæ causæ voluptatis sint proximæ veris.’

Connected with this breach of the rules of probability, if not of truth, is the making the interesting and lovely Virginia accompany her father, General Winfield, on what must have been an Indian expedition; for although the British are throughout adverted to, as the enemy of our country, there were none to be found of that nation, in this region of country, in the days of '76. No excuse, whether founded on filial piety, or the not less effective impulses of love, both operating in the case of the ‘lovely young’ Virginia, would justify the likelihood of such a creature being made a party in such an expedition, in its nature the most horrible of any warfare recorded in history, and always but of short duration. The father himself—General Winfield—it seems, found out at last, the dreadful impropriety of such a predicament, and resolves to put an end to the difficulty; *mais qu’elle remede!* He proposes to send poor Virginia back to the Atlantic states, several hundred miles through the wilderness, under the escort of a young officer, who most *opportunately*, had just got leave of absence to go home, to see his dying mother!

Another defect is, the introduction of Weatherton and his wife and Gabriel; they are entirely out of place. We had thought that sound criticism had banished such an intermixture of the tragic and low comic muses, from the stage, long ago. One of the most original and powerful dramas in the language is destroyed by it; we allude to Southerne’s *Oronoko*. In the piece before us, these three prosaic characters serve no earthly purpose, and absolutely retard the progress of the plot, by unsuccessful attempts at humor, and failures in attempting national characteristics. The idea of the coward Gabriel wearing a wig to avoid being scalped, is comic enough, and quite original; but while we are indulging in the luxury of sentiment and sorrow, flowing from the heroic feelings of *Lamora*, and the refined love of Virginia, we are not prepared to be suddenly checked in this kind of enjoyment, by vulgar intrusion, even if it come in the person of Sancho himself. There is a kind of drama permitted by modern rules, in which a mixture of the serio-comic character and incident is introduced; but *Lamora* does not seem to us as intended to belong to this class. It has higher pretensions.

So much for the privilege of finding fault, claimed by the critic; the more pleasing task now remains. Hasty as, in



our opinion, has been the composition of this tragedy, it bears many marks of a refined taste, and presents frequent examples of charming poetry. The sentiments of the two prominent Indian characters, although from the very nature of things, they are not marked with much originality, are yet expressed with much beauty. Ignorant as we are of the higher order of thought and expression among the aborigines, if indeed, such things exist among these poor beings, custom has sanctioned a species of eloquence and mode of thinking, which is universally adopted, when they are introduced. The accomplished authoress of *Lamora*, in this *genre*, is at least equal to any who have trod the path before her. *Lamora*, as a heroine, will not yield the palm to Pocahontas; and *Atala* is only her superior from having early implanted in her bosom, the seeds of a christian education. Like these two, she saves the hero from death, at the moment when every human aid appears hopeless, by interposing her own person between her father and the young captive. She remonstrates thus beautifully with *Ozemba*, at the instant he bends the bow, to send the arrow to the heart of his prisoner.

*Lamora*. Oh, father, stay!—let not his mother weep.

*Ozemba*. Away! the reed stays not the torrent's course.

*Lamora*. Then let the reed be crushed.

*Ozemba*. Off! Off!

*Lamora*. Think of *Lamora*, wept in other lands,  
Beneath the stranger's roof, condemned, forlorn—  
Would not the warrior's soul be dark?

*Ozemba*. *Lamora*,  
Thou art to me, as is yon silver moon  
To the gray cloud that sweeps around its orb.  
But tempt me not!—away!

*Lamora*. Oh, such is *he* to his far mother's home!  
Such to *his* father's heart. Oh, spare him! spare!  
He is too young, too fair, too brave to die.'

*Ozemba* chides and corrects *Forester*, when declaiming as an American, about liberty and chartered lands, in a style of sarcasm and eloquence not inferior to the Peruvian hero.

*Ozemba*. What is thy country? *Ours* is this fair land;  
*Ours* the green fields; the wealth of waters *ours*.  
What are the *ancient* rights of which *you* boast?  
Who talks of tyranny? who talks of shame?  
When from its prey the howling wolf shall turn,  
To chide the panther at his bloody feast,  
Then may the white man tell the Indian this.'

The following passage between *Virginia* and her father, when he proposes sending her from the camp, with the young officer, is highly poetical and original.

*Virginia*. Give me a sword and plume,  
And let me march beneath your glorious banner,

Rather than send me from thee. Thou hast said,  
In sportive hour, I was thy forest rose —  
Thy wild rose, blushing 'mid the sheltering oaks —  
No! I would be the laurel that entwines  
The hero's brow, and bloom perennial there.

Winfield. Ah, my sweet girl, how little dost thou think  
The dew that gives the laurel's brightest bloom,  
Is the best blood of young and noble hearts.'

When, through the intervention of St. Francis, the self-banished man, Lamora declares her love for Forester, who confesses his previous affection for Virginia, the Indian maid thus feelingly expresses herself.

'Lamora. Oh, there is something here, that told me this!  
That some fair daughter of the race of snow,  
Had won the pallid warrior to the bower.  
But says the white-friend true? he who has taught  
Our tribe the thoughts and language of his own?  
Is then their love so light? The mist, the snow,  
That melts when kissed, and leaves the vale in tears?

Forester. My life upon her truth.

Lamora. She weeps thy fate;  
In secret weeps. Why does she veil her soul?  
Is it a sin, in thy fair land, to love?

Forester. She fears a father's anger. She is the child  
Of wealth, and I'm a poor and nameless man.

Lamora. She fears! Oh, poor and weak must be her love!  
The daughter of Ozemba knew not fear,  
When thou to the Great Spirit prayed for life.  
But warrior! thou shalt see the rainbow yet,  
Shining upon the cloud. The young fawn knows  
The secret windings of the forest path.  
Son of the white man, rest; and in thy dreams  
Go tell the blue-eyed daughter of thy tribe —  
Thy snowy love — Lamora's soul is white.'

We have selected the foregoing passages, not as the poem, but as showing the character of the authoress. We will close these quotations with one or two more, which we could not withhold our most unfeigned admiration, Virginia having exposed herself beyond the limits of her father's camp, is also made a prisoner by Ozemba's party. Poetic chief is unyielding in his determination to offer her up a sacrifice to the manes of his departed countrymen. She is kept under a guard during the night. In a beautiful scene between Forester and Lamora, the Indian maid is informed of the danger of the young European. She immediately undertakes to liberate Virginia; she executes her design, in the manner of Atala, by administering to the Indian guards, a beverage expressed from certain soporific plants. Before releasing Virginia, she bursts into the following warning song, which reminds us of a similar scene in the Lady of the Lake, where

poor Blanche of Devan gives a similar fanciful notice of danger to the knight of Snowdown.

‘Rest, hunter, rest! the wounded fawn  
Is in the greenwood bower;  
With quiver hung and bow undrawn,  
Wait morning’s beaming hour.

The moonshine sleeps upon the hills,  
The bark upon the stream;  
A secret gloom the forest fills—  
Sweet, hunter, be thy dream.

Fly, snowy dove! the warrior sleeps—  
His sounding bow unstrung;  
No eagle o’er the valley sweeps—  
No snares are round her flung.

Unfurl thy wings, poor trembling dove,  
And seek thine own blue sky;  
Love waits thee in the sheltering grove—  
Fly, snowy wanderer, fly!’

The death scene of Lamora, in the fifth act, is most pathetic, and is conducted with great poetical beauty, with one exception. The prophecy of the future greatness of Cincinnati, is entirely out of place, in the mouth of a dying girl, whose whole soul must be presumed to be absorbed by the recent death of her father, and the presence of the youth to whom she had given every feeling of her heart. On a review of it, we are sure the writer will omit the passage, as at least inartificial, if not a mere clap-trap.

The dying speech of the interesting Indian is affecting. To her attempts to draw out the dart, which, during the skirmish, she received in her bosom; she repels him gently.

*La*  
Such Lamora. No, leave it quivering here—  
He is breath would vanish through the opening wound.

Ozemba, not the gates of life, till I have laid  
my latest offering, where I worshipped first.  
an American of the forest, bear my spirit up;  
sarcasm a while above the gloomy gulf

that darkens ’neath my feet; my father’s shade  
stands beckoning through the clouds that round it roll.

Our fair daughter of the land of snow, receive  
W Lamora’s blessing, e’er she mounts on high.’

W  
After joining the hands of Forester and Virginia, who kneel  
on either side, and fixing a long gaze on Forester’s face, she ex-  
claims, drawing out the arrow—

‘Master of life! I come.

When the last drop shall quit these ebbing veins,  
All of Ozemba’s eagle blood is drained.’

One more passage, which we pencilled in the play, as very beautiful, but which we overlooked in its proper place, we will

insert. Those who are familiar with the works of the greatest genius and writer of the age, must remember the exquisite scene in Guy Mannering, at Woodburn, where Henry Bertram being called upon to speak what he knew of his early history, gives his childish reminiscences, with so much nature and feeling. We have always viewed this passage as the most powerful appeal to the affections of the heart, which has ever been conceived by its extraordinary author; and we envy not the being who can read it, at any age, without tears. The accomplished writer of Lamora, has used it with as much art as taste, in her character of Forester. When St. Francis, who is finally discovered to be his father, and who is strangely affected by his voice and face, asks him who he is, the young officer replies:

‘*Forester.* My name is Forester. They called me thus,  
For I was found beneath the greenwood shade,  
Baptized already by the dews of heaven.  
I have a dim remembrance of the scene;  
A dying Indian, gasping by my side—  
A sense of loneliness and horror chill,  
Freezing in my young heart; and then the joy—  
The gushing rapture, when the cheering sound  
Of human voices echoed through the gloom.  
There is an earlier vision, faint but sweet,  
Of a fair spot—I think it was my home—  
And of a kind and tender face, that bent  
Each night beside my infant couch, in prayer—  
It must have been my mother.’

Composed as this piece probably was, in haste, and to be presented in the same season, it is only remarkable that it should not possess more blemishes. That it contains so many beauties, is strong evidence of the refined and poetical powers of the authoress. We cannot, however, see the propriety of the death of St. Francis, at the moment of discovering his interesting and gallant son. The perfidy of Winfield and his mistress, which drove him, twenty years before, a misanthrope, into the wilderness, is not sufficient to justify the catastrophe. Poetic justice does not require it. On the contrary, a fine opportunity was offered for a reconciliation with his early friend, by the union of their children. We sincerely hope he will yet be suffered to live, closing the act with an instructive appeal, in place of a poisoned dagger.

One word at parting. We have not yet had the pleasure of reading *De Lara*; but we are satisfied that the muse of the fair authoress merits a more genial sky, a more cultivated field, than is to be found in an American forest. Let her, in future, leave the *Metamoras* and *Oraloosas* to those who find pleasure in producing effect from exaggerated sentiment, and *supposed*



aboriginal modes of expression. Talent like hers, needs not such novelties to extend the interest of her work to a successful third night. Materials for her pen are in abundance; but she must travel into the old world to find them. For her muse, the banks of the Guadalquiver are richer far than the shores of the Ohio; the plains of Granada more fertile than the prairies of Illinois; and the pass of Roncesvalles is worth the whole Appalachian chain. It is there she will find incident, character, and variety, congenial with the poetical character of her mind. History stands ready to furnish facts, yet so remote as to leave to fancy full play for all her privileges and embellishments. When imagination flags, romance presents herself with all her train of visored knights and courtly troubadours.

There is no necessity of being confined to one country; the muse of Greece, of Italy, and Spain, may in turn be wooed, and by none more successfully than by the gifted lady whose production has invited these remarks. But American incident and American scenery, are not adapted to the classical and sunny conceptions of her mind. But one writer has succeeded in this limited and solitary field. The solemn and affected character of his pen has produced a work located in the wilderness, as barren of incident as of actors, yet as original as it is beautiful. That writer is Chateaubriand — the work is *Atala*.

N.

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 SONG.

COME, let us away to the West;  
 Where the warrior yet treads his inheritance wild,  
 And worships the God of the storm;  
 Where the heart and affections are open and warm;  
 And the Indian maid bends by the river's calm breast,  
 The mirror of nature, and she nature's child.

Oh! then we will up with the day;  
 When the clouds o'er the sky by the breezes are driven,  
 And the sun peeps the beechen-wood through;  
 When the mountain is robed in its mantle of blue,  
 And the mist, as if incense from earth, curls away,  
 And is lost in the blue dome of heaven.

There sorrow shall never intrude,  
 Nor the tongue of the evil be there to confound us;  
 The morn and the noon shall be calm;  
 And the sweet sleep of evening come down with its balm,  
 And our dreams be unbroken amid the greenwood,  
 While a Father is watching around us.

E.

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth. By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M. D., F. R. S. Harpers' Family Library, No. 37. New York. 1832. pp. 349.

THE study of the properties and principles of action of the human mind, has hitherto been so much confused and obscured by the useless speculations of philosophers upon the subject, that the opinion seems to have been justly formed, that this most noble of all sciences was only fit for the occupation of the daydreams of the speculatist; and not only useless, but injurious to the progress of the practical inquirer after truth. Thus the opprobrium which should descend upon the heads of those only, who abuse the science, and the understanding itself, has—as is often the case in other things—attached itself most strongly to the study, behind which the real culprits are protected. One moment's reflection will convince us that this is unjust. The mind is that principle which distinguishes man from the brute; it is this which guides him in his investigations into the hidden mysteries of nature, leads him to comprehend the beauty and the harmony of God's creation, and the stupendous magnitude of the machinery of the universe; or leaving the things of time and sense, it guides him through the boundless regions of space, to the contemplation of the attributes of that almighty Creator, who fashioned the human soul, and stamped it with his own image. A principle endowed with these powers and energies, surely is worthy of the study of every human being, if it were merely a matter of curiosity; but this is far from being the case. We would say to every man and woman, if you seek for permanent happiness—happiness that is based on a foundation that neither time nor its accidents can shake—study your own soul. It is in vain you look for it elsewhere; it will prove an *ignus fatuus* to your step, guiding you into the quagmires of delusion and misery. You must come back to the sources of true happiness—and these are in the soul. Here are the springs and motives of action; here are the powers which can act from those motives. If this fountainhead is not known and purified, the streams of life that run from it, will be muddy to the end. This is not all; the mind of man is immortal, and it is upon its discipline and direction in this world, that his happiness in a future state of existence is to depend. No man would attempt the guidance and direction of a complicated piece of machinery, without an understanding of its parts and principles. Unless he set himself to work to find out this knowledge, his attempts at the management of its movements

would result in disgraceful failure. How is it then, with regard to the human mind, whose complexity and power, and wonderful structure, throws the proudest monuments of human art into insignificance? Are the subtle evolutions and wonderful combinations of this noblest of God's works, to be guided and moved by frail man, without that knowledge of it which can only be obtained by the severest scrutiny into his own soul?

If man then, would provide for permanent happiness here and hereafter, he must study and know himself; or in other words, he must become acquainted with the science of the human mind.

It is true that every one may learn more or less of this without any guide; but with the wisdom and experience of those who have gone before us on the path, we shall surely advance more safely and expeditiously.

It is with great pleasure that we recommend to the public the book whose title is at the head of this article. It is a guide in the investigation of the subject we have been treating of, which we can recommend as having the true light, which will shed brightness and clearness upon an hitherto much obscured and darkened way. In the investigation of mental or material phenomena, man must content himself with the knowledge of *facts and their relations*, and not attempt what he can never accomplish—a discovery of the *principles* on which these relations depend. It was little flattering to the pride of the old metaphysicians, that they were to be thus stopped upon the threshold of inquiry, and be content with the examination of vulgar facts. This was not to be endured; and they boldly plumed their wings for a flight into the region of first principles, and the connection between the eternal Mind and the emanation from it, which is planted in the breast of man. These speculations, as will always be the case where man attempts what he cannot comprehend, ended in useless jargon and impenetrable mysticism and darkness.

Dr. Abercrombie is one of those who have been content to confine themselves to a knowledge of those things which God intended man should know; and having cleared away the useless rubbish with which others had clogged and barred the way of the human mind, with the torch of true philosophy he lights the path of man to truth.

He commences by pronouncing the theories of Berkeley and Hume, and all the speculations with regard to the essence of mind, as wholly useless and deserving only to be banished entirely from the science of mind. With regard to the speculations concerning the first principles of things, he says:

‘We talk indeed about matter, and we talk about mind; we speculate concerning materiality and immateriality, until we argue ourselves into a kind of belief that we really understand something of the subject. The truth is, that we understand nothing. Matter and mind are known to us by certain properties; these properties are quite distinct from each other; but in regard to both, it is entirely out of the reach of our faculties to advance a single step beyond the facts which are before us. Whether in their substratum or ultimate essence, they are the same, or whether they are different, we know not: and never can know, in our present state of being. Let us then be satisfied with the facts, when our utmost faculties can carry us no further; let us cease to push our feeble speculations, when our duty is only to wonder and adore.’

The knowledge of facts is amply sufficient for all human purposes; and the study of one’s own mind in relation to these, is of so vast and absorbing a nature that the man of the proudest and most towering intellect may find, even after a long life spent on the subject, that his knowledge of himself is not of that intimate nature, which will render the study of his own soul unprofitable.

It is man’s business to keep reason upon her throne, guiding and governing all the faculties of the mind; to do this, he must contend with the conflicting passions which war with subtle and deadly energy against the peace of the soul. He must keep all his faculties at work—now upon the walls, now in the trench; here to guard against an open assault, threatening to overthrow the walls—there, against the hidden stratagem, sapping and undermining his strength. He must ever be in arms, ever contending in such warfare, and this warfare continues until death.

Let not this view of the subject be discouraging to any one. God has given us strength sufficient for every occasion on which we are called to act. The mind is fed with power from on high, with which it can clothe itself as with the thunder; it was made for action, and it rejoices in difficulties. If we will but consent to put forth the strength which is within us, the mountains will be upturned, and the hills become valleys. But the mind of man was made for activity, and it must be eternally progressing, either in good or evil. This should be another reason for our most vigilant watchfulness of its movements, to see that they are for good; and we have the consoling reflection that every temptation and difficulty overcome, is an addition of strength, and that there is no joy to the mind, like the consciousness of having borne itself in the conflict as becomes an immortal agent, stamped with the image and gifted with a resemblance to the eternal Father of all things. Perfection should be the aim of every soul, and ‘forgetting the things which are behind, it should press forward, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, towards this mark of the prize of its high calling.’



But to return to the Doctor. He has divided his subject into sections, in which he treats of the different faculties of the mind, and their application in the practical walks of life. We have not time nor space in this short article, to take that notice of them all, which we could wish, and their merit deserves. We will merely say, that the section on testimony is a very admirable one; not for any thing striking or original in it, but for a clear and strong exposition of the philosophy of testimony, and the admirable application made of it in showing how well and consistently it all applies to the evidence of miraculous divine interposition in the establishment of the christian religion. However clear and convincing the testimony may be on this subject, there is still a spirit of scepticism abroad in the land, and every christian must rejoice to see new champions coming to the field; especially one with the power and will to do good, which Dr. Abercrombie possesses; and it is to us one of the great charms of his book, the admirable and pure christian spirit which is exhibited throughout. He, like Newton and Locke, seems to have examined the subject with a deep and philosophical research, and like all who have done this, he has come away convinced, and thus has added another to the thousand bright lights which shed lustre upon the truth of that dispensation which is the hope and life of mankind.

Passing over, for want of room, the other chapters of the work, we come to the concluding one, 'on the character of a well regulated mind;' on which subject we will make a few remarks. Any one who wishes to fill well his station in life as a moral and accountable being, must feel the deep necessity of attaining and preserving a well regulated mind. Without it, it is in vain we labor; the ill directed efforts of the soul will attempt much and accomplish little or nothing. It is not the student, the professional man, and the philosopher, who alone require this; but every intelligent being—man, woman, or child. The beginning, continuation, and end of education should be, not to train the mind for great, disjointed efforts, which answer no purpose, but to show the power to which it can be raised; not to attain distinction in some particular branch or profession, for the sake of gratifying vanity and ambition, but to create and preserve that balance of the powers of the mind, without which, it never attains that beauty and symmetry of proportion, which is, and should be, its true glory to possess.

What should we think of the man who exercised one member of his body, to the exclusion of all the others, merely for the sake of exhibiting extraordinary power in one particular way? We should probably think him a fit subject for the insane hos-

pital; for the result of the experiment would be personal deformity and destruction of health. But the fact is, men never do this thing. Nature and their wisdom teach them to be more prudent with regard to the perishing body; but the mind—the immortal mind—whose value is inestimable, may be treated in the same way with impunity. But this impunity will be but shortlived; for the result of this experiment, as well as the other, will be disastrous. The mind cannot be thus tampered with. Slowly and surely, though perhaps imperceptibly, the foundations of its strength will be sapped; the sources of its enjoyment will be dried to their fountainhead—and when the day of retribution comes, as come it will, dreadful will be the vengeance which it will wreak upon the head of him who has thus dared to pervert its best powers, to wither its strength, and deform the beauty of its moral proportions.

And this leads us to take notice of what we are glad to perceive, that our author lays it down as essential to a well regulated mind, that there should be a sound condition of the moral feelings. Every one must be convinced of the truth of this in theory, and yet there seems to me to be but little practice upon it.

It is this which gives a motive of action to the mind, above and beyond the world and its vanities—teaches it to read well its own destinies, and become imbued with a sense of its high and immortal nature—to look to its Father alone for approbation, and with a single eye to duty, to press forward with undeviating energy in its course.

Much of the misunderstanding and unhappiness of man, is owing to prejudice and bigotry; and it seems to us, these can be traced to moral darkness, and a want of the proper understanding of the paramount importance of truth, which this moral darkness creates. What is prejudice? It is opinion made up without examination, or without proper examination; and a refusal to make that examination, or to listen to explanation, is bigotry. Now a sound state of the moral feelings is incompatible with this. For the only things which feed and give life to prejudice and bigotry, are gratification of vanity, pride of opinion, or the operation of some of the evil passions, which the very design of morality is to subdue and eradicate.

Why is it that there has been more of prejudice and bigotry in religion than on any other subject? Because there has been more moral darkness on that subject than any other—more of the closing of the mind against light and conviction, and blunting its perceptions of the beauty of truth. Religion is a subject on which mankind are more vitally interested than any

other; and this being the case, unless the strictest watch is kept over the passions and feelings, they will take the sway, and influence the conduct, and soon the individuals who indulge them, will become thoroughly convinced that they are following the true dictates of morality and christianity, and doing God service, by exercising that persecution and ill feeling toward their fellow creatures, who may honestly differ from them, which is most abhorrent in the sight of Heaven. How else can we account for the persecutions among those who profess to be the followers of Christ, from the earliest days of the church to the present time—the blood of the thousand martyrs which every soil in christendom has drunk, which was shed under the monstrous and self-willed delusion, that by so doing they were following the dictates of the spirit of the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus? Can any one doubt, after reading the Testament of our Savior, that these men lived and acted under the thick cloud of moral darkness? No; this was what lighted the fires and sharpened the axe of the executioner then; and in the advance of the world in civilization, this spirit has not been eradicated. Though the march of improvement has thrown these instruments of bodily torture out of date, yet the cloven foot still exhibits itself under the form of party spirit and contention, the bitter war of words and personal feelings.

If these things are so—if it is true that the cloud has not yet been lifted from the mind of the world, it becomes every one who wishes well to mankind, to inquire how it can be done. We answer as before. We think it can only be done by cultivating and rearing this sound growth of the moral feelings. Let there be the strictest freedom of examination. Let no man's faith be imposed by any tribunal, but the calm conviction of his own mind. Give him books—give him facilities, if you please—but do not dare to interrupt the free exercise of those faculties which God has given him for use, and which are always sufficient to bring his soul into a true perception of his relations to his fellow creatures and to Heaven. One of the first lessons he would learn in this way, would be to banish prejudice and ill-will from his thoughts, as entirely inconsistent with his advancement in christian purity, and in the search of truth. The darkness would never gather round his mind, for he would be following and obeying the true light, which nothing but the ignorance and perversity of man could have darkened or misunderstood.

God is truth—and he who, soaring above the clouds of prejudice and error, which rest upon the world, comes to the clearest perception of this glorious union of every attribute of

the Deity, will drink deepest from the fountains of true happiness, and bring his soul to the nearest resemblance of its Father in heaven.

In conclusion, we would say, if it is in any way desirable to attain a well regulated mind, study. Study your own character, become intimate with yourself; you will find it the noblest of all studies, the happiest and most satisfactory of all acquaintances. And as an assistant in this great work, we would recommend the volume of which we have been speaking. It contains all of mental philosophy, which any one need care to know, save those who make this branch their study; and it is written in a clear, simple, and forcible style.

It contains not a single effort to soar into the clouds of mysticism and incomprehensible speculation, but confines itself to the world, and the facts which there present themselves to the observation and understanding of finite man; and though it may contain less imagination than many works of high merit on the subject, it contains more instruction and more truth.

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#### AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS IN ILLINOIS, FROM 1780 TO 1800. READ BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE LYCEUM, AT ITS ANNIVERSARY, AUGUST 16, 1832.

BY J. M. PECK.

THIS period exhibited scenes of sufficient importance on these frontiers, to claim special notice in the early history of Illinois. The period to which I allude, is from 1780 to 1800. The scenes are laid principally in what is now called St. Clair and Monroe counties.

The military expedition of general George Rogers Clarke, in 1778, and the subjugation of the forts of St. Vincent, Kaskaskia, and Fort Chartres, was the occasion of making known the fertile plains of Illinois to the people of the Atlantic states, and exciting a spirit of emigration to the banks of the Mississippi. Some who accompanied him in that expedition, shortly after returned and took possession of the conquered country.

At the period of which I speak, with the exception of the old French villages of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Prairie du Rocher, Fort Chartres, Village a Cote, Prairie du Pont, and a few families scattered along the Wabash and Illinois rivers, the whole territory within the boundaries of Illinois, was the abode of the untamed savage.

This territory appears to have been claimed originally by the nation of Indians known to the early French explorers, by



the name of **ILLINI**, a word said to signify, '*a full grown man.*' The ancient residence of this nation was about Green Bay, and they claimed the country west of lake Michigan, and even west of the Mississippi. Like other nations of Indians, they were divided into *tribes*. Each tribe managed its own internal affairs; but in more public matters, they met around one common council-fire. They dug up the tomahawk, to make war upon their neighbors, and smoked the calumet of peace in concert. The prairies of Illinois were the hunting grounds of this nation. Within the period of our contemplated history, the buffalo browsed upon the luxuriant range within our view; and till about 1797, they were tolerably numerous along the Kaskaskia and Illinois rivers.

The names of the tribes that unitedly formed the nation of the Illini, were the Miamies, Mascotins, Michigamies, Cahokias, Peorias, Kaskaskias, and Tamarweas. Besides these fragments of what was once the great nation of the Illini, other tribes inhabited Illinois, at the period of our history. The Kickapoos were numerous and warlike, and had their principal towns on the Illinois, and the Vermillion of the Wabash. The Piankeshaws, whom some think were originally a branch of the Illini, were in the same region. The Delawares, Shawanees, and other bands, passed over the territory, or were occasional occupants of its hunting grounds. The Potawatomes were principally north and west of the Illinois river, and laid some species of claim to the country as far south as Edwardsville; and the Sacks, Foxes or Musquakies, and others, claimed the region farther north.

Tradition tells us of many a hard-fought battle between the original owners of the country, and these intruders. *Battle-ground creek* is well known, on the road from Kaskaskia to Shawneetown, twenty-five miles from the former place, where the Kaskaskias and their allies were dreadfully slaughtered by the united forces of the Kickapoos and Potawatomes.

Of these Indians, the Kickapoos were the most formidable and dangerous neighbors to the whites, and for a number of years kept the American settlements in continual alarm. At first, they appeared friendly; but from 1786 to 1796, a period of ten years, the settlements were in a continual state of alarm and distress from these and other Indians.

The first settlement formed of emigrants from the United States, was made near Bellefontaine, Monroe county, in 1781, by James Moore, whose numerous descendants now reside in the same settlement. Mr. Moore was a native of Maryland, but came to Illinois from Western Virginia, with his family, in

company with James Garrison, Robert Kidd, Shadrach Bond, sen., and Larkin Rutherford. They passed through the wilderness to the Ohio river, where they took water, came down that river, and up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia. Mr. Moore, and a portion of his company, planted themselves on the hills near Bellefontaine, and Garrison, Bond, and the rest, settled in the American bottom, near Harrisonville. This station became afterwards known by the name of the Block-house Fort.

Nothing deserving special notice occurred amongst this little band of pioneers, till 1785, when they were joined by Joseph Ogle, Joseph Worley, and James Andrews, with large families, from Virginia. In 1786, the settlements were strengthened by the arrival of James Lemen, George Atcherson, and David Waddle, with their families, and several others. The same year, the Kickapoo Indians commenced their course of predatory warfare. A single murder, that of James Flannery, had been committed in 1783, while on a hunting excursion, but it was not regarded as an act of war.

But in 1786, they attacked the settlement, killed James Andrews, his wife and daughter, James White, and Samuel McClure, and took two girls, daughters of Andrews, prisoners. One of these died with the Indians, the other was ransomed by the French traders. She is now alive, the mother of a large family, and resides in St. Clair county. The Indians had previously threatened the settlement, and the people had built and entered a block-house; but this family was out and defenceless.

1787. Early in this year, five families near Bellefontaine, united and built a block-house, surrounded it with palisades, in which their families resided. While laboring in the corn-field, they were obliged to carry their rifles, and often at night had to keep guard. Under these embarrassments, and in daily alarm, they cultivated their corn-fields.

1788. This year, the war assumed a more threatening aspect. Early in the spring, William Biggs was taken prisoner. While himself, John Vallis, and Joseph and Benjamin Ogle, were passing from the station on the hills to the Block-house Fort in the bottom, they were attacked by the Indians. Biggs and Vallis were a few rods in advance of the party. Vallis was killed, and Biggs taken prisoner. The others escaped unhurt. Biggs was taken through the prairies to the Kickapoo towns on the Wabash, from whence he was finally liberated, by means of the French traders. The Indians treated him well, offered him the daughter of a brave for a wife, and proposed to adopt him into their tribe. He afterwards became a resident of St. Clair county, was a member of the territorial

legislature, judge of the county court, and wrote and published a narrative of his captivity among the Indians.

On the 10th of December in the same year, James Garrison and Benjamin Ogle, while hauling hay from the bottom, were attacked by two Indians; Ogle was shot in the shoulder, where the ball remains; Garrison sprang from the load and escaped into the woods. The horses taking fright, carried Ogle safe to the settlement. In stacking the same hay, Samuel Garrison and a Mr. Riddick were killed and scalped.

1789. This was a period of considerable mischief. Three boys were attacked by six Indians, a few yards from the block-house, one of which, Davis Waddle, was struck with the tomahawk in three places, scalped, and yet recovered; the others escaped unhurt. A short time previous, James Turner, a young man, was killed on the American bottom. Two men were afterwards killed and scalped while on their way to St. Louis. In another instance, two men were attacked on a load of hay; one was killed outright, the other was scalped, but recovered. The same year, John Ferrel was killed, and John Dempsey was scalped and made his escape. The Indians frequently stole the horses and killed the cattle of the settlers.

1790. The embarrassments of these frontier people greatly increased, and they lived in continual alarm. In the winter, a party of Osage Indians, who had not molested them hitherto, came across the Mississippi, stole a number of horses, and attempted to recross the river. The Americans followed and fired upon them. James Worley, an old settler, having gotten in advance of his party, was shot, scalped, and his head cut off and left on the sand-bar. The same year, James Smith, a Baptist preacher from Kentucky, while on a visit to these frontiers, was taken prisoner by a party of Kickapoos. On the 19th of May, in company with Mrs. Hough and a Frenchman, he was proceeding from the Block-house to a settlement then known by the name of Little Village. The Kickapoos fired upon them from an ambuscade near Bellefontaine, killed the Frenchman's horse, sprang upon the woman and her child, whom they despatched with the tomahawk, and took Smith. His horse being shot, he attempted to flee on foot; and having some valuable papers in his saddle-bags, he threw them into a thicket, where they were found next day by his friends. Having retreated a few yards down the hill, he fell on his knees in prayer for the poor woman they were butchering, and who had been seriously impressed, for some days, about religion. The Frenchman escaped on foot in the thickets. The Indians soon had possession of Smith, loaded him with packs of plunder

which they had collected, and took up their line of march through the prairies. Smith was a large, heavy man, and soon became tired under his heavy load, and with the hot sun. Several consultations were held by the Indians, how to dispose of their prisoner. Some were for despatching him outright, being fearful the whites would follow them from the settlement, and frequently pointed their guns at his breast. Knowing well the Indian character, he would bare his breast as if in defiance, and point upward to signify the Great Spirit was his protector. Seeing him in the attitude of prayer, and hearing him sing hymns on his march, which he did to relieve his own mind from despondency, they came to the conclusion that he was a 'great medicine,' holding daily intercourse with the Good Spirit, and must not be put to death. After this, they took off his burdens and treated him kindly. They took him to the Kickapoo towns on the Wabash, from whence, in a few months, he obtained his deliverance, the inhabitants of New Design paying one hundred and seventy dollars for his ransom.

1791. In the spring of this year, the Indians again commenced their depredations by stealing horses. In May, John Dempsey was attacked, but made his escape. A party of eight men followed. The Indians were just double their number. A severe running-fight was kept up for several hours, and conducted with great prudence and bravery on the part of the whites. Each party kept the trees for shelter; the Indians retreating and the Americans pursuing, from tree to tree, till night put an end to the conflict. Five Indians were killed without the loss of a man or a drop of blood on the other side. This party consisted of captain N. Hull, who commanded, Joseph Ogle, sen., Benjamin Ogle, James Lemen, sen., J. Ryan, William Bryson, John Porter, and D. Raper.

1792. This was a season of comparative quietness. No Indian fighting; and the only depredations committed, were in stealing a few horses.

1793. This was a period of contention and alarm. The little settlements were strengthened this year by the addition of a band of emigrants from Kentucky; amongst which, was the family of Whiteside.

In February, an Indian in ambuscade, wounded Joel Whiteside, and was followed by John Moore, Andrew Kinney, Thos. Todd, and others, killed and scalped. Soon after, a party of Kickapoos, supposed to have been headed by the celebrated war-chief, Old Pecan, made a predatory excursion into the American bottom, near the present residence of S. W. Miles, in Monroe county, and stole nine horses from the citizens. A



number of citizens rallied and commenced pursuit; but many having started without preparing for long absence, and being apprehensive that an expedition into the Indian country would be attended with much danger, all returned but eight men. This little band consisted of Samuel Judy, John Whiteside, William L. Whiteside, Uel Whiteside, William Harrington, John Dempsey, and John Porter, with William Whiteside, a man of great prudence and unquestioned bravery in Indian warfare, whom they chose commander.

They passed on the trail near the present site of Belleville, towards the Indian camps on Shoal creek, where they found three of the stolen horses grazing, which they secured. The party then, small as it was, divided into two parts of four men each, and approached the Indian camps from opposite sides. The signal for attack was the discharge of the captain's gun. One Indian, a son of Old Pecan was killed, another mortally, and others slightly wounded, and the Indians fled, leaving their guns. Such a display of courage by the whites, and being attacked on two sides at once, made the Indians believe there was a large force, and the old chief approached the party and begged for quarter. But when he discovered his foes to be an insignificant number, and his own party numerous, he called aloud to his braves to return and retrieve their honor. His own gun he had surrendered to the whites, but now he seized the gun of the captain, and exerted all his force to wrest it from him. Captain Whiteside was a powerful man, and a stranger to fear; but he compelled the Indian to retire, deeming it dishonorable to destroy an unarmed man, who had previously surrendered.

This intrepid band was now in the heart of the Indian country, where hundreds of warriors could be rallied in a few hours' time. In this critical situation, captain Whiteside, not less distinguished for prudence than bravery, did not long hesitate. With the horses they had recovered, they immediately started for home, without loss of time in hunting the remainder. They travelled night and day, without eating or sleeping, till they reached in safety Whiteside's station, in Monroe county. On the same night, Old Pecan, with seventy warriors, arrived in the vicinity of Cahokia. From that time, the very *name* of Whiteside struck terror amongst the Kickapoos.

Hazardous and daring as this expedition was, it met with great disapprobation from many of the settlers. Some alleged, that Old Pecan was decidedly friendly to the whites; that another party had stolen the horses; that the attack upon his camp was clandestine and wanton; and that it was the cause of

much subsequent mischief. These nice points of casuistry are difficult to be settled at this period. It has long been known, that one portion of a nation or tribe will be on the war-path, while another party will pretend to be peaceable. Hence it has been found necessary to hold the tribe responsible for the conduct of its parts.

1794. The Indians, in revenge for the attack just narrated, shot Thomas Whiteside, a young man, near the 'station,' tomahawked a son of William Whiteside, so that he died, and wounded another son that lived, all in revenge for the death of Old Pecan's son. In February, of the same year, the Indians killed Mr. Hough, one of the early settlers, while on his way to Kaskaskia.

1795. Two men at one time, and some French negroes at another time, were killed on the American bottom, and some prisoners were taken. The same year, the family of Mr. McMahan was killed and himself and daughter taken prisoners. This man lived in the outskirts of the settlement. Four Indians attacked his house in daylight, killed his wife and four children before his eyes, laid their bodies in a row on the floor of the cabin, took him and his daughter, and marched for their towns. On the second night, Mr. McMahan, finding the Indians asleep, put on their moccasins and made his escape. He arrived in the settlement, just after his neighbors had buried his family. They had enclosed their bodies in rude coffins, and covered them with earth as he came in sight. He looked upon the newly formed hillock, and raising his eyes to heaven, in pious resignation, said, 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' His daughter, now Mrs. Gaskill, of Ridge prairie, was afterwards ransomed by the charitable contributions of the people.

Not far from this period, the Whitesides and others, to the number of fourteen persons, made an attack upon an encampment of Indians, of superior force, at the foot of the bluffs west of Belleville. Only one Indian ever returned to his nation to tell the story of their defeat. The graves of the rest are now to be seen, in the border of a thicket on the battle-ground. In this skirmish, captain William Whiteside was wounded, as he thought, mortally, having received a shot in his side. As he fell, he exhorted his sons to fight valiantly, not to yield an inch of ground, nor let the Indians touch his body. Uel Whiteside, who was shot in the arm, and disabled from using the rifle, examined the wound, and found the ball had glanced along the ribs and lodged against the spine. With that presence of mind, which is sometimes characteristic of our backwoods hunters,

he whipped out his knife, gashed the skin, extracted the ball, and holding it up, exultingly exclaimed, 'Father, you are not dead!' The old man instantly jumped on his feet, and renewed the fight, exclaiming, 'Come on, boys, I can fight them yet!' Such instances of desperate intrepidity and martial energy of character, distinguished the men who defended the frontiers of Illinois in those days of peril.

The subjugation of the Indians in the Miami country, by general Wayne, in 1794, and the treaty that grew out of it the following year, brought peace to the borders of Illinois, and the settlers remained unmolested from these daily alarms. A few horses were stolen from time to time, and in 1802, Joseph Vanmeter and Alexander Dennis were killed on the American bottom, but no attack was made upon the settlements. Families again took up their abodes in the borders of the prairies; emigrants from the states clustered around them, and the cultivation of the soil was pursued without fear or interruption.

During most of the period we have gone over, these people lived under the jurisdiction of the Northwestern Territory. The administration of civil government was conducted in its most simple form; the morals of the people were pure, and much of rural simplicity and hospitality was enjoyed.

There was something peculiarly interesting in this primitive society. The grosser vices were unknown. There was but very little use for the administration of either civil or criminal laws. Ardent spirit, that outrage upon morals, social order, and religion, had been introduced but in small quantities; thefts and other crimes were extremely rare, and fraud and dishonesty in dealings, but seldom practised. The Moores, Ogles, Lemens, and other families, were of unblemished morals, and were impelled by a love of freedom to leave the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia, for a residence on the prairies of Illinois. They were opposed to slavery, and took up their long line of march for these wild regions, that they and their posterity might enjoy uninterrupted, the advantages of a country unembarrassed with slavery.

For the first eight or ten years of the period I have glanced over, the only professor of religion in the colony was a female, who had been a member of the Presbyterian church; yet the Sabbath was observed with religious consecration. The people were accustomed to assemble, sing hymns, and read a portion of scripture or a sermon. No one ventured to offer a prayer.

In 1778, James Smith, a Baptist preacher from Kentucky, whose captivity with the Indians has been narrated, visited the settlement and preached to the people.<sup>4</sup> The influence of

the divine Spirit descended, and some were converted. This was the first protestant preaching, and these were the first converts, and this the first revival of religion, ever known on the banks of the 'father of waters.'

In 1790, Smith made his third visit to the country, preached several times, and other persons became anxious about their souls, amongst whom was the woman who was murdered, when he was captured. Owing to the unsettled state of the country, it was not deemed expedient to organize a church. Amongst the converts made under the preaching of Smith, were Joseph Ogle and some of his children, James Lemen, sen., their wives, and others.

In 1793, Joseph Lillard, a Methodist preacher, made a visit to the country, and attended several meetings. Some of the families embraced Methodist principles. The succeeding year, Josiah Dodge, a regular Baptist preacher, originally from Connecticut, but then from Kentucky, visited Illinois, and preached the gospel with some success. The next year he returned and baptized James Lemen, sen. and wife, John Gibbons, and Isaac Enochs. This was the first instance of the ordinance of baptism being administered by a protestant in these ends of the earth. During the same year, 1796, elder David Badgley, from Virginia, visited Illinois, and organized the Baptist church at New Design, which was the first regularly organized protestant community.

It is worthy of note, that the descendants of those early settlers whose attention was turned to religion, and for whom the Lord spread a table in the wilderness, are now worthy and respectable members of christian churches. A large majority of the Moores, Lemens, and Ogles are of this description.

In a few years, preachers of the gospel were raised up in the country, many of whom are now alive; and, notwithstanding the difficulties they had to surmount, and the privations to endure, they have been instrumental in doing much good. In those days, that minister's library was thought to be well supplied, that contained a complete copy of the Holy Scriptures, a copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and Russell's Seven Sermons. There were preachers then, who taught the people in the best manner they were able, without possessing, and without the power of obtaining a *whole copy* of the word of God.

The opportunity for these pioneers to educate their children was extremely small. If the mother could read, while the father was in the corn-field, or with his rifle upon the range, she would barricade the door to keep off the Indians, gather her little ones around her, and by the light that came in from



the crevices in the roof and sides of the cabin, she would teach them the rudiments of spelling from the fragments of some old book. After schools were taught, the price of a rough and antiquated copy of Dilworth's spelling book was *one dollar*, and that dollar equal in value to *five* now!

The first school ever taught for the American settlers, was by Samuel Seely, in 1783. Francis Clark, an intemperate man, came next. This was near Bellefontaine, in 1785. After this, an inoffensive Irishman of small attainments, by the name of Halfpenny, was employed by the people for several quarters. Spelling, reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, were all the branches attempted to be taught, and these in a very imperfect manner.

The year 1797, was distinguished for a mortal sickness that prevailed in the settlement of New Design. A colony of one hundred and twenty-six persons, left the south branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, early in the spring, descended the Ohio by water, landed at Fort Massac, bringing their horses and wagons, with which they crossed the wilderness to New Design. The season proved uncommonly rainy; the mud was excessively deep, and frequently for miles in extent, they were obliged to wade through sheets of water. They were twenty-one days in traversing this wilderness, which is mostly a timbered region. The old settlers had been so long harassed with Indian warfare, that agriculture had been neglected, their cattle were few in number, and their stock of provisions very scanty. Their cabins usually consisted of a single room, for all domestic purposes; and though hospitality to strangers is a universal trait in frontier character, it was utterly beyond the power of the inhabitants to provide accommodations in provisions or shelter to these new comers, who arrived in a famishing, deplorable, and sickly condition. They did the best they could; a single cabin frequently containing three or four families. Their rifles could procure venison from the prairies; but the extreme rains were followed with unusual heat; they had no salt, and their meat was often in 'spoiling order,' before they could pack it from the hunting grounds to the settlement. Medical aid was procured with the greatest difficulty, and that but seldom. Under such circumstances, need it surprise the reader, that of the one hundred and twenty-six emigrants who left Virginia in the spring, only sixty-three remained at the close of summer. A little bluff had been entirely covered with newly-formed graves! They were swept off by a putrid fever, uncommonly malignant, and which sometimes did its work in a few hours. The inhabitants were healthy as usual.

The settlers inform me, that no disease like it ever appeared in the country before or since. Intelligence of this fatal sickness reached the Atlantic states, found its way into the periodical journals, and more than all other events, has produced an impression abroad, that Illinois is a sickly country; an impression wholly incorrect. Illinois, unquestionably, is as healthy a region as any western state.

In 1798, Turkey Hill settlement, in St. Clair county, was made by William Scott. His descendants are numerous and respectable in that county.

Many other interesting facts of this early period may yet be gleaned. The facts I have narrated, are of unquestionable authority, having been obtained from those who were actors in the scenes. The whole was then read at a meeting in Monroe county, to about twenty persons, whose personal knowledge embraced nearly the whole period, and such corrections made as to accord with their accounts.

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### FALLS OF A FOREST STREAM.

SUGGESTED BY PASSING THE FALLS OF AN UNNAMED STREAM, FAR  
REMOVED IN THE WOODS.

SUNDERED and riven apart, as if by some vast earthquake shock,  
Sheer down and deep, on either side, descend the walls of rock;  
And fast between the fronting sides, from their far forest head,  
The waters flow, and flash, and fall over their shelving bed.

Eternally, eternally, the ceaseless waters flow,  
And o'er the brink of the abyss, the forests stoop and grow;  
And silently and solemnly, the yew-tree casts its shade,  
And the massive shadows of the oak, across the gulf are laid.

Up each steep rock-built parapet, the moss and lichen cling,  
And tender cliff-flowers from each rift, in timid beauty spring;  
And sanctuaried from human feet, no sound the ear receives,  
Save from the falling waters and the wind-stirred boughs and leaves.

O'er all there broods repose; the breeze lingers as it goes past,  
The squirrel's foot sounds loud among the leaves by autumn cast;  
And the lone'y bird, whose glancing wing flits restlessly among  
The boughs, stops doubtfully and checks the sudden burst of song.

And silently, year after year is ushered in and goes,  
And time, amid these quiet scenes, no other measure knows  
But the wakening and the sleep of birds, the dawn and shut of day,  
And the changes of the forest leaves, from budding to decay.

The wilderness is still; the long, long sleep of ages gone,  
With its unmoving presence fills these distant shades and lone;  
And changing dynasties, and thrones cast down, send hither brief  
And fainter echoes than the fall of autumn's withered leaf.

The selfsame rest is here, as when the Indian made his bed  
Beneath the trees, and the mild stars shone in upon his head ;  
Or when the stag here sought the cool, amid the noonday's heat,  
Unstartled by the rifle or the tread of hunter's feet.

It is a holy spot ; wide lies the unbroken hush of woods,  
And green-arched pathways lead away through hermit solitudes ;  
And ceaselessly, and ceaselessly, the sliding stream goes past,  
And bending over all the hills, the sky's blue dome is cast.

And far away from the world's jars, the heart looks up to Him,  
Whose presence seems more near amid the forests vast and dim ;  
And wilderness, and sky, and earth by man unmarred, untrod,  
And nature's quiet courses, show the image of their God.

But the time comes when this repose shall be disturbed and gone,  
When the woodman's axe shall lay the valleys open to the sun,  
When the old wilderness shall fall, and the unsheltered stream,  
In all its windings, find no shade from summer's fervent beam.

But still the naked heavens shall rest upon the horizon's verge,  
And the hurrying waters o'er their bed, their rapid current urge ;  
And hills and vales lie green, while He who sees the sparrow fall,  
Shall shed, with an indulgent love, a light and peace o'er all.

E. P.

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#### BRYANT'S POEMS.

THE deficiency of our country in native polite literature, has often been remarked. In surveying the history of the United States, we are struck with the tardiness and inefficiency with which talent has unfolded itself in the pursuit of polite learning, and especially of poetry, in comparison to the rapidity and success of its development in the arts and sciences. We see the people of our country making the most rapid advancement in those branches of knowledge which tend to secure national prosperity, and improve the external circumstances of society, while they have almost entirely neglected the cultivation of that exalted order of poetry, which ennobles the intellect and purifies the feelings of the soul. We have had our poets, it is true, but in general, on account of their servile imitation of foreign contemporary writers, and the little time and attention they have devoted to the cultivation of their art, they have fallen so far short of that high excellence, which can alone lay just claim to immortality, that they scarcely deserve the name. Their works have seldom possessed sufficient merit to insure them a more lasting form than the shortlived existence of the public journals in which they usually make their appearance; and never, until within a few years, have they exhibited any degree of originality of which their country might be proud. This tardiness in the development of high poetical talent, does

by no means argue, as has been supposed, a dearth of the materials of poetry in our country, or a want of the talent itself in the American people. For upon examination, we shall be convinced, that but little more than what has been done, could have been expected from a people situated as we have been. But comparatively a short time since, and we were launched into a hazardous political experiment; every eye has been fixed upon its progress, and the whole talent of the nation called forth to insure its success. This experiment has been gloriously succeeding. Our nation has been advancing with unparalleled rapidity in wealth, extent of territory, and national importance; consequently, that attention in the public, which in other circumstances would have been given to literature, has been absorbed by the affairs of the nation; and that talent which might have been devoted to its cultivation, has been invited, with the fairest hopes of success, to engage in the pursuit of wealth and political eminence. Thus has the very prosperity of our country, hitherto operated to prevent the native cultivation of the higher orders of poetry. But from present appearances we have reason to hope, that as time passes on, and our national character becomes more permanently settled, this effect will cease to be produced, and our poetry gradually rise, until it reaches the highest point in the scale of excellence. The appearance, therefore, among us of any poet of acknowledged originality and power, should be hailed with joy; and though his genius may not be of the first rank, his defects should be scanned with an indulgent eye, and his merits amply appreciated and justly defined.

Such a poet is Bryant. Though not of the first order in his art, yet the general classical purity of his style, and truth and loftiness of his sentiment, are such, as to recommend him to all admirers of true genius; and the originality and purely American character of his productions, such as should render them specially acceptable to his own countrymen. Though his course is not of the highest—though he has not endeavored to sustain the interest of his reader through the far flight of the epic, or to awaken his passions or arouse his sensibilities in the life-giving drama; yet in the humbler course that he has chosen, he has unquestionably attained to great excellence. In that minor part of the art of poetry which depends upon the selection of rhymes and the arrangement of numbers, he is peculiarly proficient. The harmony of his periods, and the melody of his versification are seldom interrupted by harshness or incorrectness. Through all the various and more difficult measures of poetry, he seems to possess a peculiar power of sustaining the clearness



of his conceptions. His ideas are exhibited with a striking brightness through the medium of the grand but difficult blank verse, and the accumulated burthen of the slowly-moving Spenserian stanza seems not, in the least, to depress the energy of his thoughts.

Throughout his productions is also exhibited a great degree of rhetorical correctness. His similes are characterized with so much pertinence, and his metaphors and other poetical ornaments with such beauty and finish as to make it evident, that the author has devoted much time and attention to the study of his art, and that he has not, like too many of our poets, endeavored to palm upon society unfinished pieces, and demanded the attention of the world upon that which had cost him an hour's labor in producing, while at the same time, the simplicity and ease of his style, show that he has arrived at that most difficult of all attainments, 'the art of concealing art.' But it is not upon his taste in the use of poetical ornament, or his proficiency in the composition of verse, that Bryant alone depends for his character as a poet. There are higher excellencies in his works, which bear witness to his genius. His originality, his fidelity to nature, and his great powers of description, show at once that he possesses that inward glow, that Promethean spark, which ever distinguishes the true poet. In saying that Bryant is original, I do not mean that he has struck out an entirely new path in poetry, nor that he possesses that almost superhuman power which some surpassing geniuses have exhibited, of opening new passages to the human heart, and discovering new sympathies in the soul, but that his images are new, and his ideas original, although his spirit and his object may be the same as of others who have preceded him. The true object of poetry is the refinement of the moral susceptibilities of man—the enlargement of his virtuous desires, and in short, the exaltation of every thing divine in his nature, over that part of his constitution which binds him down to earth. To this end, truth and the exhibition of moral excellence, and of the sublime and beautiful in nature, are alone subservient. And Bryant has not, for the sake of originality, lost sight of this object, or neglected those true means of attaining it. He has not, like some writers of the present day, fallen into an unnatural misanthropical gloom, and invoked to his aid the dark and perverted passions of our nature, nor like others, has he run into an unlimited scepticism, and used the most unnatural figments of the imagination to produce an effect; but he has been contented to follow the path which truth and nature dictated, though it may have been trodden before, and has considered it sufficient for

originality, to offer to his reader new ideas and new objects for contemplation, and to develop before him, the true, the excellent, and the beautiful, under new forms and new combinations. We feel conscious that the pure and exalted feelings which he excites, are similar to those we have experienced in the perusal of other poets of nature, but that the objects by which they are excited are different. We are conscious that he is leading us, as it were, through the same bright and beautiful regions, but that the scenes to which he directs our attention are new, and the beauties which he points out in the objects around us, such as have not hitherto been observed. This is the originality of Bryant. He cannot be said to have imitated. He has refused to bear the yoke of intellectual bondage. He has spurned that servile imitation of any thing and every thing, that is borne to us across the Atlantic by the breath of popular favor, which has rendered the writings of so many of our poets weak and unnational, and prevented them from seizing upon some of the numberless poetical topics in our own country and forming a national character in poetry as free and independent as that of our government. On the contrary, Bryant is every way national. He draws from native sources, from our own peculiar development of character, and our own delightful scenery, the materials of which he forms his productions; and we recognize in every idea and every image, a native of our own happy land. He goes forth into our mountains and forests, upon our wide-spreading lakes and our majestic rivers, and with a lively imagination and correct taste, calls thence the beauties which give such life and energy to his works. He is emphatically a poet of nature. The fidelity, simplicity, and beauty, with which he depicts her varied appearances, have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. That liveliness of poetical fancy is possessed in a peculiar degree by him, which enables a writer by seizing upon a few of the most striking and prominent features, to present at once, an entire picture to the mind, with equal correctness and far more vividness than could be effected by the most elaborate description; and not unfrequently he exhibits this power to a surprising extent, when he embodies a whole scene in one well chosen image, and in a single line presents it to our imagination with such overpowering distinctness, that we for a moment are deceived, and seem to ourselves to exist only among the objects which the poet has called up. We are in our imaginations at one time transported to the desert silence and devious wanderings of the contiguous woods,

'Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings.'

And at another, we are traversing with the poet himself, the varied and melancholy scenery of a New England autumn,

‘Where autumnal dyes  
Tinge the woody mountain,  
And the fallen foliage lies  
In the choked up fountain.’

But that which, more than his fidelity to nature and great powers of description, should recommend him to all admirers of truth and purity, is the spirit of exalted moral feeling and pure refined sentiment, diffused throughout his productions. He has refused to conform to the spirit of the greater poets of the present day, which is that of rendering poetry the means of debasing the mind, and corrupting the passions of man. He is equally free from the insinuating immorality of Moore, on the one hand, and the bold, open contempt of Byron towards any thing divine, on the other. In speaking thus, we would not be understood to detract any thing from the literary merit of these two poets, or even to reduce them to a level with Bryant; for their poetical powers are evidently much superior, and their genius far more commanding. But these high gifts have only rendered them more capable of doing evil—the one, of debasing by his sensuality, and enervating by his voluptuousness; the other, of harrowing up the darker feelings of our nature, and rendering the soul a chaos of conflicting passions. They have perverted divine poetry from its true and original object, and have converted that which was intended as the purest aliment of the soul, into its bane and destruction. Bryant, on the contrary, has shaped his humbler course with a view to improve and instruct while he pleases. He may arouse our sensibilities and awaken our desires, but it is only to direct them towards objects worthy of our immortal minds; and he may agitate the soul, but it is only with such passions and feelings as shall leave it pure when they subside. His is a strain calculated

‘To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius and to mend the heart.’

Through his lighter pieces there is diffused a pure spirit of cheerfulness, which throws a light around what was before dark and gloomy in life, but is yet calculated rather to delight with satisfaction, than intoxicate with pleasure. In his productions of a higher order—in *Thanatopsis*, the *Forest Hymn*, and others of a like nature, there breathes a pure ‘philosophical melancholy’ and an exalted devotional feeling, such as are invariably felt by unperverted minds in the contemplation of exalted subjects. These feelings will communicate themselves to the reader, and entering into and filling his soul, will purify his emotions, expand

his conceptions, and prepare him for extracting profit and pleasure from subjects that before appeared barren and uninteresting. Such are the general literary merit and moral excellence of the Poems of Bryant. It is true they are occasionally defective. We may perhaps sometimes meet with an exhibition of bad taste, or an occasional repetition of thought, but these defects are but *occasional*, and when set against the general tenor of his productions, will weigh but little in our decision upon his merits. He has proved the fruitfulness of our country in poetical topics, and has clearly shown that poetry may here be successfully cultivated. And I think we have reason to hope that others will follow the course he has marked out. The wild character of the aborigines of America, the discovery and early settlement of our country, the development of new principles in our government, and the peculiar national character of our own people, must afford materials for poetry of the most exalted and original character, and we may with reason expect that hereafter, geniuses will arise, who will do honor to their country by treating upon those subjects in a manner worthy of their magnitude and importance.

J. D.

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### THE WARRIOR.

ENCAMPED for the battle, the hosts around lay,  
And soundly and silently slept;  
There was not a breath upon the still air,  
As the soldiers their watches kept.

The moon and the stars, and heaven's bright train,  
Lent a glory to this calm scene,  
That rendered it peerless to all that's below,  
And matchless in beauty, I ween.

'Tis on such a night, that a tale of pure love  
May be breathed in fair maiden's ear,  
And she will delight in the burning words,  
Beneath the pale moonbeams clear.

But now, to behold all this glorious scene,  
A warrior stood there alone;  
And pensive he leaned on his sheathed sword,  
For he thought of his happy home.

He thought of the morrow's desperate fight,  
And of the host that lay around;  
How many would see to-morrow's bright moon  
Shed her rays on the then bloody ground.

The thousands of souls that would wing their flight  
To the King of Heaven's high seat,  
Amid the wild shrieks and the groans of those  
Who were trampled 'neath horses' feet.



Slowly the warrior turned from these scenes,  
 To reflect on others more mild;—  
 Then visions of peace came over his soul,  
 With the forms of his wife and his child.

He thought that borne down in the conflict's rage,  
 His lot with the dying might be;  
 Then what would her fate be, who with his fair boy,  
 Sadly waited his coming to see?

The light of the moon that shone on his face,  
 Show'd that marks of sadness were there;  
 And he wished that the day were not coming when he  
 His part in the conflict must bear.

'But my country,' he cried, 'tis *she* calls to the fight;  
 As soon as her cause is restored,  
 I swear by the bright, glorious host that's above,  
 Forever shall sheathed be my sword.'

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#### HUNTING EXPLOITS.

THE story of Putnam and the wolf is familiar to every school-boy; but it is not so well known, that such adventures are by no means uncommon. The youthful achievement of the gallant revolutionary hero, has acquired dignity from the brilliancy of his after life, which was adorned with a long list of heroic and patriotic deeds, when in fact this exploit is one of ordinary occurrence among our resolute hunters. We select the following two instances, both of which are well authenticated.

Many years ago, a Frenchman, with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which, was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with some difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave, but on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, through which it had entered with some difficulty, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired. The entrance to the cave was now completely closed by the carcase of the animal. The boy on the outside, heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilder-

ness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and despatched to the relief of the hunter. But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollected, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy in his agitation, had so far forgotten the landmarks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave. Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered, in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who had passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave, that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died. That he should have perished of hunger, from mere inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear, seems improbable, because supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labor to have cut up and removed the animal by peacemeal. It is most likely either that he was suffocated, or that he had received some injury, which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

The other circumstance to which we alluded, occurred in Monroe county, in Illinois. There are in many parts of this country, singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call *sink-holes*. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel. At the bottom of one of these, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter, they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance to the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible, or very difficult for a man to enter; and as a notion prevails among the hunters, that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in a boy to destroy the whelps. A fine, courageous boy, armed with a knife, was accordingly thrust into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she wolf, whose glistening eye-balls, white teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends, to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken; that the old wolf never staid with her young in day-

light; and advised him to go boldly up to the bed, and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she wolf, who sprang upon him, and bit him very severely, before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him, had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the men now succeeded in effecting an entrance, torches were introduced, the wolf shot, and her offspring destroyed.

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### EMIGRATION.

‘Or shall we cross yon mountains blue?’

*Campbell.*

EMIGRANTS may be divided into two classes; those that have a definite object in changing their place of residence, and those that have not. We would exchange compliments at present only with the latter. There are thousands coming yearly to America, ‘to seek their fortunes;’ and there are hundreds leaving the east to come to these wild regions with the same well-defined intention. Among these are many that can neither afford to spend their time idly while seeking a permanent situation, nor take hold at once and gain a livelihood by the sweat of their brow. They come here under the impression that means of support may be found here, that exist nowhere else; they imagine the land to be almost literally flowing with milk and honey; and dream of plenty and comfort to be obtained without labor and without price. But once here, they find there may be want and sickness even in this *tra-montane* Canaan; they are displeased with manners different from those they have been accustomed to; and are deprived of conveniences which from long usage are to them necessities. Tired, disappointed, and angry with themselves, they at last make their way back again to the east, and spread it abroad, that the west, after all, is not the place ‘it’s cracked up for.’

A wise man would not heed an opinion formed under such circumstances; but with many, such opinions are good authority, nay, the very best; ‘for,’ say they, ‘you western people are naturally prejudiced and partial, but these persons went to your land prepossessed in your favor, they have returned disgusted with you; and as they were not prejudiced against you, how can you refuse their testimony?’ We answer, ‘we refuse their testimony, not because they were prejudiced *against us*, but because

they were prejudiced *in favor of themselves*; they came to the west knowing nothing about it; expecting to find a paradise, they found the same earth and air, and beings of the same race with themselves; and disappointed in their absurd expectations, they have turned from us in anger, because they did not take the trouble before they came hither, to inquire to what land they were going.'

For our own reputation, therefore, as well as from a regard to these visionaries, we would wish all necessary knowledge respecting us and our domains spread abroad; at present, we will make but two remarks touching the matter. The first is, that no man ought to leave home and seek foreign lands, if he be so strongly imbued with the peculiar manners, notions, and ways of thought of that home, as to be unable to shake them off and adopt those of his adopted country. We speak not, be it understood, of principles, or any thing else that is truly essential, but simply of the conventional fashions and modes of thought, which it may trouble inclination and taste to throw off, but never can conscience. A man need not adopt the western slang, because he has become a western man; still less need he fall in with western vices and follies; but he must, if he would live like a good quiet christian, conceal, and if he can, eradicate the dislike which he feels at first to our rugged ways and impolite and strange manners. There is, and there must long be, a broad line of distinction between us and the Atlantic country; it is a distinction which time, and time only, can do away. For one to come here determined to hold on to his own tastes and habits, come what will, would be as unwise as for the stork to join a French *table d'hôte* and hope to dine plentifully on *soupe maigre*.

Our second remark has reference to the gaining a livelihood in the west. Many, if we mistake not, come here without plan or prospect, but certain of finding an opening, as it is a new and thriving country. These persons are generally young men of some education and little property; they find eastern cities filled with competitors for every prize, though it be but a supercargo-ship, and accordingly they stroll to the cities of the growing land beyond the Alleghanies. They are not fitted for a country life; they are not fitted for hard labor; they love the town, and to the town they must cling. They had, when they started to come here, an indefinite idea that they should be able to get along, and if they be sober and industrious, they do generally get along. The spirit which actuates them is in general praiseworthy; though some undoubtedly adopt the course we speak of from pure fickleness, or a dislike to hard work. Now what we



wish to say, or rather repeat, is this notable truism, that labor, sobriety, honesty, and all the other virtues of the world, are as necessary to success on this side the mountains as the other. The great source of our prosperity is our fertile and cheap land; the labor that the New Hampshire or Maine farmer must exert to keep himself from starving, would here build him up, as by magic, an independence.

The towns, the emporiums of the west, should bear of course their due proportion to the country; and as the latter grows, so should the former. And here, it seems to us is the weak point in our system. Of late years, the numbers that have come to our cities have been out of proportion to the growth of the whole land; an artificial state has been got up; trade has been overdone; and those that came here on a venture, and started in business upon the credit of the country, have been obliged to wind up in these hard times, and come out of the sand-based fabric they had built, without even the good character they entered it with. That commerce has been surfeited throughout the world, we have no doubt, but here it has been more disastrously so than elsewhere. What with the temptation to make money, no matter how, and the law which favors that temptation, we have come to such a state, that western credit is a bye-word of mockery throughout the Atlantic country.

Far be it from us to try to prevent the emigration of so much as a robin-red-breast. We wish to see men come here, and women too—for we are sadly in want of wives—but we wish that every one would seek, before he starts, to know what he is coming to. They that come here and turn back again disappointed, and they that make the worst of a bad bargain, and go into speculations that must in the end prove ruinous, alike wrong both themselves and us. If they cannot win a certain and safe livelihood in trade, at home or elsewhere, they had better strip off their coat, and take to the plough. To the capitalist, small or great; to the mechanic; to the farmer; to the household servant (for servants here are a rare luxury); to any one that is prepared to supply the true demands of the true population, the west affords a grand field. But the speculator upon unreal demands; the man who lives, as the saying is, upon the interest of his debts; and he that attempts to cultivate a quicksand, must expect in the west, as elsewhere in the world, to fail in his plans; to be considered foolish, if not knavish; and to be at last worse off than when he began.

## DANIEL BOON.

DANIEL BOON, one of the first, one of the most fearless of the pioneers to what was then a wilderness, 'a dark and bloody ground,' deserves a volume; and we trust ere long he will have one all to himself. We wish the old man had lived to see himself the hero, the sole hero of a story. The idea that his name would be in print was more fatal to his philosophy than the idea of suffering and death; and had he dreamed of being one dry as noted as man ever can hope to be, it would have done more toward disturbing his saturnine gravity than all the Indians that ever roamed Kentucky. He was a strange compound; born in the good old state of Virginia, he first tried North Carolina, then Kentucky, and at last swept on to Missouri, to his dying day, a pioneer. Thirty years old, he crossed the mountains, not to seek, as most at his age do, a competence and comfort, but to go through perils, and dangers, and hardships, that would have tried the heart and frame of any youth in christendom. For two months, without one companion—not even a dog—without home or help, he wandered among the wilds, his bed the ground; his canopy the trees; his lullaby the howl of the wolf and the yell of the savage. Taken by the Indians, he so won their regard and so tickled their vanity, by never *quite* outdoing them with the rifle, that money would not purchase his freedom. Escaping, for four days in succession he went on foot forty miles, and eat during the time but one meal. Without fear and without fierceness; abominating society, but a kind husband, and father, and fellow man; daring, when daring was the wiser part; prudent, when discretion was valor's better half; sagacious and clear-headed, but ever averse to civilization—he walked through life with the hardihood of youth, the decision of manhood, and the cool reason of age. He had his vices and faults, but had so few, that in his place and with his education, he was a marvel of virtue as well as of fortitude. So calmly did he anticipate death, that he prepared his own coffin beforehand. One he made, but finding it too small, he presented it to his son-in-law, and having fitted himself with a second, and polished it by long rubbing, he laid himself down and died, in life and death a veritable 'Leatherstocking.'

Daniel Boon first came to Kentucky in 1769; he died in 1822, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Dates in such a man's life are of no great importance; he influenced his followers rather than his contemporaries; his fellows could not appreciate the better part of his nature; it remains for us to do it justice.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

HENRY MASTERTON, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG CAVALIER. By the author of 'Richelieu,' 'Philip Augustus,' &c. Harpers' Library of Select Novels, No. 29. New York. 1832.

AFTER the unqualified praise the book at the head of this notice has received through the medium of the public prints, it may seem presumption in us to raise our feeble voice against this whirlwind of approbation; but such we are about to do; and the only excuse we have to offer for it, is, the honesty of our opinion, that the work is inferior to most of the others by the same author. The story, for the most part, is well told and interesting, but it seems to us to be wanting in the higher attraction of strongly marked and well delineated character. In the common novels with which the bookstores teem in these days of the spread of universal information, we expect nothing more than a collection of interesting facts and incidents, and it is lamentable that we are most frequently disappointed even in this humble expectation. But Mr. James is a writer of a higher order, and knowing that he has to a considerable degree, that rarely possessed faculty of delineating character, we naturally look for a development of it, and are disappointed if we do not find it.

The hero of the book is what might be called a very excellent young man of no particular interest one way nor the other; a very exemplary youth, who always does about right, and finally has his reward in the shape of the fair lady Emily; who, by the way, is a very nice girl, but nearly a cypher as regards character and the part she enacts in the story. Frank Masterton, the author tells us, is an extraordinary young man, though we have but few evidences of it. He is one who, like many other young men, laughed the power of the fair sex to scorn for some time with impunity, but at last, like many others before him, had his philosophy and stoicism melted entirely away, and the citadel of his heart completely battered in by a pair of black eyes. The charm of lady Fleming seemed to consist in a beautiful, rounded, and graceful form, a sweet face, and a pair of eloquent eyes; and the flattery of the attentions of so lovely a woman, was more than even the cold-blooded Frank could resist; she loved him, because, as the author says, he said good things, and he loved her, because she listened to him delighted. His conversation seems to us like that which we might suppose any other mad lover would give utterance to; save that perhaps, it is a little more in the Bombastes Furioso strain, as witness the scene at the supper-table the second day after their arrival at Penford-bourne.

Most, if not all the interest that attaches to these two characters, consists in their violation of the laws of society and morality; she in running away from her husband with another man, and he in being the man to run away with her. Sir Andrew is a strong character, though we see so little of him that he can hardly be said to bear a part.

The character of Dixon seems to us a failure, an attempt to draw an accomplished villain, which has not succeeded. His contrivances seem to be got up and carried forward in a bungling style, which is very provoking, for if there must be a villain in a novel, we like to see one worthy of his race and profession—a finished villain in head and hand; and we have only to compare this one with some of the same author's in his other works, to find that this is not one of that class. In Monsieur De Vitray we have too much of a good thing. Ball-o'-fire is very interesting and entertaining, though unnatural. But we have not time and space to notice more. There seems to us to be wanting in this book that distinctness and individuality of character which we find in Richelieu, Philip Augustus, and Darnley; and it is this alone which can give length of existence to a novel.



THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1833.

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OF INSECTS.

‘Go to; there’s wisdom in a bit o’ cheese.’  
*Ford.*

WE have thought that an occasional article of a popular kind, on natural history, or history itself, might be interesting to the readers of this Magazine; and could we thereby do aught toward increasing the study of these subjects in the West, we should feel that our labors had not been altogether useless. It is a dangerous thing to become a professed naturalist; to devote oneself wholly to a single study or pursuit. Such a course is but too apt to beget a narrowness of soul; the student becomes a mere classifier, a man wise in words rather than things; he mistakes the means for the end; he studies nature, but the study does not produce upon his mind the effect which it should produce; he grows cold and wrapt up in a most selfish employment, and soon becomes—to use the strong language of Mr. Wordsworth—

‘One that would peep, and botanize  
Upon his mother’s grave.’

But to him that studies nature in the true spirit, there is in the study, pleasure, consolation, and instruction, for the most improvable part of his nature—his disposition and heart. He will become impressed more and more deeply with that belief which we all hold speculatively, but which with few of us forms a motive and a spring of action—I mean the belief, that in every thing about us may be seen the power and goodness of a Divine Being. He will become acquainted with the world about him, and learn his own high place in that world; and the knowledge will teach him to respect himself. He will learn



also to respect the workmanship of his Maker, wherever found; to love all, inasmuch as that unseen One loves and cares for all. He will feel that it is as much beneath the dignity of a man, as it is the benevolence of a christian, to hate or to despise any thing; for—to use Mr. Wordsworth's words once more—

‘ ’Twill be his faith, that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.’

Let us begin our researches with a branch of natural history that is but little cared for in this new world, and little understood—that which treats of insects, their structure and habits. We see these creatures about us, in the air, the water, and upon the earth. We crush them without a thought of their curious and beautiful formation; and destroy their homes daily, nor dream of inquiring into their mode of life, their habits, or the objects to attain which they so labor and toil. For a time, let this cease; there is room enough in the wide world, as ‘my uncle Toby’ said, long ago, for all these busy creatures and ourselves beside; and when we have spent an hour or two in watching them, it may be, a higher motive than curiosity will induce us to spare them and their labors. Let us first, however, cast a glance over nature, and observe the relative position of the little people whose manners we propose to observe upon.

The whole material world is divided into the three *kingdoms*, MINERAL, VEGETABLE, and ANIMAL. The Animal kingdom is separated into two *general divisions*, the first consisting of VERTEBRAL animals, or those having a skeleton; the second of INVERTEBRAL, or those having no skeleton. To the first division belong Man, Quadrupeds, Birds, and Fishes. The second division consists of five *classes*, which we will name: First, Insects; second, Crustacea, such as the lobster and crab; third, Mollusca, such as the oyster, clam, and snail; fourth, Worms, as the common earth-worm, which is not an insect; and fifth, Zoophytes, as the sun-fish, the star-fish, &c. Insects are the most perfect of the Invertebral animals. The most remarkable fact in the history of insects, is, that they exist in four distinct states of being. First, they are found wrapt up in the egg; from the egg they come forth, caterpillars, grubs, or maggots; in this state they are said by naturalists to be in the *Larva* state; they then pass into the chrysalis state, as it is generally called, known by naturalists as the *Pupa* state; from the Pupa comes forth the perfect insect, such as the fly, the butterfly, the beetle. All true insects pass through these changes; but the spider comes from the egg a spider, and to his old age, ever remains a spider; consequently, he is not a *true* insect; but as he has had no separate place assigned him as yet, it would

be hard to turn him from the rank he has so long enjoyed, and we will accordingly treat him as though he were in truth a member of our dynasty. And now let us to our work.

The true place to observe nature is, of course, the country; so prithee, gentle reader, take thy hat and staff, and let us stroll awhile by the river-side, and so round through the meadows home again.\*

It is a lovely day for a ramble; the clear sky, and still, sweet air are more than luxuries to one that has been vegetating all winter mid smoke and darkness. I know nothing more pleasant than one of these May-days in the gloomy month of March; it is like meeting a near friend unexpectedly, in a foreign land. Look, how stilly the river rolls along; you may see the motion of the current, and the little whirlpools of the eddy, but they seem the mere sportings of the flood. The smoke from yonder paper-mill, rises in undisturbed dignity, spreading itself out as in repose upon the motionless air. And hark! you may hear the puff, puff, puff, of some untiring steamer that is coming round the far-off point. Let us sit awhile upon this log, and watch its approach. But all this, you say, has very little to do with insects, and in faith, as far as you can see, this is but a poor time of year for bug-hunting; so it is, my friend. Compared with May, or midsummer, or harvest-time, which are the insect Paradise seasons, we shall now find but little to interest us; however, observation will discover what you would not, at first, dream to be in existence. And as I live, here's a case in point. Do you observe that hole in the stick my foot is on, partly filled with little bits of wood? Who dug that hole, think you? An insect. True, and for what purpose? For food, you say; there you err. The little fellow that bored that hole, had no more taste for sawdust, than you and I, my friend. Lend me your penknife a moment. As I split off the wood, you may see the hole is of some depth; and here at the end, we have two egg-like bags; they contain, if I mistake not, some young bees in the chrysalis state, this bag being the Pupa case, as it is termed. I tear the bag carefully away, and lo! the little bee. See, he puts out his legs, and moves his young wings, and turns his head about, in a state of complete wonderment, at the new world we have ushered him into; poor fellow! we have broken his slumbers before it was time, and I

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\* Some apology may seem necessary for adopting this very commonplace mode of bringing the subject before the reader; we would simply remark, that it appeared to us to offer advantages toward unfolding the subject in a popular way, that a more didactic mode would not; enabling the writer to speak more familiarly, and as the saying is, less like a book.

fear he will e'en lose his life in consequence. But let us, while he is staring about, and learning which foot to put foremost, inquire a little into his history. He's of the family of *carpenter bees*; his mother, who looked very much like him, was an industrious, hard-working lady. She started in life with a determination to provide well, as all mothers should, for the safety and support of her offspring; she picked out this stick, I doubt not, with uncommon care; she saw it was dry enough to work easily, and sound enough to keep out the wet; with her strong jaws, she picked out, bit by bit, these little morsels of wood, which she collected close by in a heap, so as to be handy for filling up; when her hole was deep enough, she collected a little honey, which she carefully kneaded up with some of that dust, which you find in flowers, called *pollen*, making what we denominate bee-bread; this she placed at the bottom of her nest; upon this she laid her two eggs, and then filled up the hole again very nicely, with the little chips which she had taken from it. In due time, our friend here—who is, by the way, beginning to be somewhat more active—this little fellow and his brother came from their eggs, and began, as maggots, with a most excellent appetite, to depredate upon the bread which had been laid up for them. This they soon finished; but still it was quite enough, for the mother's instinct never errs; she never gives too little, nor yet too much. Having eaten their allowance, they spun themselves these meal-bag looking coats, and turned in for the winter. Had we not disturbed them, they would have slept till warm weather, when they would have put off this thick garment, burrowed their way through the sawdust which closed their apartment, and gone forth to enjoy the beauties of nature, to raise families in their turn, and that being done, to die.

This little fellow has a relative in Europe, whose manners are yet more interesting. The European carpenter bee digs into a post about an inch horizontally; she then turns, and goes down perpendicularly a foot or more. Having made her cell deep enough, she collects a store of bee-bread, which she places at the bottom, upon which she lays a single egg; her object now is, to build a flooring, on which to place another egg; she accordingly takes a parcel of the little chips which she has dug out; these she mixes up with a glutinous substance, which she, in common with most insects, secretes; and with the mortar thus formed, she builds a little ring-like projection all round the inside of her cell, just above the egg which she has laid; within this ring, she forms another, and so goes on, each being smaller than the preceding, until a complete flooring is formed; here

she places her second egg, builds another floor, lays another egg, and then another, and another, until she has inclosed perhaps a dozen little ones. But now comes a difficulty; the first egg laid will be first hatched, and the maggot first become a bee, and the bee be ready to go abroad and see the world, and do her duties therein; but how shall the lowest one of all, first get out? To make this easy, the mother lays each egg in such a manner that the maggot, when born, may have its head downward, and moreover bores a hole in the post opposite to the lowest of all. When the maggot in this lowest cell has eaten its fill, passed through the chrysalis state, and become a bee, it eats its way through the thin partition which divides it from society, and is off. The one in the next cell becomes in turn a perfect insect, gnaws through its flooring, passes through the vacated cell, and goes abroad; and so, one after the other, they break through the floor of their chamber, and pass away through this very convenient back door.

These bees, as you may perceive from what I have said, are solitary; they do not, like our hive bees, live in communities, but in single pairs; and the female, instead of being, like the hive bee, a queen, has in fact to do all the work; the husband is away on some mischievous errand, or perhaps regaling himself with a nice dish of honey, while the poor wife is digging away like any day-laborer; at most, when the nest is dug, and the wife is abroad after food, the husband does but stay at home, sticks his hard head into the doorway, to keep out unwelcome visitors, and sleeps away the time till his industrious lady comes back again.

And this is the case with most of the solitary insects. There is a little bee somewhat akin to the one we have here, save that it builds in stone instead of wood, and has therefrom acquired the name of the *mason bee*. If you stand by a clay-bank, of a summer's day, you may see a great number of little bees going into a hole in the bank, and presently returning with a bit of clay in their mouths. If you go near this hole, they will pay very little attention to you, and if you drive them away, they will begin to dig a hole elsewhere in the neighborhood. This will convince you they are not making themselves a nest there, as at first you perhaps thought they were. The fact is, they are quarrying materials for building, and though each builds a nest for herself, yet they quarry in company, because it is an object to them to get into the interior of the bank, where the clay is soft. Follow one of these little miners home; you will find that she flies to a brick wall, it may be, not far off; she alights on a part of the wall where there is no sign of



a nest, however, and begins to look about into all the crannies, and cracks, and holes, that she can find; you think her but a stupid personage, after all, not to know the way to her own house; but, my friend, put that long person of yours behind some tree in the neighborhood, and you will soon see the cunning mother, after looking round to see that no one is watching, go directly to her nest, put on the pellet of clay she has in her mouth, and away again for another. If you examine the nest, you will find it is a hole which has been dug into the mortar between two bricks, and that the mother is now constructing a cover for this hole with the clay which she is carrying home. In this house she puts her bee-bread, lays her eggs, and closes the entrance. The little bee, when he is ready to come forth, eats his way through the stony roof without the least difficulty. But if you put over this stone a piece of gauze, he cannot for the life of him get through it—so well are his jaws fitted for breaking stone, so poorly for cutting the least thread. The ancients, who had some odd notions respecting insect economy, thought, when they saw these bees carrying pebbles and bits of clay in their mouths, that they carried them as ballast, in case of a squall.

There are many other solitary bees whose manners are well worth looking into; but see, our poor *protégé* here is beginning to find the air too cold for him, though to us it appears so mild; his wings move feebly, his legs are getting stiff, a premature old age is evidently coming over him; his claws lose their hold, his feelers droop, a film is darkening his sight; he makes a vain effort to fly, though he can scarce crawl. Poor fellow, I fear it is all over with him—his pulse is getting low—his chance is gone—there he goes, over onto his back, his legs stretch out and stiffen; farewell,—I shall dream of you to-night, Mr. Carpenter; farewell,—your fate has made me so melancholy, I will e'en back to town again. We will finish our walk, kind sir, some other time, and do more, I trust, than we have to-day. Till then, yours, most entomologically. P.

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#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Illustrations of Political Economy. By Harriet Martineau. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 18mo. Boston: Leonard C. Bowles. 1832.

IF the little volumes before us, obtain that circulation which they deserve, they will certainly create an era in human advancement. Their object is to illustrate the principles of that

science, which treats of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth. To accomplish this object, the writer has commenced a series of tales, laid in different parts of the world, and in different conditions of society, showing, by pictures of real life, the practical operation of the principles of Political Economy. She presents to our view, first, 'Life in the Wilds.' A colony of England, upon the skirts of a savage country, is suddenly overrun by the natives, who take every thing, except what they cannot carry off, and that they destroy. But necessity is the mother of invention, and the little community sets to work to provide itself with food, raiment, and shelter. This story affords the author an admirable opportunity of showing the origin of capital, the nature of wealth, the value of labor, its varieties, its economical division, and its mechanical perfection.

She next presents us, 'The Hill and the Valley;' the scene of which is laid in a wild district in the south of Wales. The face of the valley is soon changed—large iron-works are established, around which a hundred cottages cluster—capital is invested, materials bought, laborers employed, profits accrue; presently, competition starts up, and profits diminish. Labor-saving machinery is then employed; the men's wages decrease; some are dismissed, they destroy the works, and the scene closes as too many similar ones have done, in disaster and ruin. The story is probably founded in fact; for it is described with the truth of nature. It involves the nature of capital, the true merits of saving, the difference between fixed and reproduceable capital, the agency of machinery in augmenting capital, and in increasing the demand for labor, and the identity of the interests of the laborer and capitalist.

The third tale is an agricultural one. It shows the gradual improvement in comfort and wealth, to be derived from a judicious investment of capital in a farm, the relative productiveness of large and small capitals, the impolicy of legal interference, and the close alliance between the manufacturing and agricultural interests.

No. 4, 'Demarara' is a tale of slavery, wrought up with great pathos. It is in approaching this subject, that the author shows her discretion and benevolence. The scene is laid in that part of South America, subject to the British government, where slavery prevails. The true nature of slavery in its origin, its real value, and its consequences, considered merely in an economical point of view; the effect of legislative prohibitions and bounties; and the responsibility of the legislature of Great Britain, for all the present miseries and inconveni-

ences of slavery, are clearly proved. The author does not go into the morality of the subject—her tract is purely what it professes to be, an illustration of the present bungling system of Great Britain with regard to her slaveholding colonies.

Considered merely as a powerful and thrilling fiction, ‘Ella of Garoeloch’ is a work of high, very high order, but it has higher merit—it imparts instruction in a manner, and of a kind, which is as rare as it is important. It teaches a lofty forethought, an untiring perseverance, a noble virtue. In the class of works to which it belongs, it is unsurpassed. We believe we are warranted upon the strength of this simple, but beautiful and instructive volume, in placing Miss Martineau, first among female writers of the present day. She comes up to Miss Edgeworth in utility, and surpasses her in the power of invention. The character of the idiot boy and of Ella, are touched with something like the master hand of Scott. The sea, the rocks, the heavens, and all the wild sublimity of northern island scenery, are sketched with a power of description, which, had the book no other merit, would entitle Miss Martineau to be pronounced one of the very first writers of the age. One merit of these volumes, is nevertheless, their brevity. A man of business can read one of them in a day, while waiting for his meals. They are not, like the works of fiction of the present day, formally lengthened out into two threadbare volumes; nor are they unnaturally lopped down to a measured size, in that spirit of mechanical servility, which seems to animate those who are in the pay of the precise and calculating bookseller. The author says what she has to say, and there leaves it. Another merit, is their originality of design and execution. They are unlike any works we have ever seen. The author has adopted by far the best, as well as the most popular mode of presenting the truths of this most important of all sciences. Political Economy is a new science; it has sprung up within fifty years; it has been keenly followed, and perhaps well understood in the abstract, by philosophers. But it has not until now, been presented in a popular form; nay, it has not been presented in its real colors till now. We therefore hail the present author with enthusiasm. We close these remarks as we begun, by saying, that if her little volumes shall obtain that popularity which their beauty, their brevity, their clearness, their powerful interest, their modest simplicity, their cheapness, and above all, the incalculable value of their object, deserve, they will create an era in the history of human advancement.

## QUEEN MARY'S REPLY.

'WHEN the commissioners arrived at Lochleven, and Melville opened their errand to the queen, he found her resolution unshaken. She would not listen to the idea of yielding a crown that had come to her from her illustrious ancestors. He showed her the letter of Throckmorton, the English ambassador, but she said it only convinced her of Elizabeth's insincerity, and refused to sign any papers or do any act that would affect her right to the sceptre.'

*Substance of Bell's Account of the Mission to the Queen at Lochleven.*

WHAT! do they ask my crown? Is't not enough  
That they have fenced me in this desert place  
To wear my life out; but with hand so rough,  
They must tear off the birthright of my race?  
They shall not have it. By the Eternal's grace,  
I will yet conquer. They have crushed my heart,  
And bid the tears wear furrows in my face,  
And quenched ambition; but the better part  
Shall rise above the storm, and they shall mourn their art.

It is *her*\* doing; she hath been my foe  
From the first hour I looked upon the light;  
By force, by fraud, hath sought to bring me low.  
Did she not seek me with her navy's might?†  
Has she not bribed my brother from the right?‡  
And sent her counsellors to cheat mine ear?§  
Ah, Melville, I would rather have the bright  
Unenvying soul that yet is mistress *here*,  
Than be the queen and foe of half this glorious sphere.

Ah me! I would that I were not a queen;  
But God hath crowned me such, and such I'll be!  
Faithful and fearless have my fathers been,  
And they shall have no recreant child in me.  
She may win triumphs through her perfidy;  
She may seem pure, with judges made her own;  
But I appeal unto posterity;  
Yea, to the Power that formed us—at His throne,  
Proud woman! thou shalt stand condemned, accursed, alone!

P.

\* Elizabeth, the originator of most or all Mary's misfortunes.

† Elizabeth sent out vessels to capture Mary, when passing from France to Scotland.

‡ Earl of Murray, who was supported in his rebellions by Elizabeth.

§ Randolph and Throckmorton, sent as spies, in the garb of friends.



## VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

WHICH means, my unlearned reader,—albeit the reader may, haply, be as learned as the writer—the head of the article nevertheless means, that the people can do no wrong—that their voice is as the Divine fiat.

One thing is certain—that the maxim is as potential as it represents the sovereign people to be; and about as true as they are infallible. The latter member of the sentence may be considered a kind of Johnsonian redundancy, if the reader pleases; for truly, it requires some nerve to maintain the doctrine which lurks in the innuendo. Let me not be accused of the heresy.

In the old world, the great governmental maxim has been, time out of mind, ‘The king can do no wrong.’ Some of our Yankee printers, in publishing a list of errata, seem to have inserted, ‘For *king*, read *people*;’ and so *the people* have condescended to adopt the regal axiom, and wear the crown with the utmost self-complacency, to this day. Every aspirant for office must not only acknowledge, but boldly declare and fiercely maintain it on all proper and improper occasions, if he would hope to climb the ladder of public favor. By the way, this ladder is a curious thing. There it stands; its foot in a mud-puddle; its top high in the air; and around it, innumerable ‘humans,’ propping it up with poles, while *they* are kept strong and steady by the infallible operation of whiskey. Who would not desire to mount it? How edifying to see a high-souled fellow elbowing through the crowd and wading knee deep in the mire, to the foot; and then tugging, and slipping, and striving, and sweating, and begging, and treating, and thumping his nose and his shins against the slippery rounds, and as he rises, vibrating and see-sawing in the air, with all the steadiness and security inspired by deep potations of the ‘steam,’ which he has let off among the supporters. The people can do no wrong—at least, not if they should give him a flirt from the upper rounds and break his neck.

I remember Frank Pascal well. He was one of my early associates, and our commencement of busy life was in company. Politics invited us, and we did not refuse the invitation. A number of young fellows, like ourselves, happened to set sail on this stormy sea together; and as we were pretty equally acquainted with, or rather ignorant of, the accomplishments necessary to a successful cruise, it was agreed that we should form an association or debating club, for mutual advantage.

There was Jack Goodspirits, the ropemaker, and Tom Green,

the joiner, and Will Black, the ironmonger, and Ben Brown, the dry-goods-man, and Jake Burnet, the grocer, and Jonty Smith, the lawyer, and Sam Paxon, the watchmaker, &c. &c. together with my particular friend, Frank Pascal, who was written Doctor, and myself, of no particular trade—or, I beg pardon—profession.

Divers weighty matters were discussed at our meetings, with an ability and acuteness which did honor to the heads and hearts of the members, severally, collectively, and particularly. So we unanimously voted.

Of course, our debates took a political turn; for the political world was to be the great theatre of action, and the rehearsals should be suitable. Moreover, we were so well acquainted with each other's temper, and so friendly, that we did not fear the usual consequences of the agitating subject.

One of the peculiarities of Frank Pascal, was his strenuous and ultra notions of the infallibility of the people. 'The majority must govern, and ought to govern,' was the motto of all our club. 'The majority cannot do wrong,' was the creed of Frank, which he nailed to the mast, and defended to the last drop.

'I maintain it, Mr. President, with the firmness of a Roman patriot,' said he, in his speeches—for though the words might be different, in his various declamations, the ideas did not vary a hair,—'I maintain that the only safe political axiom which can be adopted by a nation, or a community, or a society like ours, is, that the majority cannot do wrong. Away with your half-way notions, your milk-and-water doctrines, that the majority ought to govern. Why, sir, if you admit that the majority can err in their decisions or opinions, you open the door to the greatest possible abuses. Grant *this*, and the next step will be to surmise, then to whisper, then to declare, then to maintain by argument, and lastly to prove, that the majority has actually done wrong! What a climax! It would unhinge government, unsettle all authority, and rob the people, the sovereign people, the all-powerful majority, of their undoubted authority. Oh monstrous! that such notions should prevail in the republic of the United States; that among the enlightened democrats of ———, there should be found any to hesitate in ascribing infallibility to the sovereign people!'

'Many a time and oft,' as the players say, did we hear such speeches from our friend Frank, and never could he convince us, nor we him, of error. For let it be observed, he stood pretty much alone in the club, though afterwards, several

of the members became converts to the doctrine of popular infallibility.

One night Frank did not happen to be present, and we amused ourselves at the expense of his furious demagoguism, (isn't that a pretty word?) and hit upon an expedient to convince him, of which you shall hear.

'At a subsequent meeting,' as the records would say, after the club was opened, Jack Goodspirits rose with great gravity, and stated to the president that he had a resolution to offer, which he thought necessary to preface with some remarks.

'Mr. President,' said he, 'we have often been greeted with powerful and convincing argument, from a member of the society, and that, in strains of eloquence which could hardly fail of producing the desired impression, and which yet seemed by many of the members to be so little appreciated as to leave them unconvinced and unpersuaded of the correctness of the position so ably defended. I must confess myself among the number of those insensible and stupid persons. But I can hold out no longer. On calling up before me the resistless argument, and thrilling eloquence of the gentleman alluded to, and weighing them in my retired hours, I am compelled to subscribe to the doctrine that the majority can do no wrong. I will not recapitulate the reasons which have convinced me, and it were impossible for *me* to exhibit, if it were necessary, the fervor of that elocution to which I have alluded.'

Frank's eyes glistened with rapture. He could not sit still on his chair, but bounced up as the last word was spoken, and then recollecting himself, bounced down again. It was scarcely practicable to suppress a laugh; but Jack proceeded.

'Under these impressions, sir, I no longer delay to offer the resolution which I hold in my hand, although I know not if I shall meet with a second—'

'I second the motion,' cried Frank.

'The gentleman is premature, and out of order,' said the president.

'I beg pardon, sir,' rejoined Frank, confused.

'Resolved,' resumed Goodspirits. 'that henceforward the name hitherto called Pascal, shall in all the records and proceedings of this society, be so spelled as to commence with the letter R.'

'What!' exclaimed Frank, with a bounce as high as—

'Order,' cried the president.

'I second the motion,' said Jonty Smith.

The question was put and carried without a dissenting voice, before poor Frank had recovered from his utter amazement.

When he came to his speech, he burst out in a volley of protests and invectives against the society, for their unprecedented impudence in meddling with his name; to all which, the mover of the resolution coolly replied, 'The majority can do no wrong, and Mr. Pascal—I mean Rascal—cannot possibly have reason to complain.'

It was long before we could get Frank to laugh at the joke.

L.

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#### MORRELL'S VOYAGES.

A Narrative of Four Voyages to the South Sea, North and South Pacific Ocean, Chinese Sea, Ethiopic and Southern Atlantic Ocean, Indian and Antarctic Ocean. From the year 1822 to 1831. Comprising critical surveys of coasts and islands, with sailing directions; with an account of some new and valuable discoveries, &c. By Captain Benjamin Morrell, Jr. New York: J. & J. Harper. 1832. 8vo. pp. 492.

It is common to speak of every age as being marked by some prevailing spirit. Some sensible writers have designated the present, as the age of associations—wherein men no longer move, and are moved singly, but in masses. For ourselves, we should call it the age of commercial enterprise. Note the ruling principle at work in the domestic policy of nations; their foreign negotiations, wars, treaties. Observe the events which have marked the last half century, as an era in the developement of human progress. May we not trace the physical, moral, and intellectual advantages of the present generation, for the most part, to the spirit of commercial enterprise? Look abroad among mankind. In obedience to this spirit, a new life has awakened in a before sleeping world. The sea is covered with ships; nations before enclosed within their own boundaries in the ignorance of primitive simplicity, now hold familiar and daily converse with each other. Each gives to the rest those products which it can create cheaper than they, and receives in return those which they can create cheaper than it. Thus the productions of all are enjoyed by each. Each is the happier, because each is the wealthier, and the wiser for the exchange. Thus knowledge has been extended to the remotest isles of the ocean, and has shed its light into the hearts of hitherto untraversed continents. Thus freedom has flown from people to people, sounding its stirring call through the hills and valleys of the globe, and animating the multitudes with a noble and generous ambition. Thus Christianity has been wafted to the distant shores of the igno-



rant savage, blessing the soil it treads upon, and transforming the moral desert into a garden of beauty.

But the spirit of commercial enterprise is slow. It steals cautiously from step to step; it ventures timidly upon untried paths. Notwithstanding the immense advances it has achieved since the days of Columbus and of Cabot, what vast tracts—continents we may say—lie unvisited. More than two thirds of the habitable globe, comprising some of the richest, oldest, and most curious countries upon its surface, lie to this day unpenetrated and unprofitable, except to the few hordes of savages whom God has placed there; and only profitable to them, as affording the absolute necessities of life. The volume we have taken up, inspires a train of thought which we cannot pursue, without great and increasing astonishment. It is in following the bold mariner in his little schooner from point to point—in listening to his strange recital—in hearing him tell of islands of beauty, laid down in no chart—of inland cities of crowded population, unknown to be in existence till now—of simple nations worshipping him as a god, and throwing their treasures at his feet—of coasts lined with ‘orient pearl’—of precious minerals, trees, fruits, furs, and luxuries scattered wastefully along shores unexamined before—that we find how trifling in proportion to its boundless resources, have been the advances of commercial enterprise. One cause of this, has doubtless been the continual wars in which Europe has been engaged. The merchants of Portugal, Spain, France, Holland, and England, might have availed themselves tenfold of valuable discoveries made long ago, had commerce been free from hostile embarrassments. Even now the spirit of commercial enterprise is all-powerful and triumphant in England, and forms the great antagonist principle against the warlike ambition of her government. If any thing short of the spirit of religion, can make this world a world of peace, it is the spirit of commerce. In this respect, the English merchants are the most enlightened, and the most adventurous. Their chief desire is to be at peace with all mankind, that they may fit out ships to seas unknown; secure to their government countries undiscovered; strike out new ways to wealth; add new contributions to science, and bring in new subjects to the influence of their mild religion. They have done incomparably more than any other nation. They have set an example to America, which she ought to follow. Her situation is now peculiarly happy for great commercial enterprises. In this respect, a splendid destiny seems to lie before her. Her political attitude is commanding; her internal resources inexhaustible; her genius

admirably adapted to bold expedients; her population possessed of ingenuity, versatility, and intelligence. Her domestic policy, it is true, at the present crisis, seems unsettled; but even should the protective system be abandoned, it may, after all, be a happy day for American commerce. The intelligent capitalists of New England, may then turn their thoughts to that vast theatre of speculation, which lies beyond the ocean. Let the competition of other nations be what it may, there is room for new adventurers. There are countries enough to be discovered and appropriated; 'there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen;' boundless plains of Africa; undiscovered islands of Asia; interminable shores of South America; thousands of leagues of our own proper territory of North America, yet lie in virgin solitude. Competition can never render the prize difficult, or the profits precarious, as long as the spirit of commercial enterprise remains untrammelled and intelligent. With such views as these, we see with uncommon pleasure, such books as the one we have placed at the head of this article, written by an American seaman. We regret that our limits will not permit us to go into a full review of its merits, but we hope we shall be able to say sufficient to induce the reader to procure it, and read it for himself.

Captain Morrell is an American seaman, whose character appears to be bold enough for any emergency, and whose actions, after making reasonable allowances for self-partiality in the narrator, seem honorable to his head and heart. There are some readers, who out of abundant wisdom, make it a principle to discredit every wonderful story that is told by a traveller, whenever it so happens, that there are no means of contradicting it. In truth, travellers are much addicted to amplification. A man may relate a dream, or a vision which he never saw; so a traveller who has been where, for a long time, no one will be likely to follow him, may tell of

'Anthrophagi, and men whose heads,  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

By the manner of a witness at court, you may form your private judgment, whether he is telling a falsehood or not. Somewhat in the same way, every book of travels contains several internal evidences, by which you can form some opinion, whether the writer is a man given to many inventions, or a plain, sober, honest narrator of facts. It would be necessary to quote almost the whole book, to enable you to make up your mind respecting Captain Morrell's character for fairness. We can only prophesy concerning you, if you are a reasonable man,

and not unnecessarily sceptical, that you will read the volume as we did, with a good natured reliance upon your countryman's veracity. You will say when you meet something difficult to swallow, 'doubtless our author deceiveth himself.' But these passages will be very rare. You will travel on delightfully with him, to the end of his voyages, and when you take leave of him, you will bid him a brotherly 'God speed,' and hope for the pleasure of seeing him again.

We could not help smiling at the philosophical manner in which the Captain introduced himself, with the sayings of wisdom upon his lips.

'The march of intellect is irresistible; and were the earth itself one globe of ice; the fire of genius, directed by the wand of science, could melt a passage to its centre. The day is not far distant, when a voyage to the south pole will not be thought more of a miracle, than to cause an egg to stand on its point.'

You must not laugh at the figurative flourish of this passage. It is only a little touch of the sophomoric, into which the author has fallen by mistake. We can assure you it is very far from being a fair specimen. The Captain's style, is a manly, strait-forward one; he expresses his thoughts clearly and forcibly, describes nature graphically, and dwells no longer upon a subject than is necessary to render it intelligible.

The 'little Wasp,' was fitted out for cruising in the Antarctic, with two objects in view; one was to pick up a good cargo of fur seal skins, and the other to play round the south pole, as inquisitively as possible, if so be that she might penetrate the cloud of mystery, which hangs over those awful confines, where latitude and longitude vanish. The Captain was entrusted with discretionary powers, though unprovided with the means of reaching the south pole; which is as much as to say, that he was to do what he could with the 'Wasp' in the way of discovery, always taking care not to pass any fur seal, without knocking them on the head. He soon passed the southern *thule*, the land of the albatross, and burst 'into that silent sea,' where the fields of ice disappear, and the temperature of the air and water, becomes milder and milder.

'*March 14th, 1823.* The sea was now entirely free from field ice, and there were not more than a dozen ice islands in sight. At the same time, the temperature, both of the air and the water, was at least thirteen degrees higher, than we had ever found it between the parallels of sixty and sixty-two south. We are now in latitude 70°, 14' south, and the temperature of the air was 47°, and that of the water, 44°. In this situation, I found the variation 14°, 27', easterly, per azimuth. I have several times passed within the Antarctic circle, on different meridians, and have uniformly found the temperature, both of the air and the water, to become more and more mild, the farther I advanced beyond 65° south, and that the variation decreases in the same proportion. While north of this latitude, say between 60° and 65° south, we frequently had great difficulty in finding a passage for the vessel, between the immense and almost innumerable ice islands, some of which were from one to two miles in



circumference, and more than five hundred feet above the surface of the water! When it is considered that they are always about three-fifths of their bulk *under* water, some idea may be formed of their enormous magnitude.'

He now debated within his bosom, whether brother Jonathan ought not to have the glory of being the first to sing 'Hail Columbia,' upon the very pivot of the earth, where the sun appears to revolve in a perpetual horizontal circle, and where, if you were to place one leg of a pair of dividers, the other would describe accurate parallels of latitude. But alas, the little Wasp was short of fuel and water; no land was near, and with a sigh of regret, he turned back from the 'glorious attempt.' He saw enough, however, to convince him, 'that a clear sea is open for voyages of discovery, even to the south pole,' and that with proper instruments the English navigator, Captain Weddell, in 1822, would doubtless have accomplished it, when he was in latitude  $74^{\circ} 15'$  south.

He then carefully surveys the eastern and western coasts of South America, giving full directions to future mariners, and describing the people, animals, fishes, natural features, and other subjects of curiosity or utility, in Paraguay, Patagonia, Chili, Peru, &c.

The second voyage carried him again round Cape Horn, and he examined the western coast of America, as high north as California, touching at many places, which he describes in such a manner, as to be useful, both to the general reader, and to the future mariner.

The third and fourth voyages were undertaken in the schooner Antarctic, which was built expressly for the purpose. In these voyages, he examined the coast of Africa, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, visited many islands in the Chinese and Indian oceans, discovered the Massacre islands, Bergh's group, and several others. The reader who possesses leisure, and curiosity enough to take up this singular volume, will peruse these two voyages with intense interest. We have not space to make extracts, nor could we, by doing so, do justice to the book.

The interest with which voyages and travels are always perused; the recency of these, in particular; the fact that they were made by an American seaman; the large field of discovery, enterprise, and science, which they cover; and above all, the value of such an accession to human knowledge, will secure to them great popularity, and to their author, a well deserved reputation.

c.



## SCHOOLMASTER SAM.

‘He had no malice in his heart,  
No ruffles on his shirt.’

HAD you ever been in Elmton, the little village referred to in the ‘Schoolboy Recollection’ of our January number, you would remember an unpretending white house that stands near a hundred yards from the quiet street known by the name of Sleepy row; it is the second street from the river, and enters Main just above the apothecary’s. You may know it by the row of Sycamores along the right side; and by the way, should you chance to pass there after the dusk of evening, beware of the ditch just inside those same Sycamores; it has caught many an unwary youth in its time; if you look with care, and it is not a very dark night, you will find a plank to cross upon, somewhat rotten, but still serviceable. The house I speak of, I have called white, and white it was in the days of its pride, but now—nay, ten years ago, what with the driving snows of January, and the hard-pattering rains of July, its whiteness was well nigh gone, and it wore instead a livid hue, a hue of melancholy and desolation. Within the mouldering fence which separates the grass plat of the yard from the grass plat of the street, stands a row of semi-withered pines; and on either side the porch, towers a venerable elm. You will hear there no imprisoned songsters, you will see no rose, or tulip, or honeysuckle, bearing witness to the presence of a protecting human hand, but a robin or a cat-bird perchance may be pouring forth its joy from the thick foliage of the elm trees, and the buttercups and modest dandelions blend their gold with the rich green of the herbage. The pillars of the porch are moss-grown; the well-curb is split and shattered; and were you to essay the sweep,\* you would find it move but rustily upon its pin. It is a dilapidated building; at present, I believe it is tenantless; ten years since it was the residence of a patriarch, the venerable Schoolmaster Sam.

Let me, for a moment or two, carry you back in fancy to the year 1782, and give you, even as it was given me, a sketch of the early life of Sam Starbuck.

He was a Green mountain boy, but, though brave enough when need was, he had little of that spirit which centuries since roused all Europe to the crusades, and which but yesterday brought enfeebled Poland into deadly conflict with the giant of the north. When the other youth of his native hill-

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\* The long lever with a weight at one end and the bucket at the other, and supported in the centre by an upright post, wherewith the country people raise water from the well.

side were charging, beanpole in hand, upon every thing they met with, he was plucking flowers, or watching the wild birds by the mountain brook. While they, with their snow fort and snow sentinel were reacting the conquest of Ticonderoga by their fathers and brothers, Sam was poring over some antique volume that he had hunted up in the garret. His father was ashamed of him, his mother wondered at him, his mates laughed at him, but his was a tough, *ashen* spirit that scorned the scorn of others. At length came the happy news of peace, Sam was twenty, and so, his bundle upon his shoulder, he bade home and parents good-bye and was off after his fortune.

It was an Elysium to him—the calm valley of the Connecticut; its beauty was of a new order to his eye, and as he gazed, he wished to go no further. The village of Elmton struck his fancy, and there he fixed his abode. He began his new life as a day laborer; he was strong and willing to work, and did work well at times; but occasionally his employer found him leaning philosophically upon his hoe, watching by the hour together, the robin build her nest in the apple-tree near by, or instead of laying out all his strength to get the hay under cover before the rain came on, he would be speculating in his thoughtful way, upon the evolutions of the thunder clouds; and at last, lost his place because the farmer found him one day stowed snugly away behind a fence, observing the tactics of a flock of crows that were picking up all the corn that he had sown the day previous. ‘Lor now,’ said the reasoning ploughman when he found himself dismissed, ‘it’s main curus you should think so hard o’ me, jist ‘cause o’ this, and yet I guess it’s right too, seein as you pay me to work and not to look,’—and so he made his bow and went forth to seek other employment. The truth was, that Sam wanted a stronger motive to work than the mere necessity of gaining bread. Want never entered into a New Englander’s head, and contrary to the generality of his fellow mortals, Sam preferred the observation of nature—the luxury of the mind, to soft clothing and dainty food—the luxury of the body.

It was during the second year of his residence in Elmton that Sam fell in love; for a Yankee peasant, fair sir, can love as deeply and as truly as yourself, though his symptoms may be more uncouth. In the mind’s eye of my hero there had ever been floating a dim vision of beauty; he had watched all the operations of nature, from the wondrous changes of the heavens down to the equally wondrous budding of the daffodil, but nowhere had he found the prototype of that lovely dream of his. At last he met Patty Robins, and his heart came directly up in his throat and told him she was the bit of perfection he

had been seeking; he backed at once out of the room, ran home, and laying down on his bed, cried, his landlady said, for a good long hour. His courtship I will not attempt to delineate; he twirled his thumbs, and bit his nails, and held his tongue, and looked as awkward as he possibly could for a month or two, and all agreed that he might, if he chose, have Patty for the asking. And now he had something to work for, and work he did like a true lover. Autumn came, but Sam, though he joined in the husking, never dared nor cared to claim the forfeit of the red ears; and winter followed with its cider, and apples, and pumpkin-pies; the sleighs were dragged from under the hay-mow, the merry bells were tied to the necks of the frisky colts and the spavined plough-horses, and away went the lads and lasses, up hill and down,

‘ Over bush, over briar,  
Thorough mud, thorough mire’.—

in the true New England style; and Sam among the rest, with his fair bride-to-be, whisked away, he knew not how, for being no driver, he had to trust to his poney to carry him safe through. It was an exciting occasion even to him, and when they came to Squire White’s, what with the ride and the dance, the cold without and the heat within, he drank so much of the flip and apple-brandy, that when the return hour came, he scarce knew whether to drive with his fingers or toes; and once again away went the revellers, but not in the orderly trim they came in; *over* the snow-banks they went, and *into* the snow-banks they went; there was laughing and screaming; horses were plunging, and ladies scolding, and gentlemen floundering; one broke his harness, another his shaft, a third his nose. Oh! it was glorious sport. Amid all this hubbub, Sam and Patty sped on with characteristic quietude; she spoke to him occasionally, but received no answer; he was in profound meditation. At last came a sharp corner, the poney was in a hurry to reach home, and with a *whiz-z-z*, round went the light sleigh, and the lovers were left in the snow-drift. I say they were left, but why was not Sam up and in chase of his poney? true enough, why was he not? Patty, when she came to her senses, found her swain laying motionless, his head buried in the drift; with affectionate zeal she dug him out, but he showed no signs of animation. She rubbed his temples, and his wrists; she rolled him over and over; she cried for help, and wept because she had no help. Alas, poor Patty! a fearful fate was thine; watching the body of thy beloved on a snow-bank, the thermometer almost to zero, and not a friend to pity or assist thee. At last, however, she heard

a distant shout, a peal of laughter, the pleasant bells, the tread of the horse upon the hard, ringing snow. Patty sprang forward to stop her comrades; the horse, somewhat alarmed at the apparition, turned short to the right, and the party were safely lodged in the opposite bank, for which they voted three cheers. Their mirth was stilled however, when they heard the tale of the distressed damsel. They placed Sam in the sleigh and held a consultation; one thought he was stifled; another hinted his neck was broke; a third ascribed the catastrophe to over excitement; a fourth agreed in this opinion, but pronounced him to be only dead drunk. For the first time, they noticed that he was breathing as heavily as any of them, and stowing close, they whipped up again, and away to Elmton.

When Sam came to himself next morning—for he had in truth been only tipsy—and learned what his behavior had been, his conscience smote him; he thought of apologizing, but what could he say? he thought of running away, but where should he run to? Soberly perplexed was he that day, and not a wink did he sleep that night; but before morning his mind was made up; with manly shame he went to his sweetheart, and declared himself unworthy her hand; and she, poor girl, sacrificing feeling to dignity, agreed in the proposition; the next day saw the Vermonter, with haggard and downcast look, upon the road to Boston.

Five years rolled away—to Patty five long and dreary ones. She had been knelt to, time and again, but while Sam Starbuck lived, he was her swain; and till she knew him dead, she would believe him living. In the spring of life, five years is a long, long while; the girl of 18 was now the woman of 23. She looked forth on the same placid river, the same green meadows upon its bank, the hue of the trees had not changed, the song of the bird was the same; summer came, as long and bright, and winter, as fitful and stormy; but in her breast there had been an entire change, and though to the bodily eye, all without was the same, to the spiritual eye it was all different. We talk of the poetry of the world without, but the true poetry is in the breast; *there* is hidden the cunning instrument, and nature is but the hand-maid that touches the string; but what has this to do with my tale? It was a fair spring evening that Patty, as she sat by her window, curtained only by the honeysuckle, observed a form coming down the street, that made every nerve in her body quiver. He had the gait, somewhat softened, but still the gait, and look, and bearing of her own true love. No false modesty prevented her from springing to meet him, and in five minutes, Sam was sitting again beside his faithful Patty, and telling her



his story. Suffice it to say, he had gone away ignorant, and came back educated; he had gone away to seek wisdom, he came back to impart it—to take his standing in the world as a pedagogue, to take the name, to bear the honors of the village schoolmaster.

Of his life thenceforth, I can give you but a skeleton. He was married in due form, and in due time became a father; his school, his fame, his honors increased yearly. He built that old white house; they say that in its time it was as neat and as merry a homestead as any you'd meet with. He had a house full of boarding scholars, and the tales yet circle round the village of the molasses candy that was made in those primeval days; candy of which our degeneracy can form no idea. Play, fun, frolic, was the standing rule after school hours; 'it's instinct,' said the quiet pedagogue, 'it's nature, and it shall have its way.' In his arm-chair beneath that elm I spoke of, his book open upon his knees, the schoolmaster would sit, watching, what of all things he best loved to watch, the motions of the children that played before him on the green; but among those children there was one upon whom his eye rested with more than ordinary delight; it was his own little fairy daughter. She was, if tradition tell truth, a fairy indeed; her untainted lip, her blue eye, that seemed a well of life, her clear, ringing voice worked wonders among the rustics. When she came with her arch look and musical tone, to win your consent to what she would have, they say you might as well have resisted the king himself as her. She was a little empress in the village. I would that I had time to tell of the 'Thanksgiving revels, the new year speculations, the tricks of April, the sober joys of harvest-time, which were all remembered in the hall of Schoolmaster Sam. Years rolled over the pedagogue, and every year he rose higher and became more respected; as the elders of the place one by one passed away, he came yet nearer to being the great man of the village. But Fortune, as you may have heard; is fickle, and even so it proved to our schoolmaster. But here let us rest; he had attained to all the power he desired, the power of doing good; he was respected, beloved, and influential. By his own efforts he had raised himself to the supreme power, nor was Napoleon happier upon his throne than in his pedagogue's chair, Schoolmaster Sam. It is true he was somewhat proud of his popularity: he loved to take a stranger from house to house, but whether it was to show the neat, orderly families, and blooming inhabitants of his domain; or his own power over those inhabitants, the good man could not have told himself. He loved, too, to call the wondering boors together and astound them by his strange experiments. He enjoyed their surprise and dismay at seeing the hair of the

little boy on the glass stool stand up as stiff as though he had seen his grandfather's ghost, and all, as far as they could discover, because the schoolmaster turned a big bottle round, as you'd turn a grindstone. But an odder thing than that, was the fifty pound weight that he could put on your hand by simply making you place it on the top of a glass jar, and pumping out the air, as he called it,—that was something that 'beat the dickens.' However, if he was vain of his influence and his knowledge,

'Still e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;'

he exerted that influence for good, that knowledge he loved to communicate; and here, without entering on his misfortunes let us leave him; some future day, perhaps, if the weather be bilious and uncomfortable enough, we will kill the good man at leisure.

Z.

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#### MAGAZINE WRITINGS.

STRANGER. Friend, I would sleep.

WAITER. Yonder's the Magazines, sir; either's enough.

*Tragedy of the Village Feather-Bed.*

It has been well remarked by one of the profound writers of the day, that 'the universal Yankee nation,' with all their cunning, have never succeeded in producing a poet. This proposition, self-evident as it seems to some, we dispute *ab initio*, that is to say, we deny and despise every part and portion of it. While Bryant, and Dana, and Halleck are remembered, the man that denies America poets, will be looked upon as a poor, pitiable ignoramus. But we wander. Why, good and gentle folk, writers and readers, why is it that a good, strong, healthy, well-fed, and hard-nipping Magazine cannot flourish in this vast republic? Answer me, sages of literature; tell me, if you can, why each monthly and quarterly candle that is lit for this nation, with but *one* exception, twinkles and twinkles more and yet more dimly, and before it is in truth fairly afire, is, to adopt a sea phrase, doused forever. But why should I ask, when the reason is evident. Tallow, tallow, my good sir; can a candle, think ye, burn without tallow? Examine with your own eyes any of these self-styled luminaries, and see what an imposition is put upon you; one, with true nutmeg ingenuity, has carved out a piece of potatoe to look like a candle; a second has stuck together some bits of old cheese; and a third has whittled down a morsel of Castile soap; and each swears by all that's unctuous, that his is a genuine *dip*. Quit the allegory, and take up an English Magazine; you have wit, fun, sarcasm, wisdom, learning, and poetry; and prithee, why? Why do *we* fail so entirely

where our cousins of England and Scotland succeed most admirably? They pay. Ay, and so do we, at least some of us—the ‘New England,’ for example. Their writers make a business of it; they are old, spectacled men; men of profound lore, and spend a long life in raking, and sifting, and washing their brains, as the gold and diamond-hunters do their sand, for new and strange ideas; but our magazine fillers are empty, unpractised learners, boys that love notoriety, mere children, promising ones it may be, but totally unfit to perform. You are severe sir, too blood-thirsty sir, but there is much truth in your remark; our magazine writers are but too often mere beginners, and their first attempts are, of necessity, awkward. But a more vital reason remains to be stated; the English magazine you observe has its finger in all that is going forward, in politics and religion as well as the *et ceteras* of existence; this gives an opportunity of displaying wit and sarcasm that is denied us, who behave with more propriety, and leave such subjects to their own proper champions, and this stumbling-block I see not how we can avoid; we must keep away from these subjects out of respect to ourselves; but yet there are other points, matters of general interest upon which our periodical prozers might sparkle and dilate with infinite ease and elegance. Look at our magazine stories, criticisms, sketches of manners, essays, dissertations; there is a degree of leadenness, a want of spirit, life, and character about them that is really wonderful. You sit down after tea with the last No. of the \*\*\*\*\*, and find at the beginning a long article upon a subject which, as the writer says, ‘cannot be examined too thoroughly, nor meditated too profoundly;’ that is quite enough, and you turn over one—two—three—five—six—*eight* beautifully printed pages of—waste paper. When, O ye generation of writers, when will ye learn that six pages is enough for the best article that you, or you, or any of you, can pen. Next nestles in the corner, certain ‘lines;’ excellent description! lines truly; my dear young friend, it were better to use thine industry in making fishing-lines, tow-lines, clothes-lines, any thing rather than lines like these. Anon you have an essay on the ‘Beautiful,’ turn over; ‘the Bloody Bodkin,’ turn over; ‘To ——,’ turn over, sir; ‘On the Genius of Milton,’ over; ‘Parallel between Scott and Byron,’ for heaven’s sake turn over, sir; ‘Verses suggested by the burning of Moscow;’ ‘Lafayette;’ ‘Hope and Fear, an allegory;’ ‘The Bandit’s Grandfather;’ ‘Time;’ ‘Thoughts on Bonaparte.’—As you value my peace, as you respect the memory of the departed, as you hope never to be pilloried in a magazine, close that pamphlet, sir, and reach me my brandy and water; for of all the bores in this

boring world, the one that can least be borne is the bore of eternal commonplace. Ah! how long must our periodicals be such? and echo answers, 'Be such.' Kind reader, are we not so?

A. M.

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TO MY BOTTLE:

THE bonny bird may leave his mate,  
And lovers part by help o' Fate;  
Foul Discord e'en the marriage state  
May dare to mottle;  
But never shall my love abate  
For thee, my bottle!

From thee my inspiration came;  
My thoughts of fire, and words of flame;  
My fortnight of eternal fanie:  
And now thou'rt dry;  
My Muse will bear herself but lame,  
And honors fly.

But yet I'll scorn the worldly part,  
Nor hush the whisp'ring of my heart;  
And though with poverty I smart,  
Though sickness thrötle,  
I'll love thee, empty as thou art,  
My own ink-bottle.

x.

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MODERN USES OF LANGUAGE.

Words; words; words!

*Hamlet.*

THE use of words, in all antiquated dictionary and grammar books, is stated to be, '*to convey ideas.*' It is the fear that some of our readers, on such obsolete authority, should take up this very absurd notion, which leads us to discuss a subject, which might otherwise be deemed too abstruse.

Let it then be understood, that in these days of marvellous light, words are no longer used, as in ruder ages, to convey *ideas*. Examples of this antiquated manner of employing them are now so rare, that they can only be cited as exceptions to general practice. The wisdom of modern days has employed language for a much wider purpose and given it a twofold use.

1st. To *conceal* ideas. 2d. To conceal the *want* of them. Let every one who sits down to read a book, establish in his own mind the conviction, that if the authór can help it, he is to know nothing of its meaning; since if there be ideas, it will be the object to conceal them; and if there be not, to conceal the want of them.



We shall offer a few remarks on both these usages, and specify some of the works which will illustrate them.

Let us first consider the use of language in *concealing ideas*. This mode of language has not been entirely peculiar to modern days. Occasional specimens of it have been found from the time of Egyptian hieroglyphics to this day. This method is generally employed in all philosophical, mathematical, metaphysical, and theological works; indeed, in all works where the subject is important, and people might be supposed to wish to know something about it. Philosophers have always seemed disposed to verify the declaration of scripture, 'we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us;' since it is no fault of theirs, if after they are dead, any one ever finds out what they mean. In illustration of this, we will request our readers to examine the chapters written by the celebrated Dugald Stewart on *Abstraction*, for the purpose of finding out the meaning of Nominalism and Conceptualism; or his chapters on the double meaning of analysis and synthesis, and if they find out his ideas, they will have much clearer heads than the writer could possibly have apprehended.

Brown, too, though he in some cases has had the misfortune to state his ideas with pitiable clearness, has yet contrived by a judicious intermixture of flowers, figures, allusions, and quotations, to produce quite as philosophical a jumble as his less ornamented brother. On the whole, we think that if the secrets of the craft are ever made manifest, it will not be by means of either of these writers.

We might mention many other examples to illustrate this hieroglyphical use of language. We would, however, recommend to our readers, if they would *realize* the fact, to attempt an English version of Butler's Analogy; or to read the prose works of Milton, where they will find a comma once in two pages, and a full-stop once in ten. Or we would more especially recommend to them, a great proportion of schoolbooks, whose express object is to *convey knowledge*.

The rules in Daboll's Arithmetic are beautiful specimens. Any poor child who has been doomed to find out how to learn multiplication, by reading the '*preambulatory*' discourse which precedes it, has doubtless discovered a most judicious adaptation of words for concealing the sense.

Some ignorant persons may, perhaps, wonder what is the object of wrapping up ideas in obscure and mystical language; but, is it not perfectly evident that there is need of a constant succession of great men? a need that they should write? and, that they should have something to write about? Now, it is

well known to all who have any thing to do with philosophical treatises, that their writers take up a great part of them, either in showing the mistakes into which the learned Dr. K——, or the elegant and ingenious Professor S——, or the celebrated Mr. Somebodyelse, have fallen, in consequence of misapprehension of language; or else in combating with astonishing intrepidity, opinions which nobody ever thought of advancing, because they have mistaken the meaning themselves. For example, Mr. Locke, or Bishop Berkeley, advance an opinion, harmless and rational enough, if it only were put into good English. But from some obscurity in the language, Dr. Reid discerns in it a manifest absurdity. Here is a fine opportunity for writing chapter on chapter, to hunt down this unlucky idea, till at last he kills it stone dead, in a ‘*reductio ad absurdum*.’ Mr. Stewart then comes and ‘conceives, that Dr. Reid has so thoroughly disposed of it, that there is no need for *him* to say a word,’ and then goes on to give us fifteen or twenty pages, on the same subject, as a sort of funeral requiem.

But after this solemn death and burial, lo!

‘John Barleycorn gets up again,  
To sore surprise them all.’

For now, Brown appears to raise it from the dust, and stoutly to maintain that Locke, and Berkeley, and Reid, and Stewart, all held it, and thought just alike, *only*, they *did* misunderstand each other’s language.

Now it is clear, that if men of great and acute minds, who must have understood the principles of the science, had been thoughtless enough to state them in precise language, a great part of the materials for profound speculation must have failed.

This use of language is also advantageous in a *moral* point of view; it promotes humility; it serves to convince common-sense people of their own insufficiency and ignorance. Great minds are humble by constitution. The weight of their own talent keeps them down. Little ones need ballast, and therefore, great ones give it. My dear friend, whoever you are, blessed only with *common sense*, and a tolerably comfortable opinion of your powers, have you never experienced this power of a great mind to utterly puzzle and confound you? Did you ever read ‘*Cole-ridge’s Aids to Reflection*?’ if you have, you must have *reflected* something in this strain. ‘What an insignificant insect I am! I thought I could read the English language, but I was mistaken! Not one word of all this great book can I understand! What a great mind the man must have to say things so incomprehensibly!’

We now proceed to illustrate the use of words in concealing the *want of ideas*.

We have many ingenious specimens of this style of writing in the newspaper and souvenir literature of the day, especially in the poetry. Some honest readers need to be admonished that many things written in our language mean absolutely *nothing*. They are a sort of glorious, bewildering, bewitching, covering of *vacuum*. Any one who will analyze this sort of production, will discern that the art of concealing the want of ideas has arrived at a desirable degree of perfection. There are certain cant phrases, technics of the art, and he who would be a poet, or a fine writer, has only to intersperse them with common words, at judicious distances, and he will attain thereunto. As examples we give the words, '*rich*,' '*deep*,' '*bright*,' '*beautiful*,' '*glorious*.' We have '*beautiful thoughts*,' '*rich, deep feelings*;' '*rich, deep tones*;' '*rich, rushing prayers*,' and the like. Then we have '*glorious forms*,' '*glorious souls*,' '*glorious brows*,' and '*glorious, flashing eyes*.' We have, moreover, '*burning thoughts*,' '*burning feelings*,' '*burning tears*,' and a variety of other conflagrations, indicating that the literary epidemic of the day is highly inflammatory.

Should any person be antiquated enough to wish to find some key for understanding language, as used in the two ways now illustrated, we recommend the following rules.

1st. Never to *expect sense*, in productions professedly nonsensical, such as modern elegant literature. Let him just allow the words to slide easily through his head, without agitating himself to ask what they mean, and he will find that he is, in general, most '*beautifully affected*.'

2d. In philosophical treatises, and other works where one might expect to find ideas concealed, let him make up his mind what the author *ought to say*, and in nine cases out of ten, he can make all the words jingle along in the most accommodating way in the world.

3d. All obstinate phrases, that will not bear this mode of operating, let him pass over as a sort of philosophical chorus, like the word '*Selah*,' in the Psalms, which nobody understands.

4th. In a fashionable party, let him suppose, that all the noise he hears means nothing, of course; and regard it simply as the clatter of multitudes of talking machines.

{ *Vox, et præterea, nihil!*

'noise, and *nothing but* noise!'

If he will observe these rules, particularly the third, we can assure him he will find no difficulty in understanding the current literature of the time:

‘Unto his eye  
The midnight darkness will be broad noonday,’

and philosophy and poetry will alike appear to him to be what in truth they are, words. B.

# PATRIOTIC REFLECTIONS OF A GOURMAND.

‘Voracity of appetite is their national vice.’

*Madame Trollope.*

‘WELL,’ said I to myself, as I closed the volume containing the above remark, and leaned leisurely back into my study chair, ‘this superannuated cockney twaddler has at last spoken truth.’ How fortunate, that she came after, rather than preceded the travelled Captain. Now has her malicious industry gleaned up a thousand straws of scandal, which his more masculine and manly hand would not stoop to gather, and it must be confessed, that ever and anon she has picked up a grain of wholesome though most bitter verity. And is not this one? Can it be, that we are other than a nation of most voracious trenchermen? True, we fall down and devoutly worship our lives away at the all-dazzling shrine of Mammon; but do we not deposit our final and holiest offering upon the altars of Apicius and Dr. Kitchener! What a theme for satire! Hereon might foreign malice ring a thousand changes. But, ah me! Posterity, what wilt thou say, when, glancing an eye over the lapse of centuries, thou shalt contemplate the revolutions of this glorious people, and this palmy time? must thou not exclaim in mournfulness, ‘to an illustrious age of martyrdom and patriotism, succeeded the generation of Gourmands?’ And will not the historian of the republic’s early days weep tears, ay, bitter tears of sorrow, when Truth shall stand by his side and bid him chronicle passages like these?

‘It must be acknowledged, however harshly the acknowledgment may strike upon the chords of national vanity, that the falling off from the lofty and spiritual abstemiousness which prevailed at the foundation of the republic, to that wild, undistinguishing voracity which almost immediately followed, is an inexplicable phenomenon in the history of human appetite. On the fourth of July, 1776, the whole country was bright with the swords of heroes, unsheathed to achieve that liberty, whose clear and deep-toned voice has not yet ceased to swell, although a thousand years have rolled away. Not sixty years afterwards, upon that same day, now consecrated to freedom and patriotic recollections, that same country is gleaming with no holier emblems, than those of the carver and butcher. There are



writers, though they are entitled to little credit, who maintain, with a most insulting pertinacity, that when upon the great national jubilee, the patriot of 1830 located himself at the festive board, groaning beneath slaughtered victims, and strove for two long hours to smother in animal and vegetable meditations all sense of intellectual being, he fancied that he was embalming within his own breast the memory of departed patriotism; that when completely surfeited by the grossness of a fourth of July dinner, and while gazing with dreaming eye upon the ostrological relics, which lay scattered in most admired disorder upon his right hand and his left, his pure and ethereal spirit was dwelling among holier scenes—among the bones of slaughtered patriots, which bleach and mark the shores of his country from Maine to Georgia; that when he unsealed the wine-flask, and pouring out the blood of grapes, made a libation in honor of that demon of festivity whose throne is elevated high upon the palate, his soul was all alive with the fine enthusiasm of liberty, and his heart was bursting with gratitude to those martyred spirits who shed their dear blood, drop by drop, that he might possess a goodly and a glorious heritage.'

And must this be, exclaimed I, continuing my reflections, must *this* be the voice of that stern and solemn chronicler, History? Is this to be the contemptible corner that we must fill in posterity's eye? Would to heaven it might not be so. Would to heaven, that even in the caricatures of the twenty-ninth century, we may not be personified as the genius of Gourmandism, attended by those fallen spirits, Dyspepsia and Gout, as we hobble into some delicious *sans souci*, to barter away tranquillity, happiness, and a pitiful remnant of health, for a single spoonful of mock-turtle soup. Would to heaven, that while the Grecian perambulates the Portico, or wanders through the groves of Academus, to catch philosophy as it falls, all inspired, from the lips of wisdom, *we* may not be represented as Peripatetics only for the base purpose of sharpening the hungry edge of appetite. Would to heaven, that while the trumpet of Grecian and Roman fame is filled with the richest strains of poetry and eloquence, *our own* may not be exhibited as discordant with a national clashing of knives and forks.

And now methinks I hear my fellow Gourmands of the nineteenth century exclaim, 'Ah, how can we escape this fearful doom? Is there no door unbarred? And must we inevitably fall into the hands of some Cruikshanks in aftertimes, to be dressed and served up, and spiced, to tickle the humorous palate of posterity?' I reply, there is hope. Let us take up the cross of temperance, and turning our back upon oyster-soups,

and lobster-salads, march hastily away. Let us wrest the sceptre from the animal, and deliver it into the hands of the intellectual man. Let us demolish the altars that we have erected to the glory of *internal* improvement. Let us annihilate the monster, who hath hitherto made hands, tongue, teeth, and thorax, the panders of his all-consuming voracity. Let us, Ulysses-like, seal our nostrils against the delicious luxury of the banquet; for be assured that the melody of the Circean nymph, as it danced over the blue waters, and fell deceitfully upon the seaman's ear, was not more winged with Porcellian doom, than is the flavor of reeking viands, as it falls upon the charmed olfactories, 'abusing them to damn' their possessor. Let us glance at the lights and shades of our past career. Oh, what a dreary retrospection this, for me! Lo, one vast expanse of soups and sauces, relieved at times by steaming monuments of animal and vegetable cookery! And yet my memoirs, if given to the world—'The Autobiography of a Gourmand'—what a splendid commentary would they furnish upon the pains and delights of eating! Might they not serve as a beacon-light, to warn thousands from those *ragouts* whereon my bark was split; and those fair, yet deceitful sauces wherein were engulfed all my high and generous aspirations? Ah, ye spiritual worshippers in the temple of self-denying abstinence!—if any such there be, in this voracious age—little do ye know, *hand inexpertus loquor*—little do ye know the solitary wretchedness of a professed Gulo-seton. Little do ye know, how moments between the rising up from one banquet, and the sitting down at another, hang like mill-stones around his neck. And when ye behold his form, swelling into rotundity, and his eyes as they stand out in fatness; little do ye dream of the moral and intellectual Zahara which lies within. Every avenue to high and refined enjoyment, is barred and sentinelled by the myrmidons of sensuality. What to him is the fresh and gorgeous beauty of the spring? His thoughts are slumbering among *les cochons de lait* et *les galantins de veau gras*. Does the voice of the lute and the bird fall upon his ear? It dies away into silence, for there is no chord responsive within his own soul. What to him is the perfume of the opening rose? It only conjures up the flavor of fuming tureens. What cares he for the laurels of renown? His only ambition is to wreath garlands around the grim visages of cooks. In short—as to the jaundiced eye, all things are yellow, so to his surfeited vision, the world seems one mighty cooking establishment, philosophy is no more than a theoretical manifestation of the culinary art, and men and women are merely basters of spitted beef, and fabricators of *blanc mange* pyramids.

And must truth stop here? Is this the 'be all and the end all,' of his griefs. Oh no, we have not yet put foot even upon the threshold of those inward torments, under which he groans. But Charity bids the curtain fall. Methinks I see her, in the attitude of supplication, her arms extended; and I seem to hear her voice beseeching me to give no glimpses of the scene which lies beyond. She entreats me, not to pursue him into the loneliness of his solitary chamber, to drag forth those fancies which he would fain conceal behind the curtain of the night. This spot shall, indeed, be sacred. I may not rashly violate the sanctity of his slumbering couch, and picture him supping full of horrors, at 'great nature's second course.' I may not betray his dreams, pregnant with

'Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.'

I may not exhibit him, shouting forth his nocturnal soliloquies, nor paint him, bound Mazeppa-like to the midnight charger, and hurrying dizzily through the regions of the air. Here is, unquestionably, the climax of his wretchedness. Real agonies might be endured. He might not writhe as he perceived the *locuples podagra* noiselessly entrenching himself within each finger of his foot. He might even smile when taking his customary bouts with apoplexy. Nay, even when peaking and pining away into the shadowy dimensions of Calvin Edson, under the sawdust and water diet of that prince of wo, Dyspepsia, Hope might yet spread a banquet before him in the distance, for devouring which, his life would be worth preserving.

But these fantastical images, which rule and revel in the chaos of his dreams, abusing his curtained sleep,

'False creations, proceeding from the meat oppressed brain'—

it is these, or rather their anticipation, which converts the choicest morsel into wormwood, and sauces it in the most bitter gall.

The day and evening have been profaned by one ceaseless transition from solids to liquids, and from liquids to solids. Bacchus and Epicurus, have alternately exercised their despotism over the palate. Nature, exhausted through repletion, sinks down incapable of motion. The eyelids are sealed, the nerves are tranquil, and to mortal vision, gluttony hath rest. But there is an ideal world within, all rife with tumult. Midnight comes, and with it an awful retribution. It is the witching time when churchyards yawn; ay, and to your dreaming Gourmand, they do indeed yawn, and from the tomb's 'marble jaws,' his fancy beholds, advancing in dread array, ten thousand resuscitated victims, whom butchery had consigned to an un-



timely grave, that the wide-swallowing maelstrom of his appetite might not go ungorged: Nearer and nearer they approach, and he seems to hear them bursting forth into a wild discord of crimination: There is the piteous moaning of a regenerated calf's head; an octave higher, is the discordant scream of an expiring capon, clamorous for revenge; and above all, is audible the ear-piercing cry of infantile porkers, hurried to their eternal bourne, 'unhouselled unanealed.' He struggles to escape, and calling upon his dearest friend, shouts loud for help. In the twinkling of an eye, a saddle of mutton is clapped upon his back, and he is hag-ridden for hours by a grisly horror, whose flourishing ladle proclaims the cook. And then again, by some bewildering metamorphosis, with which dreams alone abound, he finds himself astride a broiling turbot, plunging desperately against storm and tide, through a richly seasoned ocean of soup. Upon his right hand and his left he sees the myriad monsters of the deep, their mouths ajar, and vainly striving to rend his ear with notes of execration, while before him in the exhaling flavors, his imagination is tortured with a spectacle that beggars all description. There are the personified geni of disease; those loathsome, emaciated waiters on human appetite; their limbs wrenched into hideous distortions, their visages all grim with horror, and they gibber and chuckle as they marshal on our dreamer to his eternal resting-place. Yet all this, revolting though it be, forms a mere sketch, a shadowy skeleton, of the dream of a Gourmand.

And such then, O luxurious feeder, is thy earthly Tartarus! Thou eatest thy life away. Thou abhorrest music, for thy whole system is out of tune. Thou spurnest poetry, for thou art the very essence of prose, thrice sublimated. Thou damnest Plato, for his philosophy points thee to moderation. Juvenal hath thy curses, for he was a foe to wine-bibbers; and when at length thou ceasest to cumber the earth, Lethe prepares a sepulchre for thy memory, and Waggers indites thy epitaph.

It would be well if this vice appeared only in a private character. It would be well if it refused to step beyond the threshold of domestic life. But no. It walks, another Satan, to and fro over our land, seeking *what* it may devour. It stamps its features upon all our festivals. It gives birth and death to the sermons and turkeys of Thanksgiving. It christens Fast with its most dubious misnomer. Upon our national jubilee, it rings the knell of expiring poultry and fat kine, and lights their funeral pile. It exalts the throne of 'animality' upon the ruins of 'intellection,' and spreads an icy pall over the warm world



of feeling. To a stranger, inquiring what is the important feature upon the broad face of American society, it is not mischievous wit alone that responds, *the mouth*. In every class, in every circle, it is literally the *absorbing* topic. We regard it as a great channel of communication, through which the riches of agriculture find their passage. And as in other times, Eve was not loth to gratify her palate, though thereby she wounded Earth, and wrung some sighs from Nature; so have we never yet 'forgotten the trick' of our great ancestress; but hesitate not, through this avenue, on each successive day, to inflict such wounds on nature, that inwardly she

'Gives signs of wo.'

Eating cost Eve paradise, and yet we daily spurn the lessons of abstinence conveyed in this momentous truth. A pippin only, consigned her over to perdition; and yet to gorge our appetite we boldly tax the whole animal and vegetable creation; nay, more, do we not put under contribution even the mineral kingdom? and are there not among us those whose glory and whose profit it is to appease their hunger at an entertainment of red-hot coals, and to quench their thirst with a draught of molten lead?

It is, however, when eating is appealed to as an index of our veneration or our love, that it most offends the eye of reason and delicacy. Disguise it as we may, freedom's anniversary is nothing more than a reeking hecatomb to the glory of cooks; and if there be one day of the year whereon oblivion shrouds revolutionary virtue, it is this, when all our better faculties are shrouded in the gloomy wish to drink and devour. I would that on the dead alone we inflicted this species of eulogy. I grieve to say, that even the living are not exempt.

Has an orator deified democracy in a speech? we request his presence at a public trencher, where we abundantly evince our admiration, by proving that we highly appreciate the *avenue* through which said speech has been ushered into existence. Has a statesman filled the measure of his country's glory? we ambitiously endeavor to emulate his deeds, by filling *other measures*, instantly to be exhausted, and again to be replenished. Has genius delighted the world with specimens of wit, of pathos, or of taste? we hasten to make manifest how earnestly we desire that the last named quality may receive a generous cultivation. Does a distinguished advocate of the agricultural interest visit our city, and do we feel bound to offer up our acknowledgments for his labors in the cause of husbandry? we consult the butcher, and offer up an ox. Do we wish to show our affection to a friend? we challenge him ever and anon, to a trial of

gastronomical skill. These are the various manifestations, or rather the pitiful apologies for the manifestation of the spirit of gulosity.

Happy we, did it not intrude into another scene, hanging its leaden weight upon the dancer's foot; converting 'celestial colloquy' into a base wrangling upon the comparative merits of chicken and lobster salad, banishing intellectual mirth, putting wit and smiles to flight, and transforming a scene, upon which higher intelligences might look down with approbation, into a spectacle which must make even the demons weep.

The scene alluded to, is that to which an individual will be introduced if he give a gracious reception to a card running thus:

'Mr. and Mrs. ——— request the pleasure of Mr. ———'s company on Friday evening.'

'Thursday morning.'

If he be a stranger to the tricks and fopperies of the fashionable few, he pays his respects at the proper hour. He wanders with his friend through the illuminated mansion. On every side he beholds graceful forms quick with motion. There is youth, seasoning the wholesome gravity of age with refined festivity. There is age, chastening down the too boisterous merriment of the young. Upon his right hand is a daughter of Eve, forgetting earth in the bewildering mazes of the waltz. Upon his left, is another, forgetting her friend's happiness in the bewildering mazes of *bas bleuism*. Here are eyes beaming with intelligence, and there are tongues eloquent with truth; and when for a moment all other sounds have ceased, and music 'with its voluptuous swell,' is echoing through the halls, taking captive the listener's soul, and breathing over it purity and peace, he is ready to exclaim, 'this is indeed the *beau ideal* of modern society, the last step in the triumphant march of human improvement. What ingenuity could have devised a more admirable instrument for working out our moral and intellectual glory? Behold youth, and age, and beauty hither assembled, to interchange sentiments, to assimilate manners, to elevate the tone of philanthropic feeling, and to crown with perfection man's social character.' But how egregiously is he mistaken. There is a magician, whose approach shall break up this fairy scene. He is not difficult of recognition. He bears Cain's mark upon his brow, and weapons as deadly as the first murderer's upon a broad trencher before him. He enters the apartment, and at his entrance the song is hushed; elegant conversation ceases; Philosophy makes his bow and departs; Temperance sighs farewell to youth; the incipient *bas bleu* no

longer enchants; the reign of macaroni and ice creams has now commenced, and the hand seems all at once to be put back upon the dial plate of Time.

Let Confusion seize her pencil, and sketch, if she can, the general features of the scenes which now ensue; be it my humbler vocation to watch the individuals in yonder corner. The fat gentleman, at whose elbow are so many empty monuments of the instability of human eatables, and the stability of human appetite, who has just concluded two plates of chicken salad, and whose face is almost obscured behind that mass of jelly which he has this moment secured, is a divine of this vicinity, whose last sabbath-day's sermon was based upon the passage, 'put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite.' It was an eloquent homily upon the beauties of temperance. His previous discourse set forth the contagiousness of example. Not content with merely uttering abstract truth, he has now descended from the pulpit to give practical illustrations thereof.

The gentleman at his side, who is apparently proving the superiority of dental over manual dexterity, is a classical scholar and a patriot. His reputation for the former character, is founded upon the fact, that he imitates *one* of the distinguishing traits of Homer's heroes, thrice each day. To the latter, he sets up a claim, as he has recently published a voluminous treatise entitled, 'Political Dietetics,' in which, following Montesquieu, he shows among other things, that luxury, though indispensable to monarchies, is the confusion of republics; that abstinence is the only citadel of liberty; and concludes his speculations, in a tone of figurative levity, with the remark, that 'the hunger of political aspirants will pass the destroying knife across the country's throat, that afterwards, out of the fallen carcass they may carve slices of territory wherewith to appease their ambitious appetites.'

Now mark for a moment yonder lady. Is she not eating upon a wager? There must be a prize held out for the development of gastronomical ability, and she has entered the lists. Assuredly she has discovered the mysterious art of condensing the contents of a quart measure within a cup whose capacity is but a pint; how else could that slight and airy form become the receptacle of so many oft replenished dishes? Rumor declares that apoplexy took charge of her father after a debauch; that her mother was transported into the regions of perpetual congelation by an ice; and that of divers other kindred, some have retired to solitary chambers and the gout, while others, with attenuated shapes and lacklustre visages, are still dividing the air, jaded and hag-ridden by Dyspepsia. Yet these tremendous

lessons bear no instructions to her. They rebound powerless from the elastic undulations of *blanc mange* behind which she has entrenched herself.

But it is time to withdraw. Too long already have we dwelt upon this scene. But ere I take my leave, permit me, fellow Gourmands, ye who revere the cook as the highest earthly dignitary, and the science of gastronomy as the sublimest revelation of human power; permit me to conjure you, by all you hold dear, in other words, by all that is palatable in the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom, if you are not insensible to the lofty destinies of man; if you would have all-cloudless the intellectual vision; if you would not surround the sympathies of your nature with a 'darkness that may be felt,' forswear gluttony and take to temperate courses.

HAL.

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#### EVENING.

THE queen of night in silver light,  
 Her pathway treadeth through the Heavens;  
 In the west the star of evening  
 Lingers o'er the wooded mountain;  
 'Tis the hour of earth's repose.  
 Now the leaf is motionless  
 Upon the parent tree;  
 Now the flower hath closed its petals,  
 And droops upon the stem;  
 Now the dove hath sought her covert,  
 And the fox his hidden hole;  
 Now the steed hath rest from labor,  
 And the bullock from the yoke;  
 And not a sound is heard,  
 Save the solitary owl  
 As he hoots to the moon;  
 Or the panther's stealthy tread,  
 As he crushes the dry leaves  
 In the depths of the forest;  
 Or thy roar, eternal ocean,  
 Who, emblem of thy Maker,  
 Never sleepest, never slumb'rest,  
 But still along the shore,  
 Mutt'rest unto us  
 Of Eternity.

Y.

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#### PHRENOLOGY.

WE do not intend to take the field at present either for or against Phrenology, but wish merely to give a short account of its prominent doctrines; hoping at some future day to discuss the subject more at large.

The word Phrenology is derived from two Greek words, and means, 'a discourse on the mind,' making the science, if taken



literally, coextensive with metaphysics, as that word is generally used. It is, however, intended to designate the science 'which treats of the mind as manifested through and by the brain.' The founder of the science—for so we would call it in courtesy to its supporters, if for no other reason,—was J. J. Gall, of Wurtemberg, Germany. When at school, he had observed that his fellows who were remarkable for memory, were also remarkable for the prominence of their eyes; following the hint thus received, he discovered, or thought he discovered, a connection between certain prominences of the skull, and certain developements of mind; and concluded with perfect propriety, that one *might be* the cause of the other; the truth of this supposition was to be determined by observation. We see from this statement, that Phrenology was, in its beginning, strictly an experimental science, though the contrary has been asserted time and again. In truth however, Gall did not suppose the connection to exist between the *mind* and the *skull* or cranium, though the name of 'Craniology,' meaning 'the science of the skull,' which he adopted, has led many to suppose, or at any rate, to say so. His supposition was, that the skull received its form from the inclosed brain; that where the latter was prominent, there the former was also, and *vice versa*; and that the connection existed between the *mind* and the *brain*. There were now two questions for him and his disciples to answer, and they were both to be answered by experiment, viz. First. Does the outer surface of the skull correspond in its prominences and depressions with the brain, so that we can, from the shape and appearance of the head, know the shape and appearance of the brain? Second. Is there a constant, or nearly constant connection observable between the prominence of a certain part of the skull, and the prominence of a certain faculty of the mind? If both these questions be answered in the affirmative; if from the skull we can tell the formation of the brain, and if we rarely or never find a peculiar developement of brain without finding at the same time a peculiar developement of some faculty of the mind; the inference is legitimate, and it seems to us irresistible, that there is that connection between the two that we call *cause* and *effect*; if we see the one, we believe in the existence of the other; as from the thunder-peal of a summer afternoon, we believe there has been a passage of electricity through the air, though we could not otherwise perceive it. The inferences we come to, then, supposing our questions to be answered in the affirmative, are these: First. The mind acts through the brain. Second. Particular faculties of the mind act through particular parts of the brain. Third.

The strength of the faculty, and the size of the portion of brain through which it acts, are in direct proportion. Fourth. From the size of any part of the brain, we may learn the strength of that mental faculty of which it is, as we may say, the *organ*; and as the brain and skull agree, Fifth. We may, by examining the skull, learn the developement of the mental faculties. These are the main doctrines of Phrenology.

Gall, in order to answer the questions mentioned above, made a great number of observations to determine whether the inner surface of the skull corresponded with the outer; because if it did, we might feel very certain the brain did also; the brain being, at least until old age, of an expansive nature, and pressing outward in every direction. This is particularly the case in childhood, and as the skull is at that time soft and yielding, it undoubtedly receives its shape from the inclosed brain. Gall's observation led him to believe, that the outer and inner surfaces of the skull were parallel; this, however, has been since often denied, but we shall not stop to compare authorities at present. He next attempted to answer the second question by examining the brain of various animals, whose faculties and propensities were known, to learn if there were any constant correspondence between the form of the brain and the character of the animal. He examined the pictures and busts of remarkable men; he examined the heads of the living. He attended those whose brains were diseased, the insane, the idiotic. He cut away different portions of the brain in animals, to observe the change of character, and loss of faculties. He studied the anatomy of the brain, and attempted to prove that it was not, as had been supposed, one uniform mass, but composed of parts divided from one another by very delicate membranes. And by all the experiments that he tried upon men and animals, the living and the dead, the sick and the sane, he became the more and more convinced of the truth of his doctrine. At first he found but few believers; he was derided and scorned; at length he interested Dr. Spurzheim in the subject, and together they visited France and Upper Germany. We care not to follow the gradual spread of the doctrine. At first, as a novelty, many believed in it; but laughter soon brought them back to their senses. It reached England, however, by means of Dr. Spurzheim; a society was founded in Edinburgh, and many were converted. In America, it has never had many advocates; Dr. Caldwell, of Lexington, Kentucky, is, however, well known to the public as an ardent and able defender of it. During the last summer, Dr. Spurzheim arrived at New York from France; thence he proceeded to Boston, where he lectured

during the fall. His sudden and lamented death probably preserved many of our countrymen from the heresy which he came to teach. Since his decease, a society has been formed in Boston to examine into the truth of Phrenology; in adopting this course, our eastern friends have done wisely; there are hundreds standing ready to cry out against the advocate of the new doctrine, but the seeker after truth they dare not openly oppose.

From what we have said, it will be evident that Phrenology is yet in its infancy; it will be evident also, that its first propagator sought to establish its truth by observation, the only way in which it can be established. We make this remark, because it has been said and repeated in a spirit that is as foolish as it is unfair, that he mapped out the brain arbitrarily, fixing each faculty as his own good pleasure directed. It has been argued that Phrenology leads to materialism, fatalism, and immorality; these questions we reserve for another time; the doctrine has been called absurd, ridiculous, childish, and degrading; it has been treated in a way that casts shame upon the assailants; in short, it has been attacked by argument, ridicule, and invective, notwithstanding all which, it still lives, and is still believed in.

This uncertainty respecting its truth, as well as the importance of the subject, should lead us to examine it candidly and fairly. The connection existing between the mind and body, is as yet mysterious to us, although most are agreed in thinking the brain the organ through which the immortal acts upon the mortal, for sensation and motion are both by means of nerves, and all the nerves of the body appear to come from the brain. But the Phrenologist says the brain is more than this; he tells us the intellect, the affections, the passions are more or less powerful, as the brain is in particular parts more or less developed. This, as we have before said, must be determined by experiment; the result of the experiments hitherto made, we propose upon some future occasion to give through this periodical.

R.

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#### TIME.

TIME, they do paint thee old, but unto me  
It seems that young and sturdy thou shouldst be;  
Man, though he be a king, grows old and dies,  
Empires are shattered, and new empires rise;  
The very earth we stand on doth decay,  
Oceans are choked, and mountains pass away;  
But thou, with foot as fleet and arm as strong,  
Unworn, unwearied, speedest thee along.

Z.

## MUSIC.

‘That strain again; it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor.’

*Twelfth Night.*

THE cultivation of a taste for the fine arts should be an object of primary importance in every community, on account of the strong influence they have in elevating the mind, character, and feelings of those who make them their study. Among them, Music holds a high rank; and it is of this branch in particular, that I would speak at this time.

From the earliest ages of the world, Music seems to have been understood and used as the highest and most powerful of all the physical influences which sway the human soul; and so natural a mode is it for expressing the feelings, that in the description we have of the creation, the completion of a new world was celebrated by a chorus of the morning stars, and the joy of the sons of God was shouted in glorious harmony. In reading history, we find no time, age, or people, where Music was not known and cultivated. From the most barbarous to the most civilized, however much they may differ in other respects, all nations agree in this.

So true is this, that it seems almost an instinct of our nature; and on account of this widely extended, strong, and almost universal influence which it exerts, Music, it seems to me, is entitled to preeminence among the fine arts. Its influence is not confined to man; for the fable of Orpheus, enchanting and charming the attention of the brutes, is not without good foundation in experience; and inasmuch as Music is not confined in its creation to man, so neither is it in its power and influences. The fiercest passion of the savage and the brute, seem to come under its potent sway; and even in their wildest raging they will pause and listen to a sweet strain of harmony, as if there was a voice in it which spoke intelligence to them—a mysterious charm breathing in its tones, which like oil upon the troubled waters, stilled the storm of their raging passions into calm and peace.

It is not my intention to speak of the history of Music in this place, though that would be an interesting examination, but in the following pages, I wish to speak of its influence on individual and national character, and the consequent importance of a more general introduction of instruction in the science in our systems of education, and a more general adoption of it as an



elegant accomplishment and amusement among the people at large.

First, its influence on *individual* character is very extensive. Reader, didst thou ever have thy nervous system disordered, so as to feel as though vinegar were the chief ingredient in your composition, the sourness of which you exhibited to the serious molestation of your own comfort, and that of every one else around you? and did you never, when in this state, feel the potency of Music to dissipate the evil spirit which destroyed your peace? Like the effect of an alkali upon an acid, it neutralized the sourness which had taken possession of you, and restored you to an equal temperament. The evil spirit which we are told haunted Saul and troubled his peace, even in the moments of its strongest power, was driven out and dispelled by the sweet tones from the harp of the shepherd minstrel; and when David had played before him, Saul's discordant nerves were restrung and attuned, and he became calm and restored to himself. Who ever listened to one of the lofty compositions of Mozart or Handel, well performed, and did not come away a better man? The feelings and crowding thoughts and images which pour in upon the mind at such a time, are almost overpowering. He stands in the sacred temple of the Most High; the lofty ceiling, as it towers above him, makes him feel a kind of indefinite awe at the immensity of the space around; afar off in the distance is the altar, from which ascend clouds of incense on high; around, the walls are decorated with the proudest efforts of the noblest masters of painting, and he sees represented to the eye, the most touching scenes in the life of the Savior of mankind; so true, so vivid, so exquisite, that he seems to see the canvass move, he seems to hear those hallowed lips again uttering the words of wisdom, hope, and salvation, to lost man. The grandeur of the scene sinks upon his spirit; he feels his littleness, his ingratitude, and his sin as he never felt it before; and he stands humbled before his own soul. Suddenly 'they strike the bold anthem,' the pealing notes swell through the space around; above, beneath, the lofty music fills the air; it is the *chef d'œuvre* of the great master of sacred melody, the 'Messiah' of Handel, and as the pealing notes of the organ and the choir swell out with the lofty theme, he seems transported beyond himself; his soul soars above the earth, heavenward, and is filled with images which have no semblance to the things of sense; he feels his immortality, his high hopes and his lofty destiny; and when the Music ceases, it appears as though he had been a visitant in other regions and places, and the scene and the thoughts occasioned by it, make an impression never to be obliterated. Is he

not a better man for it? It seems to me there can be but one answer to the question. Every thing is good which serves to elevate the soul; every thing is good which serves to arouse and keep its fires alive and glowing. Be it music, be it poetry, or be it eloquence, which produces this effect, that man is a better man who is subjected to its influence.

To descend to things more humble; why is that crowd collected at the corner of yonder street? It is to listen to the grinding of a hand-organ; how entirely they seem to be absorbed and wrapped up, as the crank is turned and the instrument drones forth its melody; the music may be poor, but still it *is* music, and the circumstance of its being poor, shows the power of the *art* itself. But what is this power? In what does it consist? It is a mystery; it is an unseen connection between the combination of sounds and the human mind, which God has established for good, and which man feels but understands not. We hear the chords of the human heart spoken of—the chord of sympathy, the chord of love. It seems as though the power of Music upon the heart illustrated the truth of the figure; for as we often hear, where certain sounds are produced in Music, the inanimate objects around give a responsive echo; or as the breathing of the wind upon the untouched strings of a harp, causes melody to ring from them; in the same way, the chords of the human heart seem to echo to the strain to whose influence they are subjected; and as it is exciting or subduing, lofty or humble, solemn or lively, the corresponding vibrations and the peculiar associations connected with it are produced in the heart. *There* is a party of revellers coming home from their midnight orgies, shouting and singing in the forgetfulness of high excitement, and feeling like Tam O'Shanter, 'o'er all the ills of life victorious' when there comes floating over the water the solemn strain of a funeral dirge—their wild clamor has ceased—they pause and listen—the chord of sympathy vibrates an echo—Memory comes on with a train of solemn and affecting associations, and the mind is changed from its wild, unnatural joy to a state of serious and sober reflection. Look at Dryden's beautiful ode for St. Cecilia's day for a fine illustration of the same thing, where the subject of it is alternately a god, a hero, a pitying foe, a fond lover, and the instrument of wild vengeance, as the corresponding changes in the song were rung; thus

‘ Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage — or kindle soft desire.’

This being the power and influence of music upon individual character, we should of course conclude it must be a powerful

instrument in the formation or moulding of *national* character, and this we find to be the case. Plato affirmed that there could be no material change made in the Music without changing the form of government. Aristotle, although he was thoroughly opposed to Plato in his politics, still agreed with him in his opinion of the powerful influence of Music upon national character and manners. This was the opinion of Theophrastus, Plutarch, and in more modern times, of Montesquieu, all of whom founded their opinions upon this subject, as on every other, upon mature reflection and sound deliberation, and consequently they are of the highest authority, and as far as may be, seem to settle the question.

The influence of Music upon masses is still more striking in its effects. It seems to move by its potent agency, as by one impulse, the souls of thousands to action. How many hearts have been wrought up to deeds of daring and self-sacrifice by the sound of the 'spirit-stirring drum' or the shrill clarion; and the trumpet sounding the onset to the battle has caused many a soldier to 'rush to glory or the grave.'

It is said that the beautiful national song, the Marseilles Hymn, which has given immortality to its author, De l'Isle, was sung during the disturbances of the old French revolution, under the walls of Marseilles, with a chorus of ten thousand voices. One would think that if stones could ever be moved, like those of Jericho before the horns of the children of Israel, the walls of the city under which this was sung would have fallen prostrate to the earth before the power of the song. So strong and overwhelming was the agency of this hymn upon the minds of the French, that when the Bourbons were restored, it was suppressed and strictly prohibited, for fear it should shake the foundations of the throne itself.

If the power and influence of Music is such as has been above described, the importance of making it a branch of education and amusement, must suggest itself to every one. The gift of Music to man was and is a blessing, but like all other blessings, it may be made a curse by its improper use, or it may become of none effect by its neglect; and thus the avenue of one of his most grateful and delightful enjoyments may be made the conveyance of stimulant to the vilest of passions, or be stopped up forever by his own hand. A proper cultivation of a taste for Music, which taste I believe every one has more or less of naturally, elevates and refines the feelings and seems to instil a portion of its own harmony into the moral man. A heart properly attuned hears music every where; in the song of the birds, the hum of the bee, the rippling of the waters, and the rustling of the forest leaves, as they seem to hymn forth their praises to

their Maker. It is of paramount importance then, that a taste for Music should not only be cultivated, but also well directed, in early life; it should form a portion of every judicious education. It is said that the beholding constantly of forms of beauty and symmetry serves to refine and purify the heart; and I believe it is true; and I also believe it is true, on the same principle, that the taste for Music, a taste for harmonious sounds, has the same effect. Good Music awakens in the mind associations of virtue, purity, and beauty; and by cultivating a taste in it and having it gratified as it should be, these associations become habitual in the mind, and must of necessity, give their coloring to all its operations. I have no doubt that every mind is frequently in such a state, that one simple air in Music would have a more beneficial effect upon it than an hundred homilies or hours of philosophical discourse. I do not mean by this to place Music above these other methods of moving the heart, nor do I mean to disparage them. Every thing has its proper place, which it should fill; and their place is a high one. But when the power which is in these seems to have vanished, and their hold upon the heart becomes loosened, melody exerts a charm which with gentle hand leads back the soul from its wanderings, and instils again into it thoughts of purity and peace. One word with regard to Church Music, and I have done. It seems to me there is not sufficient attention paid to this; there seems to be no proper understanding of the importance of good Music, as forming a part of the Church service. But it is not sufficient, that a psalm should be got through with, no matter in what way, or how badly, for if the Music is an important part of the service—as I hold it is—it should be performed well. A fine piece of sacred melody well performed before a sermon or a prayer, by attuning the heart to solemnity and high reflection, would add half, nay, sometimes would give them all the effect which they would exert. For of what use would a prayer or a sermon be upon a mind occupied and distracted by other thoughts and images? and how often is the mind in this state. When this is the case, the only way is to appeal to the imagination, to awaken a different and stronger train of association; and Music has this power to a wonderful extent.

It is so easy to arrive at excellence in this department of Music, that there seems to us no excuse for the deficiency which is constantly exhibited in it. If we can expend money, and time, and labor, for the accomplishment of that which shall amuse a passing hour of this transient life, surely we should, as reasonable beings, bestow at least as much attention upon that which constitutes a part of the worship of the Most High, and whose effects are to be felt through an Eternity. R.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

**THE KNICKERBACKER, OR NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Nos. 1 and 2.**

WE would ask pardon of our New York friends for omitting to notice their Magazine last month. The representative, as the Knickerbacker is, of the great city of America; supported, as it is, by the first writers of our country; and determined, as it seems to be, to outstrip all its rivals; it surely deserves a more than ordinary degree of attention. Before the first number appeared we heard prophetic rumors of its future excellence; of the talents and taste of its Editor and contributors; of the determination to spare no expense in the perfecting it. After all these preparatory puffs, the work, as any might have foretold, appeared to less advantage than it would otherwise have done. The style of its getting-up we liked, but we did not find in the matter that spirit, wit, and poetic fire that we had hoped for. The second number is better, however, and we doubt not but it will improve each month. It will probably be better supported by the public than any other magazine in America, and if its conductors choose, they may make it better worthy of patronage than any of those now in the field; if they do so, they will confer a favor upon their country.

The article on Protection, in the first number, we were glad to see; such questions deserve to be discussed in our magazines, if it be done in a philosophical and not a party spirit. The embryo novel, called 'Fanny,' and the 'Art of Making Poetry,' are both written with a life that promises a reform in our present system of periodical prosing. In ten words, the Knickerbacker, though not so good as flatterers anticipated, is as good as reason might expect; and promises, by the help of Bryant, Paulding, Hoffman and other wits and sages, to fully redeem the literary character of New York.

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**BREWSTER'S NATURAL MAGIC.** A series of Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott. No. 50, Harpers' Family Library.

RESERVING our most profound and original observations on this work for a more extended notice next month, we will at present but add our mite of praise to the general approbation of it. Sir David Brewster, one of the first Natural Philosophers now living, in this pocket volume has contrived to give a quantity of matter suited both to amuse and improve, that in these days of diffuseness is quite remarkable. His object is to explain those appearances of Nature, and trickeries of Art that have been from time immemorial considered supernatural; and he has effected his object, we think, admirably. His work will tend to produce two excellent results. First. To undeceive the superstitious and ignorant, by showing the credulity and collateral knavery of man in all ages and countries. Second. To encourage a love of the natural sciences by setting forth the wonders of the universe about us. Those that saw the wonderful chess-player that a few years since astonished the whole world, will find here the secret laid bare; those that have heard of the vocal statue of Memnon, will learn the 'why and because' of the seeming miracle, in this volume; the ghost-seer, if he read it, will be taught by what spell to lay the troubled spirit; and he that

has looked upon the feats of the juggler with awe and amazement, as something beyond man, may, from this work, almost learn to go and do likewise. For the truth and correctness of the statements contained in the volume, the name of the writer is a sufficient guarantee; for its interest all readers, we are sure, will vouch readily.

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**HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA.** Nos. 47, 48, and 49, of Harpers' Family Library.

A FAITHFUL, compact, popular work on that strange land from which the fine silks, the costly spices, the gold and jewels of the earth once came, and still come in part, has been long wanted. We believe the want to be supplied in a great measure by these volumes. Many heads and hands have been employed in their formation, and many styles will consequently be found in them. The writers are all men of note and many of them have been personally acquainted with the country they describe. But one was a naturalist, another a soldier, a third a scholar, and carrying the doctrine of a division of labor into literature, they have together produced a better account of India than any one could probably have done alone. We have first the ancient history of Indostan, with a sketch of its geography and great natural features; then an account of the Portuguese discoveries in India; to these succeed those of the English; a digression gives us the history of the Mohammedan conquests and dynasties; after which, in half a volume of great interest, we have the wars and proceedings of the British down to 1826. The Hindoo chronology, which runs back some few millions of years beyond the creation, as given by Moses; the mythology of the natives; their manners and literature, all of them subjects of deep interest, are next treated of. The mode of government by the British; the natural history of the Peninsula, and some general observations on health, and other topics, close the work. Here then we have a compact account of all that is interesting in one of the most interesting countries on the globe. Of the correctness of the accounts, we judge, not so much from any knowledge of our own, as from the faith we have in the information and respectability of the writers; and on the credit of their names we dare recommend it to the public as being true and impartial.

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**THE RIGHTS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN**, with a Commentary on State rights, and on the Constitution and Policy of the United States. By BENJAMIN L. OLIVER, Counsellor at Law, Boston. Philadelphia: 1832.

THIS work embodies within a convenient compass, much political information, that is of deep interest at all times, and particularly so at the present day. It is ably written, and with uncommon impartiality, considering the times. The first part treats of the general rights of man previous to government; it then explains what natural rights were surrendered when the constitution was formed. First, to the general government, and secondly to the states, and thirdly to the people themselves. Part second treats of some particular rights enjoyed in the United States; such as rights of suffrage, speech, trial, &c. and of the redress for each. Part third explains the true policy of the American people as to the three great branches of industry, agriculture,

manufactures and commerce. The work concludes with a chapter on the prospects of the United States. It cannot be called an elegant or popular style, nor will it escape much censure from those who differ from the author; but it is upon the whole a more impartial condensation and application of supposed political maxims to a difficult and trying crisis, than could have been expected from any quarter; and it not only furnishes many important ideas relating to the present time, but will be always useful to the American citizen as a guide and informer.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU, and of the Two First Legislative Assemblies of France. By ETIENNE DUMONT.

THE first French revolution was the triumphant era of charlatanry; and the prince of all charlatans, towering sublimely above all, was Mirabeau. He enveloped himself in a *prestige*, through which he was seen by the world, enlarged almost to supernatural dimensions. This work of Dumont's has dissipated the illusion.

Mirabeau shone brightly, but it was in great part the brightness of reflected light. He was ready to undertake any thing, and in whatever he undertook he was conspicuous; but his power lay in his being able to concentrate in his single person the power and labors of others. His celebrated work on the Prussian monarchy; he owed chiefly to Major Manvillon. His writings on Stock-jobbing, on the Bank of St. Charles, the Order of Cincinnatus, and his 'Lettres de Cachet,' were in great part made up of the contributions of others. Claviere and Panchand supplied the materials for his writings on Finance. De Bourges wrote his Address to the Batavians. Pelin, Duroverai, Dumont, and others, prepared great numbers of his speeches and addresses. So superficial was his knowledge on many subjects discussed in the Assembly, that he could not debate upon them. He made the speech that had been prepared for him, but could not answer the arguments of members opposed to him, till he had obtained new materials from his prompters at home.

Yet Mirabeau was a great man. He had a gigantic constitution; volcanic passions, an oriental wealth and strength of imagination, a wonderful power of acquiring knowledge where he chose to apply himself, an almost intuitive perception of character, an insight into the future that seemed like the inspiration of prophecy, social powers that fascinated men, and above all, an energy and decision of character, which united with his other qualities made those who were intellectually his superiors, willing to labor for him without hope of reward or reputation like slaves. He received the knowledge of their minds into his; his imagination and passions breathed life into it, and he then gave utterance to it in the assembly, in strains of the most magnificent eloquence. All of which and much more may be found in the work before us.

Dumont's reputation stands so high that we need not speak of it. This posthumous work of his, gives a better idea of the early stages of the French revolution, so far as it goes, than any other that we have seen. Of the innumerable Memoirs and Recollections connected with that period, it is probably the best.

THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1833.

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TRAVELS OF A STUDENT.

A FEW years ago, I shall not say how many, I found it necessary to take a journey on horseback from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and having business at an intermediate point, not lying upon any of the mail roads, I was obliged to pass through neighborhoods but little frequented by the traveller. During the first day, the frequent occurrence of villages and highly cultivated fields, and the sudden transition from these scenes of improvement, to tracts of woodland, afforded a succession of pleasing objects which rendered the jaunt remarkably agreeable. The scenery of the country was novel and attractive. The hill and the plain, the alternation of woodland and meadow, the grain-fields and orchards, the delightful intermixture of sunshine and shade, contrasted so pleasantly with the monotony of the city, as to awaken an exquisite sense of enjoyment. The labors of the field, so various, and so different from the employments in which I was accustomed to see men engaged, excited curiosity and rivetted my attention—

‘So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,  
All healthful, are the employs of rural life.’

I was young and romantic. My horse was young too, and if not romantic, was well fed and frolicsome, and enjoyed the air of the country with a relish quite as high as that of his master. Whether he was enlivened by any of those pleasant associations which filled my own heart and mind, I cannot say, as we had no means of interchanging ideas. There is no language common to the sensible brute and his rider, unless it be a horse-laugh, and I was elevated far above the vulgar tittila-



tion of obstreperous mirth. My feelings were highly excited, and my reflections full of interest. Fresh from a severe course of novel reading, my mind was deeply imbued with the classics of the heart and fancy. As my eye wandered over the picturesque landscape, it detected none of the dull realities of life, nor awakened any vulgar associations. Every grove that I beheld revived some tender recollection; every stream murmured a tale of love; every cottage suggested ideas of innocent delight, and comfortable poverty. If I caught a distant glimpse of a bonnet, or a white dress—which happened more than once—I felt an intense curiosity to see the face, and learn the history of the wearer. ‘Is she young? is she pretty? is she sentimental? is she in love? is she happy?’ were the questions which occurred in rapid succession whenever a female dress rustled in my ear, or a ribbon fluttered in the breeze.

Of course, I fell very naturally to thinking of matrimony and love. I wondered if I should ever, like Benedict, live to be a married man. I wondered when the time would come, and who would be the happy lady. Would it be any body that I knew? I ran over the list of my female acquaintances. One was too tall, another too short—one was brown, another yellow—one would do very well, but she was rich, and might think I wanted her money; another was the very thing, but she was poor, and might think I wanted a wife very badly, should I take a girl without a cent. In the whole circle there was not one whose transcendent charms, and unexceptionable circumstances, rendered her a suitable match for so clever a bachelor as myself. No, the lady was yet to be found, who was destined to make me the happiest of men; ‘and who knows’ thought I, ‘but I may find her in these rural scenes? who knows what rare adventure is even now waiting so romantic a knight as myself? Who can tell how soon I shall be called upon to exercise my prowess in behalf of some unfortunate damsel?’ Thus I jogged along, plunged in agreeable reveries, and wiling away the long miles with longer visions of future happiness.

It so happened that my dinner was but indifferent, as dinners are apt to be that are picked up by the way-side; and as the shades of evening approached, the cravings of hunger begat a new train of thought. It is a melancholy reflection, that the noblest impulses of the mind, the most romantic associations, the highest delusions of the fancy, are in a moment swept away by that coarse and plebian appetite, hunger; which not only devours all kinds of aliment for the body, but swallows up the finer affections of the heart. As the eagle, soaring nobly above the clouds, must descend to the earth for food; so man, sailing

in his glory upon the wings of imagination—now darting upwards towards the sun, and now wheeling in majestic circles, is at last brought down by hunger to a level with the crawling things of the earth. The romantic images of love and beauty, which had filled my imagination, gave place to voluptuous reflections upon the pains and pleasures of eating. I recalled the joyous feasts and juicy viands of which I had at various periods of my life partaken. My thoughts reverted from rosy maidens to roast meat, and from chip bonnets to chipped beef. A long list of pleasant luncheons, and good solid dinners, arose to my memory. The delightful apparition of a smiling landlady, distributing compliments and coffee, dispensing honied words and fried ham, and spreading gladness around her as she spread her white tablecloth, became pictured vividly upon my glowing fancy. I honored, in anticipation, her culinary skill, and devoured with delight the savory morsels provided by her cheerful *inn-hospitality*. I revelled in imagination upon a voluminous catalogue of dainties, my excursive fancy roving, not

‘From grave to gay, from lively to severe,’

but rather, as the reader will naturally believe,

From goose to grouse, from venison to pig.

In short, instead of wondering who I should marry, I wondered what I should get for supper!

In the evening, I stopped at a small but neat tavern. It was a cottage looking affair—a pretty house, painted white, and embowered with shady trees. It had an inviting air of cleanliness and coolness; and exhibited ample evidence of plentiful living. Fat pigs grunted about the door, well fed turkey-cocks strutted over the grass-plat, lazy ducks waddled in a puddle, and scores of modest sleek-looking pullets, were trying to pick up an honest living in the yard. The cows had come home to be milked. In addition to all this,

‘I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled,  
Above the snug kitchen that *tea time* was near;  
And I said, if good eating is found in the world,  
A traveller that’s hungry might hope for it here.’

Accordingly I dismounted, sent my horse to the stable, and ordered supper. The landlady, a spruce dame, with a light quick step, a piercing eye, and a shrill voice, made her appearance and her best courtesy.

‘What would you like to have, sir?’ inquired the lady.

‘Any thing, good madam—any thing; if it comes soon, and there is enough of it.’

‘Would you fancy ham and eggs, or a broiled chicken?’

‘A broiled chicken! bless the woman, how she talks! an egg, for a man famished, and perishing with hunger! I beg you not to name such trifles. They provoke appetite, but cannot satisfy it. Why, madam, I could eat an ox roasted whole, or a wagon horse stuffed with a flock of geese.

‘Perhaps, sir, a beefsteak.’

‘Now you talk reasonably. Let it be so, if you please. There is solid eating, and much nourishment in a beefsteak. If you think proper to add a few slices of ham, a pair of chickens, and a dozen eggs, very well—but let the chief dependence be a beefsteak, done rare.’

‘Did thee say beefsteak?’ interrupted a third voice. A traveller who had just ridden up, entered the room. He was a portly man, of sedate demeanor. His round face, clear complexion, and goodly dimensions, exhibited the wholesome effects of good living, and told as plainly as the same fact could have been expressed in the purest English, that their possessor ate good beef, drank excellent Madeira, and did not stint himself with regard to either. He had the staid substantial air of a man of business. His eye was wary, and the muscles of his face composed. One could tell at a glance that he was a well-fed citizen; one who rose early, ate a substantial breakfast, and walked to his counting-house with a punctuality, which nothing but the striking of a statehouse clock could excel. There was thrift in his looks; but he was a merry man, with a wrinkle in the corner of his eye, that betrayed a lurking propensity for a sly joke. His dress was plain, such as denoted a reputable member of the Society of Friends.

‘There was no guile within his breast,  
No ruffles on his shirt.’

‘Did thee say beefsteak?’ said the stranger, who caught these words as he entered, ‘I like thy choice, friend, and if there be no objection, I will join thee.’

I acceded cheerfully to this proposition, and in a short time we were comfortably seated at a board amply spread with good things, in the midst of which smoked that delectable dish, so savory to the palate of a hungry equestrian. Worthy reader, do you love beefsteak? Have you a clear and definite idea of the admirable viand, which is characterized by that homely name? Have you an exquisite sense of the rich and luscious delicacy of a steak done exactly to a turn? Can you close your eyes to the gross objects of reality which may surround you, and revel in imagination upon this delightful dish? Can you fancy it smoking on the table, rich and *rare* as a pearl of the ocean, swimming in red gravy, and filling the atmosphere with an odor



more grateful to a person of *taste*, than the spicy breezes of Arabia, more inviting to a person of elegant and refined appetite, than the fabled delicacies of an oriental feast? Behold then, the notable Mrs. Cleverly, clothed in all the dignified benevolence of mistress of a feast:

‘ Rich and rare were the steaks she bore,  
And a snow-white cap on her head she wore,  
And oh! her beauty could not compare  
With her snowy cap, and her beef so rare!’

But I dare not trust myself further on this subject. Enough said. The intelligent reader will understand that the travellers had good appetites, that the supper was excellent, and that the hostess was the very phoenix of notable landladies; the sequel is left to his own good sense and experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

The incident above stated, opened the way to a cordial intercourse between myself and the worthy quaker. The remarkable coincidence of taste and appetite, exhibited on the eventful evening of our first acquaintance induced a mutual feeling of profound respect. However we might differ in age, in religion, in politics, there was one point in respect to which our sentiments held a parallel course. We were Philadelphians, and knew how to relish a good beefsteak. It was therefore with mutual pleasure that we learned that we should both travel the same road, for at least another day, and the proposition to travel together, was cheerfully made, and as cheerfully accepted. I have seldom spent a more agreeable day. My new acquaintance was not only a man of general information, but was intimately acquainted with the tract of country, through which we rode, could point out all its local peculiarities, and could narrate the historical events connected with it. I was much interested, and of course a good listener; and so we jogged on, mutually pleased. The truth was, that although not personally acquainted with each other, we were from the same city, and when we had mentioned our names to each other, we were not altogether strangers.

As evening approached, my companion said, ‘Well, young friend, would thee like me to take thee to good quarters to-night?’

‘I should be glad to place myself under your guidance. Do you know of a good house, that we can stop at?’

‘That I do. One that I can recommend.’

‘Do they cook well there?’

‘Excellently.’

‘And are the beds neat?’



‘As nice as the hands of quaker girls can make them.’

‘Then the tavern-keeper is a Friend.’

‘Even so—a she Friend—a widow, with a house full of maiden sisters; a rare lot of old maids as you shall see in a summer’s day. I have not seen them for many years, but I know all that concerns thee, namely, that they keep a good house, and will entertain thee well.’

So we talked and travelled, until my companion, turning into a shady lane, which led up to a house of plain exterior, but ample dimensions, exclaimed, ‘here is our stopping-place.’

‘This is a private dwelling,’ said I, checking my horse.

‘They never refused to entertain *me*,’ replied my friend.

‘Perhaps they are friends of yours.’

‘The landlady is certainly *a friend*,’ said the quaker, slyly, ‘but she neither bakes nor brews any the worse for that. Come, thee promised I should guide thee. I answer for it, thee shall have good lodgings.’

By this time we were at the door, and not knowing what to do or say, I followed the example of my companion, and dismounted. A thickly shaded green separated us from the mansion, which had the appearance of an old fashioned farm-house. Rows of large trees stood thick around it, and clusters of vines and flowering shrubs were tastefully scattered about in every direction. We were now standing in full view of the windows, and no sooner had we turned our faces towards the house, than a train of females issued from the front door—first, the widow, then the five maiden sisters, then a slim girl, who brought up the rear. ‘Dear brother!’ ‘dear Jeremiah!’ exclaimed the female train, as they gathered round the portly quaker, each in turn embracing him in the most affectionate manner. Then taking his oldest sister by the hand, he turned towards me, and said, ‘sister, this is my oldest son Nicodemus!’ No sooner was this annunciation made, than the widow advanced towards me with every demonstration of joy and surprise, clasped me in her arms, and kissed me with the most eager affection. Then followed the vestal train, each of whom placed her withered hand in mine, laid her cold lips to my burning cheek, and honored me with a kiss as pure and as cold as an icicle. Last of all, a blooming girl, all loveliness and beauty, who had timidly lingered in the rear, while she supposed herself in the presence of a stranger, no sooner learned that I was her ‘cousin Nicodemus,’ than she ran into my arms. I pressed her soft hand and her warm lip, and felt quite willing to play the character, into which I had been thus oddly cast, as long as might suit the convenience of my friend, the quaker.

We had no sooner entered the hospitable mansion, than a critical survey was commenced of my stature, features, hair, eyes, &c. in all of which particulars it was generally agreed that I bore a remarkable resemblance to *my father*, or some other of my newly found progenitors. Many profound remarks were made upon the fidelity with which the family expression was conveyed from one generation to another, and all declared that they would have known me wherever they had met me. I began to feel vexed, and wished the quaker at Jericho.

Worthy reader!—for worthy you must be, if you are a reader of the *Western Monthly*—I have thus narrated the first incident which befel me in that eventful journey. Others remain inscribed upon the tablet of my memory, far more extraordinary and interesting, which I shall, in due time, and in due form, lay before you; until when, adieu.

JOHN SMITH.

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WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

‘*This will never do*’—said the Edinburgh reviewers, at the commencement of an article on Wordsworth. The reversal of the judgment of the critic in that case, should be a warning to all others, of the same fraternity, affording as it does, a melancholy instance of the fallibility of the human understanding. The sentimental silliness of Wordsworth, though little read, and less understood, keeps the field, and its author, like a veteran soldier, has risen from one grade to another, until he has reached the highest post of honor and promotion. It may be thought a bad simile, which likens a peaceful bard to a plumed warrior; but every reflecting mind will see that a poet is essentially a soldier of *the line*.

‘*This will never do*’—we thought, when the prospectus of the above work was placed in our hands. There was dulness, and disagreeableness, in the very word ‘circulating.’ It revived unpleasant recollections and vulgar associations. Who ever hears of *circulation* without reverting at once to phlebotomy; or thinking of a mill-horse; or of currency, a subject which assails our ears continually, like the eternal clatter of a steam engine.

Besides, what will the booksellers think of this? It is taking the bread out of their mouths. If this Mr. Waldie shall succeed in putting literature into circulation, what lady fair or blue, what fashionable man, who values his reputation for taste, will be seen in a bookstore? All that is *select*, and light, and

airy, will be made to circulate; of course, it is as true as a syllogism, that what remains will be stationary, *mere stationary*. But after all, who cares about booksellers?—who care for nobody but themselves. They have drank their wine out of authors' skulls, time out of mind; and we should have no objection to circulate a while without their assistance.

But will not literature be made too cheap? This was a serious question. When it first suggested itself, certain vague ideas of productive and reproductive labor, and labor-saving inventions, capital, interest, and imposts, rose around our midnight lamp, and seemed to 'fright the *oil* from its propriety.' We trimmed the taper, and read half of a tariff speech, which we found rather indigestible, as it treated chiefly of raw materials. We have a particular aversion to all *raw materials*, ever since the cholera came in fashion; and so we dismissed the subject.

We had forgotten the 'Circulating Library,' a copy of which was *not* 'politely laid on our table,' until a few days ago a friend handed us some seven or eight numbers. We are not about to review them. The title of the work forbids this. We profess not to have like Dominic Sampson, 'a genius fit to grapple whole libraries.' But as we wish to be on sociable terms with our readers, we propose to throw aside occasionally, the imposing character of editor, and talk over matters with conversational familiarity. Such is our intention now; having an idle hour, and being in a communicative mood.

On second thoughts, we are particularly pleased with the plan of this pleasant periodical. We are decidedly in favor of diffusing literature. Let it circulate through every vein and artery of our social system. Make it cheap—no matter how cheap—the cheaper the better. If Mr. Waldie can give us a new novel, at twenty-five cents, for which the booksellers would charge two dollars, he will, to the extent of that difference in price, and of the increase of circulation, be a benefactor to his country—provided always, that the book be a good one.

The selection of articles, in the numbers before us, is not very good, nor very bad. The first article we hit on was 'Klosterheim, on the Masque,' by an English Opium-eater—a tale framed on a model, which but two or three English writers have ever attempted with success. The strongest impression left on our mind by the perusal is, that the practice of eating opium must be a bad one.

The 'Hill and the Valley,' by Harriet Martineau, is much better. She is less oriental in her food, than the gentleman last aforesaid; and chews—if she chews at all—'the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' This tale is well told, and has a good moral.



We hardly know what to say about Mr. Vigne's 'Six Months in America.' It seems hard to condemn one who appears disposed to be civil, and tries to be candid; and quite out of the question to dispute the judgment of a gentleman who has occupied the *whole* of six months in close observation upon men and manners, in the United States and Canada—including a visit to Lake Superior, where the advantages for seeing men and manners must be very *superior* indeed. Mr. Vigne has less of the national insolence and ignorance, than most of his countrymen who have honored us with visits, but quite enough to establish his identity as a son of the 'fast-anchored isle.' It took him six months to travel over the continent of North America, and make profound researches into the constitution and laws of the United States, and reasoning from analogy, we should think that about six minutes is as much as any reasonable man can afford to his book. They are all alike, from Tom Moore down to that nondescript hermaphrodite, whose sex and identity have so long puzzled the researches of the learned, under the names of Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, but who is now ascertained to be one and indivisible. This incomprehensible person goes about the world sometimes dressed as a sailor, and at other times in petticoats; but whether the Captain is a lady in disguise, or the lady a Captain in masquerade, remains to be discovered.

Then we have 'Temple's Travels in Peru.' We would suggest to the worthy editor, that the romances published in London, under the title of *travels*, have ceased to have the interest which once rendered them so popular. The best of these works, and that which has formed a model for all succeeding writers in the same school—we allude to the admirable narrative of the remarkable adventures of Gulliver—have even ceased to interest the learned, or arrest the attention of the curious. The enterprise of commerce having extended into all parts of the world, its discoveries have rendered it a question of extreme doubt, whether the countries described by that inimitable writer exist at all, and Lemuel Gulliver is admired more for his genius than his veracity. The same remarks may be made in reference to the celebrated Munchausen. The diffusion of knowledge has been fatal to his reputation as a man of science. The principles of the liberal arts are now so well known as to render the detection of some of his mistakes quite easy. If then, the works of these veracious gentlemen are rendered so apocryphal, what shall we say of the pictures manufactured in Bond street in modern times? We do not object to



the stupidity or falsity of these books; these are national sins, which can be no more avoided than the leopard can discard his spots, or the Ethiopian change his hue. We only complain of the stale contrivance by which they are attempted to be given to the world under the garb of truth. Why not say at once, 'Temple's Travels in Peru, a romance of the nineteenth century, by the author of Paul Clifford'—or by any other author, who happens to be in fact the author.

Some of the pictures of this writer are amusing enough, especially on account of their inconsistency. The author and his four companions travelled over the pampas, in a huge carriage, which cost them *one thousand and forty-five* dollars! This expensive vehicle was laden with 'guns, pistols, hams, and sabres; rum, brandy, powder, and shot; chronometers, sausages, thermometers, barometers, and biscuits; telescopes, books, pens, ink, and sugar; a change of linen, razors, soap, lemons, and oranges; and a dog who was seated 'on a Cheshire cheese.'

This thousand dollar coach, with all this lading, was drawn by *four horses*, on *each* of which was mounted a tremendous big Spaniard—yet the horses galloped all day!

In the next paragraph we have *twelve horses* and *twelve postillions*; the 'men in buckram,' having increased as the story proceeds.

These postillions are dreadful fellows. The same *four* men, with whom they set out, and who afterwards increased to *twelve*, are thus described, a little further on; 'these *ten* men devoured nearly two sheep, at that meal. The sheep were full grown, of common size, and cost three shillings each. Killing, skinning, roasting, and eating, did not exceed *thirty-five* minutes.'

One more extract and we have done. The author of Temple's Travels, describes the pampas as a 'region of thistles,' extending on each side, as far as the eye could reach,' and adds, 'at this season of the year, in consequence of these *gigantic weeds* being parched by the sun, the country, at a distance, had the appearance of being covered with ripe corn.'

The author of 'Head's Notes,' on the same country, speaking of these identical plains, says, 'in the whole of this immense region, *there is not a weed to be seen*. The coarse grass is its sole produce,' &c.

Such writers had better 'keep to their pantomines.' It is taxing the credulity of the public too high, to insist on its belief in such stuff.

A word to the wise—any publisher may take it who considers himself as deserving that appellation. The republication of English travels, is an act deserving, in our opinion, as much

commendation as the passing of a counterfeit note. We can see no difference. The one is spurious, so is the other; and the object of the maker, in both cases, is to deceive the public.

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DOMESTIC POETRY.

WE have a letter before us from a very reputable and robust gentleman, who desires our opinion of his poetic abilities. He assures us that he lives in a cabin, buried deep in the forest, and ‘*hunts for a living.*’ This is not a singular case; the clergy in England, do little else than hunt for *livings*, and the busy crowds that throng our own streets, are all actively engaged in hunting for the same desirable object, a livelihood. It seems, however, that our worthy friend is not satisfied with seeking a subsistence in this life, but aspires to an immortal existence as a poet—a most perilous ambition, which will very probably change the hunter into a thing to be hunted, for critics are apt to make game of poets, and hunt them down for mere sport.

However, we are not disposed to be critical. We have no disposition, to use a western phrase, to ‘flusterate’ the views of our respectable correspondent, and shall without further comment lay before the reader a specimen or two from a long poem which has been transmitted to us, post paid, through the medium of the post office. It commences thus:

‘Fair lady, whosoe’er thou art, whose eye  
 Roams lightly o’er this modest page of ours,  
 Deem not too slightly of our minstrelsy,  
 Because our muse, in ivy-mantled bowers,  
 And not mid turrets, steeples, and shot-towers,  
 Disports her wing. Rude pioneers are we,  
 Who roam our native woods to cull its flowers,  
 Where antler’d deer are hid, and the lone panther cowers.’

Now that is not such bad poetry, considering that the author ‘hunts for a living.’ We are by no means certain, that he may not hunt for fame, with fair prospects of success. We see no reason why a cabin should not be as accessible to the visits of the muse as a garret; and if we might be permitted to do so, without being suspected of an attempt at a pun, which we despise, we should prophesy that he is already embarked, with fair prospects, as a cabin passenger, for Parnassus. The next stanza runneth in this wise:

‘Yet lady, though the sun-burnt cheek,  
 May wear a dingy and ungraceful hue,  
 Though all unlearned in native phrase we speak,  
 Alike removed from Doctor and from Blue,

Perchance our heart, to love and nature true,  
 May find a power unknown to heathen Greek,  
 To win the poets wreath in field so new,  
 From critics fair, "the favored and enlightened few." '

A little further on, the gifted author introduces the following affecting morsel of autobiography, which will no doubt, be particularly interesting at this moment, when the subject of education occupies so large a share of public attention, and the first impressions and early training of master-minds are scrutinized with intense curiosity. Our poet was not cradled in luxury, bred in the halls of science, or introduced to an early acquaintance with the classics, the graces, or the fine arts. Far from it—

' For I was nurtured in a cabin low,  
 My play-house was a lonely hollow tree,  
 My food the milk of a tame buffaloe,  
 My sport to rob the treasure of the bee;  
 A petted wolf, companion of my glee,  
 Shared my repast with a domestic crow;  
 I knew no care, save when condemned to see  
 A father's frown or scourge prepared for wolf, or crow, or me.'

With these extracts, we submit the claims of our correspondent to the verdict of an indulgent public; tendering him our advice to publish the volume by all means, and assuring him of our intense curiosity to learn the remainder of the history of himself, his interesting foster-mother, and the innocent companions of his childhood, the crow and wolf.

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#### RUIN.

' Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!'

MR. EDITOR,—Are you aware that our beloved country is on the brink of ruin? Alas! if the dread catastrophe be not already consummated, if it be not now too late to raise the warning voice, and snatch her from impending danger, we are at least on the very verge of the precipice. And yet how unconcerned do our countrymen appear. Look around, and we see them pursuing the avocations of life with all the composure of perfect security, and with the industry of a people who believe their institutions to be perpetual, and their property to be guarantied to their right heirs. Such was also my own infatuation, until within a few days past, when I left my quiet home in the country to visit this busy city. My neighbors were pursuing their rural labors with contented minds and cheerful hearts. The season had been healthful, their crops abundant, and the market about as good as usual. Justice is dispensed among us with an

even hand, and we are unanimous in the belief that our laws are the best, our constitution the wisest, and our country the most free in the world. Alas! short-sighted mortals that we are, that we should so grossly mistake our real condition! I have awaked from my delusion—my dream of happiness is at an end.

I had scarcely alighted from the stage which brought me here, when I met an old acquaintance, who answered my cheerful greeting and cordial inquiries, with a lamentable tale.

‘We are all ruined,’ said he.

‘You don’t say so! what sad event has befallen your city.’

‘We are all broke, that’s all. There’s no business doing.’

‘I am amazed,’ quoth I, ‘and truly grieved. Yet I see a few shops open. Is the ruin so general? Have none escaped?’

‘Oh—why, a few retailers manage to keep their doors open; but they *do* nothing, and are more likely to see the sheriff than a customer.’

‘It would be wiser in them then, to manage to keep their doors shut.’

Here my friend hastily wished me good morning, and darted away; and I strolled slowly along the street, gazing like a raw countryman, as I am, at the gaudy merchandise displayed at the shop windows, and the busy crowd that jostled me at every step. ‘And is it possible,’ thought I, ‘that all these windows are thus gaily dressed merely to save appearances, and that these respectable and cheerful looking people, are all broken-hearted and bankrupt? No, I’ll not believe it.’

‘Welcome to town, Mr. Miller,’ said a friend, who just then jogged my elbow.

‘My dear Mr. Dividend,’ I exclaimed, ‘I am truly glad to see you, for I was just studying about a question which you can resolve. What sad visitation is this that has afflicted your city, and palsied the energies of its enterprising inhabitants.’

‘Bad enough—this veto, this cursed veto, has completely ruined us.’

‘Well, I’m truly—do you say *absolutely* ruined—is there no hope?’

‘None at all—the blow is struck—and the deuce is to pay.’

‘The bank is to pay, you mean.’

‘It’s all the same thing. Commercial credit is destroyed throughout the United States. The faith of the government is violated—confidence is annihilated. Good morning.’

I now stepped into a barber’s shop, where one politician was reading a newspaper, while another was submitting to the operation of having his chin denuded of its unnecessary external superfluities. As I entered, I heard the first politician exclaim,



‘Sir, the union will not hang together twelve months longer; it is already virtually dissolved.’

‘I am truly sorry,’ said I.

The man looked up at me as if in surprise, and then very politely condescended to address the remainder of his remarks to myself.

‘Every good man must lament it,’ continued he, ‘but what else could we expect? I predicted it fifteen years ago. Yes, sir, when this gigantic bank was established, I foresaw that it would swallow up the liberties of the nation. This bank, sir, has monopolised all the wealth of the nation, controlled the operations of commerce, interfered with the freedom of elections, and contaminated with base bribes the purity of our statesmen!’

‘Then it is not the veto, but the bank that has hatched the mischief?’

‘The veto, sir, was the most virtuous act of the purest patriot in the nation.’

‘It is to be most sincerely deplored,’ I observed, ‘that such is the depravity of man, such the demoralising influence of wealth, that pecuniary affluence is apt to be abused, both by individuals and communities. As to this bank, if it has acted improperly’—

‘If!’ interrupted the politician; ‘sir, it has been proved! *improperly!* the word is inapplicable—it has been conducted basely, traitorously, diabolically!’

Finding my politician was getting warm, and being a peaceable man myself, I withdrew, and turning my steps mournfully towards my lodgings, determined to hasten home and apprise my neighbors of the sad condition of our public affairs. As I went along musing sadly, two gentlemen overtook me, engaged in earnest conversation, one of whom observed to the other,

‘We are ruined, sir—the constitution is not worth a brass button—the cabinet possesses no energy, congress is intimidated, and the people corrupted.’

‘I am truly grieved,’ said I, turning round so as to face the speaker, who also halted; ‘I am, gentlemen, a plain farmer from the country, and being ignorant of these things of which you speak, would thank you kindly to tell me the real cause of this alarming crisis!’

‘You must be very ignorant indeed, sir, not to know that the government is about to be dissolved by the nullifiers. Nullification, sir, is secession—secession is disunion. We are on the eve of a most dreadful civil war.’

‘Where can I see the evidence of this?’

‘Have you not read the most admirable document of the age?—the second declaration of independence!’

‘I humbly confess my ignorance,’ said I, ‘I did not know there had been more than one.’

‘I allude to Andrew Jackson’s proclamation,’ replied the gentleman, who thereupon walked off, and I went sorrowing on my way, marvelling greatly at the levity of the towns-people, who would not stand still long enough to argue so momentous a topic. On entering the hotel, at which I put up, I discovered a knot of gentlemen, who I learned were from the south, discoursing upon the tariff. I drew near and listened.

‘The liberties of the people have been trampled under foot,’ said one.

‘State rights violated,’ cried another.

‘Commerce crippled,’ said a third.

‘Agriculture destroyed.’

‘All by the doctrine of constructive powers.’

‘That execrable tariff has produced this wide-spread ruin.

‘Yes, Henry Clay with his American system, Daniel Webster with his spinning-jennies, and Andrew Jackson with his judicious tariff—they are all alike—I go in for nullifying the whole concern.’

‘I am truly grieved to hear you say so,’ said I, joining the circle.

‘Why what’s the matter, old gentleman? Are you a sheep owner?’

Before I could answer, the dinner-bell rung, and the whole company scampered off, with an eagerness which showed that the wrongs of our beloved country, and the sufferings of an afflicted people, had not affected the keenness of their appetites, or the lightness of their heels.

At the table, the same topic seemed to engage all parties. The perilous condition of the country was universally admitted; but I heard almost as many reasons assigned for the approaching downfall of the nation, as there were speakers. The tariff—the repeal of the tariff—the bank—the veto—nullification—consolidation—constructive powers—slavery—the licentiousness of the press—and freemasonry, was each insisted on. A physician suggested that the national calamities spoken of, were produced by a morbid affection of the brain, which was epidemic; a gentleman in black, hinted that the depravity of man had something to do with them; a schoolmaster laid them all at the door of ignorance; and a pale man, who I afterwards understood was an author, placed the whole blame upon the pernicious effect of trashy English literature, and bad domestic poetry.

One thing, Mr. Editor, is certain, however men may differ as

to the cause, what every body says must be true; and all admit that these United States are on the brink of ruin. For which I am truly grieved.

Yours,

JOS. MILLER.

*Cincinnati, February 25, 1833.*

### TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

My bird of night, they tell me  
 Thou'rt sad and wild;  
 But when a child,  
 Full often it befel me,  
 In summer evening mild,  
 To love the pathway lonely,  
 And the dewy sleep,  
 Of the woods so deep,  
 With thy plaintive song, the only  
 Sweet echo they did keep.

The music of thy singing  
 Was my vesper bell,  
 When twilight fell,  
 Like the distant clear flute, ringing  
 Through a wild and echoing dell.

Friends and my home recalling,  
 Stream, wood, and hill—  
 I see them still;  
 And hear, when night is falling,  
 Thy plaintive 'Whip-poor-will.'

c.

### THE SPY.

#### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

IN a secluded neighborhood, on the banks of the romantic Susquehanna, stands a large old-fashioned brick house, which at a period previous to the revolutionary war, was a very important mansion, but has now a mean and dilapidated appearance. It was, when erected, the only respectable building in the whole region of country in which it stands, and was thought to be a noble specimen of architectural skill and magnificence. It was surrounded by a very large plantation, appropriated chiefly to the culture of tobacco and corn, and studded in every direction with little cabins inhabited by negroes. A fine garden, an extensive orchard, and a meadow in which a number of high-bred horses sported their graceful limbs, showed the proprietor to be a gentleman of easy fortune.

He was indeed, as I learn from tradition, a very wealthy and excellent old gentleman. His portrait, which I used to gaze at with admiration in my childhood, still hangs in the ancient hall, and sufficiently denotes the character of the original. It is that of an elderly robust man, with a fine high forehead, and a mild, though firm expression of countenance. One would pronounce him to have been an unsophisticated man, who had mingled but little with the world, but whose natural understanding was strong. He was a grave, taciturn person, of even temper, and of benevolent and hospitable feelings. His eye was remarkably fine—a large blue orb, full of mildness and love—but with a quiet self-command about it, and a dash of something which said that the owner was accustomed to be obeyed. He was dressed in a snuff-colored suit, of goodly dimensions; the coat single-breasted, and without a collar, and the wrists ornamented with hand-ruffles.

The portrait of the good lady, which hung by that of her lord, exhibited a stately and very beautiful woman, dressed in all the formal finery of that age. Her complexion was delicately fair, her mouth exquisitely sweet, and her eye proud—but whether that pride arose from the consciousness of her own beauty, or of her dominion over the handsome gentleman whose name she bore, I cannot at this distance of time pretend to determine. It is whispered however, that although Mr. B.—for this designation will serve our present purpose—ruled his dependents with absolute authority, and influenced the affairs of the neighborhood, yet Mrs. B. usually carried her points. I shall not attempt to describe the lady's dress; suffice it to say that she wore the hoop, the stays, the close sleeves, and the high head-dress ornamented with trinkets, which were common among well-born dames, in those aristocratic times. There was altogether, in addition to her surpassing beauty, an air of pride, a lady-like elegance, and a matronly dignity, about this lady, which showed that she thought, and had a right to think well of herself; and which gave her a well founded claim to the obedience of her husband, and all others who might choose to submit to her sway.

But to our story. It was during the most stormy period of the revolution, and Squire B.—for he was a magistrate—and Mrs. B. were both staunch whigs. They had given two gallant sons to their country, who were then fighting under the banners of Washington, and were training up the remainder of a large progeny in the hatred of tyranny, and love of independence. The neighborhood in which they lived was obscure, and thinly



settled; there was no public house of any description within many miles, and genteel strangers who happened to pass along towards night-fall, were generally, on inquiring for lodgings, directed to the house of Squire B. where they were always sure of a cordial reception, and a gratuitous and most hospitable entertainment. So far from considering such a call as an intrusion, this worthy couple deemed it a great compliment; and would have thought themselves slighted, had a reputable stranger visited the neighborhood without making their house his home. And a most agreeable home it was to a weary wayfarer. There was kindness without bustle, and profusion without any affectation of display. The self-invited guest was treated as an honored friend, and an invitation to remain another, and another day, was usually accorded to him. Indeed, when one of these chance guests happened to be more agreeable than ordinary, the hospitable Marylander never allowed him to depart in less than a week, nor then without a present of a bridle, a saddle, or perhaps a horse.

It was, as we remarked before, during a perilous time of the revolution, when the hearts of our patriot ancestors were filled with doubt and anxiety, that a solitary traveller rode up one evening to the door of Mr. B. Several negro boys ran to meet him; one opened the gate, another took his horse by the bridle, and a third prepared to seize upon his saddlebags. The stranger hesitated, looked cautiously around, and inquired timidly for Mr. B.

‘Ole massa in de house, readen he book;’ answered one of the young Africans.

‘Do you think I can get permission to spend the night here?’

‘Oh yes, massa, for sartin. All de quality stops here.’

The stranger still paused, and then alighted slowly, and paused again, as if conscious of the awkwardness of intruding without invitation into the house of one to whom he was entirely unknown. The appearance of the portly owner of the mansion, who now presented himself at the door, seemed to increase his embarrassment, and he began rather bashfully to make the explanations which appeared to be necessary.

‘I have ridden far to-day,’ said he, ‘I am tired, and my horse almost broken down—I am told there is no tavern in the neighborhood—and was directed here—but I fear I intrude.’

‘Glad to see you,’ interrupted Mr. B. ‘come, sir, walk in—the boys will take care of your horse—you are quite welcome—do ye hear boys, rub down that nag, and feed him well—no apologies are necessary, sir—make my house your home, while you stay in the country—come, sir, walk in’—and so the old

gentleman talked on until he had got his guest fairly housed, stripped of his over-coat and spurs, and seated by the fire.

The arrival of an unexpected guest, caused no disturbance in the well regulated household of Mrs. B. whose ample board was always spread with such a profusion of eatables, that the addition of a company of grenadiers, to her already numerous family, would hardly have been an inconvenience. But there were certain little hospitalities requisite for the honor of the house, and to teach the traveller that he was welcome; the good lady, therefore, very formally laid aside her-knitting and retired, while a servant added several logs to the fire. Mr. B. produced a pipe, in which he sometimes indulged, and having filled it with tobacco, presented it to the stranger, who, being a contemner of the poisonous weed, declined smoking; and the host, for want of something to say, lighted it for himself. A negro girl now entered with a basket of apples, fresh from the orchard, for it was October, and this fine fruit was in its perfection; and presently the lady of the mansion made her appearance, followed by a servant bearing upon a waiter a curiously ornamented silver bowl, filled with toddy, made by her own fair hands—for no other less dignified personage than herself was ever permitted to discharge this most sacred of all the functions of hospitality. Squire B. as was the invariable custom, approached the bowl, and having stirred the delicious beverage with a spoon, tasted it in order that he might have an opportunity of complimenting his good dame, as he called her, and of remarking with a wink, that it ‘was made strong to suit the ladies.’ Then taking the bowl in both hands, he presented it first, with a formal bow, to his lady-wife, who touched her fair lips to the brim, then to each of his daughters, beginning with the oldest, who successively ‘kissed the bowl,’ as Goldsmith hath it, and lastly to the guest, who did ample honor to its refreshing contents. Such was the ceremony invariably observed by this worthy couple, towards their most cherished friends, and as invariably extended to the stranger who sought a shelter at their fireside. Such were the primitive and courteous habits of our venerable forefathers and *foremothers*.

In the meanwhile, the female part of the company were endeavoring to read something of the stranger’s character in his countenance; and as they were too well-bred to stare him in the face, adopted the feminine expedient of stealing a glance occasionally, when his attention was turned another way. In this hasty perusal they found more to excite, than to satisfy their curiosity; for the person before them possessed a set of features, in which different emotions were so strangely blended, as to

baffle the penetration of such inexperienced observers. He was so young as to render it doubtful whether he had more than merely reached the years of manhood. He was tall and raw-boned; his large ill-shaped limbs were loosely hung together, and his manners were awkward. His face was singularly ugly, being a collection of angular prominences, in which the chin, nose, cheek-bones, and forehead, seemed each to be ambitious of obtruding beyond the other. But it was an intelligent face, with lines of thought and observation too strongly drawn upon it to be mistaken. There was, however, about the muscles of the mouth, and the corners of the eye, a lurking expression of humor, which showed itself, particularly when a local phrase, or a word susceptible of a different meaning from that in which it was intended to be used, dropped in his hearing. Under an assumed gravity, and an affected air of unconcern, there was a watchfulness which could not be wholly concealed, though it betrayed itself only in his eye, which rolled suspiciously about, like that of a cur, who having contrary to a standing rule of the house, intruded into the parlor, gazes in every face to learn if he is welcome, and watches every movement as if under a sense of danger. Every attempt to draw him into conversation upon subjects connected with the politics or news of the day, was fruitless; he seemed to be entirely ignorant, or stupidly careless, in relation to the principles and the events of the great controversy which agitated the colonies. On other subjects, of less dangerous import, he spoke well and freely, uttering his opinions in brief, pointed, and sententious remarks, sometimes dropping a sly joke, but always relapsing immediately into his gravity; and shortly after a plentiful supper, he begged permission to retire, which was cheerfully accorded by those who began to be weary of vain efforts to entertain one, who seemed determined to commune only with himself.

The next morning, the stranger's stiff and jaded horse was pronounced to be unfit to travel, and he cheerfully accepted an invitation to spend the remainder of the day with his kind entertainers; and when on the following day his host again pressed him to remain, he again acquiesced. During all this time, he had but little intercourse with the family. Mrs. B. was provoked at his taciturnity, the young ladies were out of patience with his want of gallantry, and the worthy Squire was puzzled what to make of him. The man was quiet, and inoffensive, but had not disclosed, either his name, his business, or his destination. He sallied forth on each morning, and spent the whole day in roaming about the woods, or along the picturesque borders of the Susquehanna; and when the negroes happened

to encounter him, he was usually perched on a log, or lying at his length on the brow of a hill, with a pencil and paper in his hand. These employments, so different from those of their young masters, struck the honest blacks with astonishment; and they failed not to report what they had seen in the kitchen, from which the tale, with suitable exaggerations, soon found its way to the hall, where the whole family agreed in opinion that their guest was a most incomprehensible and mysterious person.

When, therefore, on the third morning he announced his intention to depart, no polite obstacle was thrown in his way; the worthy Squire contenting himself with thanking his guest for the honor of his visit, and urging him to call again whenever he should revisit the country. He took leave with his characteristic awkwardness, and was no sooner out of hearing, than the whole family united in pronouncing him a disagreeable, ill-mannered person, who had no pretensions to the character of a gentleman. An hour was spent in this discussion, when a servant girl came grinning into the hall, with a pair of shabby, black-looking saddlebags in her hand, which the stranger had left in his chamber. Mrs. B. took them in her hands, wiped her spectacles, and examined them carefully; while her husband proposed to send a boy on horseback to restore the property to its owner. But Mrs. B. continued to gaze uneasily at the saddlebags, turning them over, and pressing them, to ascertain the character of the contents.

‘Mr. B.’ said she, at length, ‘as sure as you live, there are papers in these saddlebags.’

‘Well, what then?’ said the Squire, composedly.

‘You are a magistrate, and this man is a suspicious character.’

‘What have I to do with his character, my dear?’

‘You are a justice of the peace, a whig, and a friend to your country—this man is perhaps a spy, or a bearer of despatches; and it is your duty to open these saddlebags.’

The Squire seemed startled, but shook his head.

‘Well, my dear,’ pursued the lady, ‘you always think you know best—but how can you tell that there is not another Arnold plot among these papers? You know, Mr. B. that you hold a responsible office.’

‘I know, too, that I am a gentleman.’

‘We all know that, my dear.’

‘And did you ever know a gentleman to rob the baggage of his guest?’

The lady looked disconcerted, for the last was a home argument; her pride was even greater than that of her husband, and her regard for the rites of hospitality equal to his.



‘What *shall* we do?’ she exclaimed.

‘Let one of the boys gallop after the gentleman with his saddlebags,’ replied the husband composedly.

‘I am surprised at you, Mr. B. You know not what treason may be in them.’

‘If the devil was in them, or Arnold himself,’ replied the Squire, with more than usual vehemence, ‘he might stay there for me. The gentleman asked the hospitality of my roof, he came as a friend, and it shall not be said that I treated him as an enemy.’

‘Then Mr. B. if you have no objection, I will open them myself.’

‘None in the world, my dear, if you will take the shame upon yourself.’

The worthy lady dropped the penknife with which she was preparing to rip open the seams of the unlucky saddlebags, and asked, ‘do you really think it would be wrong?’

‘Decidedly so,’ replied the husband.

At this juncture the negro girl who had been prying about the leathern receptacle, discovered that the padlock was unfastened, and pointed out the fact to her mistress, who exclaimed,

‘Nay then, I will see the inside! And as no lock is to be broken, nor any breach committed, we may serve our country, and at the same time save the honor of our house.’

In a moment, the contents of the travelling convenience were spread on the floor. From one end was produced a scanty wardrobe, consisting of but few articles; from the other, several handfulls of manuscript. The eyes of the worthy lady glistened as the suspicious papers came to light, and her handsome cheek, on which the pencil of time had not yet drawn a wrinkle, was flushed with patriotism and curiosity.

‘Now you see, Mr. B.’ she exclaimed with a kind of *wife-ish* exultation, ‘you see it is well to listen to advice, sometimes. Here’s a pretty discovery, truly!’

She now proceeded to open one of the manuscripts, which was folded and stitched into the form of a small book, and read aloud, ‘*one hundred and nineteenth Psalm*,’—‘dear me, what’s all this?’ ‘*The beautiful and pathetic passage which I have selected, my christian friends, for your edification*’—‘Why it’s a sermon!’

‘The devil can quote scripture, you know, my dear,’ said the Squire sarcastically,—‘perhaps as your hand is in, you had better examine a little further.’

The remainder of the papers seemed to be of a similar character, and the worthy couple were fully satisfied of the clerical vocation of their late visitor, when the lady inquisitor picked up a loose sheet, containing a copy of verses!

‘A hymn, no doubt,’ quoth the lady, ‘which the worthy man has composed in his solitary rambles.’

‘Read it, for our edification,’ returned the Squire.

‘Do, mamma!’ cried all the girls at once.

So the old lady began:

‘Hail beauteous shade! secure from eye profane,  
Where chaste Diana, with her vestal train’—

Here the door opened, and to the utter confusion of the whole company, the stranger stood before them! It was a scene for a painter. There sat the lady of the mansion, on a low chair, with the unlucky saddlebags at her feet, and the contents thereof piled up in her lap. Three beautiful girls leaned on the back of her chair, looking eagerly over her shoulder. The head of the family, who sat on the opposite side of the fire, had taken the pipe from his mouth; dropped his elbows upon his knees, and was gazing and listening with as much interest as any of the circle; while a half dozen young blacks, with eyes and mouth open, surveyed the scene with surprise. In the open door stood the stranger, quite as much embarrassed as any of the party, who on discovering him, gazed at each other in mute dismay. The dismal looks of the host and hostess, when thus caught in the fact, were really pitiable. They were a virtuous, honorable couple; above fear, but keenly sensitive of shame. The lady was of gentle blood and nurture, and was proud of herself, her husband, and her family. The gentleman, though he despised, and never practised the little affectations and stratagems of pride, valued himself on his gentility, and on never doing any act beneath the dignity of a gentleman. This truly respectable pair had travelled through life together, and neither of them had ever before had cause to blush for the act of the other; and now when they stood detected in the disgraceful fact of opening the private papers of a guest, they were covered with confusion. Squire B. was the first to recover his composure; nor did he, like our great progenitor, attempt to excuse his own fault by saying ‘it was the woman.’ On the contrary, being a plain spoken man, and a lover of truth, he at once disclosed the whole of the reasons which led to this ludicrous procedure, only placing himself in the position which had in fact been occupied by his wife. He alluded to the perilous state of the country, to the fact that treason had more than once threatened its liberties, to his own duty as a magistrate, and to the suspicious conduct of the stranger—‘considering all these things,’ continued he, ‘our guest will not think it strange, that we have pryed a little more curiously into his private concerns, than would, under other circumstances, have become our wonted respect for the rites of hospitality.’

‘And yet,’ resumed the old man, ‘I am grieved particularly that a clergyman should have been treated uncivilly in my house’—for the Squire and his dame were pillars of the church, and revered the clergy.

The stranger, happy in recovering his property, most cheerfully admitted that his kind entertainers had acted for the best.

‘And now,’ said the Squire, ‘to complete our reconciliation, I insist on your spending a week or two with us. On Sunday next you shall preach in our church, and in the meanwhile there are several couples to be married, who have been waiting until they could procure the services of a minister.’

This invitation the stranger civilly but peremptorily declined, and taking a hasty leave, retreated to his horse.

Mr. B. accompanied him across the little lawn in front of the house, and the stranger, before he mounted, addressed him thus: ‘We are now alone, sir, and some explanation is due to you. I am not, as you at first supposed, a spy, but a native born American, as true to my country, as any patriot who fights her battles. Neither am I a clergyman, though I confess to my shame, that I have assumed that character. I am a student, preparing for the profession of law; but the country wants men in her armies, and although I have removed from town to town, and from one neighborhood to another, I cannot escape the importunity of recruiting officers, or the ridicule of my friends, for not devoting these sturdy limbs of mine to the common cause.’

‘Really, young man, I cannot see why you should wish to evade military duty, in such times as these.’

‘The gifts of Providence are various,’ said the young man, ‘Washington was born a soldier, and I was born—a coward!’

The elder gentleman drew back as if he had seen a rattlesnake in his path.

‘It is a melancholy truth,’ resumed the young man, ‘I have had a liberal education, my talents are thought to be respectable, and I am gifted with a fund of humor which enables me to mimic whatever I see, and to convulse the gravest company with laughter. Yet I am not happy; for the fear of bodily harm is continually before my eyes. I have an instinctive dread of death; the report of a cannon causes me to shudder; war is my abhorrence; I covet fame, but the idea of having a knife drawn across my throat, or a rusty bayonet thrust through my body, curdles every drop of blood in my veins.’

‘This is an uncommon case.’

‘It is uncommon, and therefore I bear it with composure; courage is so ordinary a quality, that it is no disgrace to want it. Cowardice is an extraordinary gift, bestowed on susceptible minds.’

‘But why assume the character of a preacher?’

‘Merely to be exempt from military duty, and safe from danger. I go from camp to camp and preach up rebellion to our soldiers. I can declaim with fervor about liberty, for I love it; and I can stimulate others to fight bravely, for none can talk so big as a coward.’

‘But what if you fall in with the enemy?’

‘To them I preach peace and good will towards all men. I carry a few orthodox sermons with me, such as you have seen, that suit any emergency. My patriotic efforts are all extemporaneous.’

The young man extended his hand to his host, thanked him heartily for his hospitality, mounted his horse, and rode slowly away, leaving the whole family amused and puzzled with the events of this singular visit.

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#### CONSTRUCTION OF THE SKULL.

ARE you for meditation my friend? If so, we might moralize upon the fleeting nature of earthly good, the certainty of death, or any other of the many well-worn subjects that should, and do interest us at proper times and places—but which at present I will not insist upon. And yet I am about to propose a walk to the village grave-yard. It is near to sunset, and the world without, no less than our own mind, is steeped in seriousness; come with me, and we may find food for thought among yon willows, that is not dwelt upon in the pulpit, nor often mentioned by the fireside.

We stand by a new-dug grave; the bones of some former occupant of this spot, lie around us. Here, you see, is the skull; it yet retains its shape, though a little blow would reduce it to dust. With Hamlet, we might speculate upon this bony chamber of the brain by the hour together, but such reveries are the luxuries of a diseased mind; to one that *is* what man should be, there is more pleasure in dwelling upon the happiness of our fellows, and the goodness of our Maker; and not only more pleasure, but, believe me, more benefit, than in lamenting or laughing at man’s impotence. And this—this remnant of mortality—this unclean relic, from which many would turn with indifference or disgust, may learn us something; for it is the workmanship of the same hand ‘that laid the foundations of the earth, and covered it with the deep as with a garment.’ Let



us consider its architecture. The skull, from its position, needs strength to bear a weight, and solidity to resist a blow; it must be of a hardness to turn a pointed instrument, and of a material that will not vibrate; for a jar communicated to the brain would be fatal. And how is all this to be done? Were you to give an artist some precious substance, and require him to make for it a case, the cavity of which, it should fill; to make that case capable of resisting the edge of a knife; and of such a nature that a blow upon it would not cause a vibration of the substance inclosed, he would at first, perhaps, be puzzled. If he take a metal to resist a cut, it will vibrate, and so will glass, and so any substance of that nature; if on the other hand, he take wood, or any body suited to prevent vibration, a knife or a nail will easily penetrate it. But a little thought would lead him to unite the two; he would make his case of wood, and within that, place one of glass, and were he wise, would lay a piece of cloth between the two. If now the case be struck, the wood will not vibrate, and the concussion does not affect the inclosed substance; and if it be liable to injury from a pointed instrument, though the outer case might be pierced, the inner one would turn the point. Look at a soldier's helmet, when you next fall in with one; it is of steel to resist cuts, but lined with leather, or perhaps padded; without which, although the blow of his adversary might be turned aside, the shock of the blow acting through the hard metal cap, would bring the wearer to the ground. It was to prevent this same effect, and not for ornament, that the head-piece of the Roman was covered with hair; and the hair which covers our own polls, may be in part, to answer this purpose. Now if we examine the mouldering skull which I hold on the end of my cane, we shall find that it is constructed on this very plan. When I separate it into two parts, by loosening the seam which runs across just before the crown, from temple to temple—which seam joint is called a *suture*—you will observe by examining the edge of this piece, which was the back part of the head, that it is composed of two tables of bone, separated from each other by a cellular substance, which, during life, was soft and yielding. The outer of these coats you see, I can cut with my knife, but the inner, even yet, is hard and glassy, and resists the point; here then you have precisely the casing which I supposed our artist would adopt, an outer coat of a fibrous, tough, woody texture, and an inner one of a hard and vibrating kind, separated by a softer matter, as the cloth would have separated the two casings of the human invention. The non-vibrating substance is placed without, instead of being, as in the helmet, within, because we receive in life a hundred

knocks to one cut; whereas the helmet is intended expressly to turn aside an edge. Again, you see in this skull the two tables distinctly separated; the one, of whom this was 'sometime' the seat of intellect, died in middle life, for as our necessities and dangers change as we go from the cradle to the grave, so do our powers and defences change; the child, playing and tumbling about in his exuberance of life, bumps his head twenty times a day, and if we mark his skull, we find it elastic, fibrous, and calculated to receive blows, and give no jar to the brain; as we grow older and more staid, there is less likelihood of our meeting with such frequent accidents, but we are exposed to a greater variety, and the skull separates into the two tables which you see in this one; and in time, old age comes on, we retire from active life, from the neighborhood of danger, and then the skull becomes again a single, but now, a hard table; so that a blow which the child would not heed, and the man would scarce care for, might bring the aged to his grave. This change is not peculiar to the skull; all the bones of the body become harder and harder, as age comes over us. The infant cannot stand, because it has not the hard pillars that we have, to support it; its bones are little more than gristle, and in this state, may be easily bent and deformed. In one part of the frame, this softness of the bones in early childhood, is particularly striking; I mean in the little bones which, as you know, lie within the ear, and convey the motion of the air to the nerve, by means of which we hear; this softness causes infants to hear but indistinctly, and as at that age they have but little need of their ears, this provision is the more fitting, as it enables them to sleep in despite of noises which would scare slumber from older eyes. Let me call your attention to one more point respecting these tables of the skull. You see that along the seam which I opened, the edges *without*, were united by a sort of rough dovetailing, which held the two parts together; but if you look at the edges of the *inner* table, you will find them simply laid in contact; and the reason is obvious, it is the same which would lead one of us to bind together, two pieces of tough wood by dovetailing, though we should never dream of joining in this way, so brittle a substance as glass or porcelain.

Twilight, I see, is coming on apace, but as neither you nor I, my friend, stand in awe of churchyard spirits, let us, before we go, look at the mode in which these bones of the head are put together. This skull is an imperfect one; but you will observe that this bone which formed the back part of the head, is not a single bone, but is divided by a suture running from the crown toward the back of the neck; now were this skull complete, we

should find two other bones, one on each side, just above the position of the ear; these bones we should find united to the ones I hold in my hand, not by simple sutures, like the ones we see, but in such a manner as that the edges of the lower bones, the ones that are wanting here, would overlap these bones, and prevent them, in case a weight were placed upon the top of the head, from being forced outward, which would, as you see, be the tendency; as now, when I press upon this portion of the skull, which is supported by no such *buttresses* as the ones I speak of, it is broken apart at the central seam. If we consider only this hinder portion of the skull, we may call it an arch, and as an arch, you know, is prevented from falling by the weight of masonry, which is placed upon the point whence the arch springs, so is this arch of the head prevented from spreading by these bones upon either side. Or if you consider the whole skull as a dome, to which it bears much resemblance, you may look upon these contrivances to prevent its fall, as analogous to the iron chains and hoops with which man is wont to bend about and secure his imitations of this simple structure. And so strongly are these bones connected, that when deprived of the muscles and tendons which aid in securing them during life, they can be separated only by means of a strong and uniform pressure acting upon the centre, so that all the sutures shall be equally strained; the skull that we have here, is much decomposed, and the seams opened easily. As a farther security, we find by looking into the skull, that there are ribs of bone running over from side to side; and that these ribs cross each other, thickening and strengthening the skull in the parts which are most exposed to injury; as for instance, that which strikes the ground when a man falls backward.

Such is a meagre account of that apparently simple thing, a human skull. Were the other parts of the frame to which this once belonged, before us—the spine, the bones of the arm, leg, and foot—I might point out to you contrivances more curious than these we have been noticing; but the damp shades of night are gathering around us, and little as I fear the ghosts that may inhabit here, I feel unwilling to stand motionless here or elsewhere while the dew is falling. Perhaps some future evening we will stroll this way again.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

DEVOTED as we are to the interests of our readers, and industrious as we profess to be in casting about for interesting subjects

of discussion, we are far from being invariably successful in these laudable researches. On the contrary, the day of publication often arrives without finding us prepared to meet its demands. We hate to be dull; and are often induced to delay, even at the expense of our character for punctuality, in the fond hope that a propitious moment may arrive when the inspiration of wit shall enliven our faculties. For we have learned that it is better to be witty, than to be wise. Wisdom is so common that it has become a drug. The world is full of wise people. The aristocracy of knowledge is at an end. Lyceums and periodicals have rendered learning popular. Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets; children become scientific at infant schools; and even the ladies, who used to be satisfied with smiling and ogling, have found out that it is quite graceful—to think.

We doubt the propriety of this state of things, very much; for if people take to thinking for themselves, what is to become of editors and authors, whose business it is to think for them? What shall we do, whose avocation is to be wise for the benefit of others? We know of no way to get around the dilemma, but the one suggested above, which is, to cultivate wit; leaving wisdom to the common herd, who may choose to deal in that heavy commodity. Wisdom may be found of those who seek her; any dull rogue who is industrious enough, may become wise; but wit is the prerogative of genius. There is some consolation in that. To be a scholar, is no longer a distinction; diplomas are as common as bank bills—perhaps more so, for they are often found in pockets to which the latter are perfect strangers. Science is now an every day attainment. The efforts for the general diffusion of knowledge, are quite successful; but we are happy to announce that no discovery has yet been made of any method for the universal dissemination of wit.

These remarks we suggest for the benefit of our contributors; for we only profess to spread the table for our monthly repast, not to manufacture the viands. As vigilant purveyors for the public, we desire to furnish out our table with something that shall be elegant and novel, in addition to the substantials, which are standing dishes. We say this for the ears of a select few—not for the ‘favored and enlightened few;’ for a wealthy man is favored, a handsome man is well favored, and a learned man is enlightened—but for the select few who are witty. A word to the wise is enough; and a word to the witty is more than enough. So we pass on.

We began this article by setting forth the difficulty of keeping up a steady supply of intellectual aliment for our readers. It is altogether impossible to keep a large quantity of wit on



hand; for like ice, or beauty, it will not keep. There is but little of it in the market, and that little resembles bottled cider in several particulars; being sometimes sour, often frothy, and at all times disposed to burst the bottles containing it rather than submit to confinement.

Wit, moreover, is very apt to be slovenly. We are not now insinuating that witty *men* do not wash their hands, and shave their beards as often as others, and tie their cravats as neatly. The outward man claims not our attention. But wit itself is sometimes coarse, and occasionally vulgar; and hence we are compelled, as the discreet editor of a polite magazine, to be extremely fastidious in the choice of articles in this line; being very careful, at all events, if we can do no better, to imitate the notable matron who, in choosing a set of cups and saucers, selected such as would not *show* dirt.

To say the truth, the ambition to be witty is becoming scarce, and the whole intellectual effort of our country seems to be directed to the attainment of learning. We have speeches and lectures as long as the moral law, as dull as the common law, and as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We have some pathetic poets too, who sigh forth their tender effusions in right tuneful numbers. With the latter we never meddle. We had rather drink weak coffee, than read mournful verses; and as to fine, elegant, souvenir poetry—we commend it to our betters. A sprightly essay now, or a genuinely humorous tale, is a thing which suits our fancy. A spirited poem is not a bad morsel for an idle hour, if it be lively, pointed, and short. But it should by all means be short, or else so prepared as to be susceptible of being administered in broken doses.

We have been looking for three days for something to amuse our readers, that they might peruse this number with pleasure, and anticipate the next with curiosity. In our researches we stumbled upon the following lines, forming parts of a New Years address, written by some merry wight in Indiana, and which, were it not for the too free use of a slang epithet, which the good folks of that state apply to each other, would be very clever. We speak not of the poetry; for with that, as we said before, we meddle not—but only quote the lines, as being descriptive of manners in our sister state.

‘Blest Indiana! in her soil,  
Men seek the sure rewards of toil,  
And honest poverty and worth,  
Find here the best retreat on earth;  
While hosts of preachers, doctors, lawyers,  
All “independent as wood sawyers,”  
With men of every hue and fashion,

Flock to this rising "Hoosher" nation.  
 Men who can legislate or plough,  
 Wage politics, or milk a cow,  
 So plastic are their various parts,  
 That in the circle of the arts,  
 With equal tact, the "Hoosher" leons  
 Hunt offices, or hunt raccoons.  
 A captain, colonel, or a squire,  
 Who would ascend a little higher,  
 First courts the people, honest souls,  
 He bows, caresses, or cajoles,  
 Till they conceive he has more merit,  
 Than was his fortune to inherit,  
 And running counter to his nature,  
 He runs into the legislature,  
 Where, if he pass for wise and mute,  
 Or chance to steer the proper "chute,"  
 In half a dozen years or more,  
 He's qualified for congress floor.'

' Suppose in riding somewhere west,  
 A stranger found a *Hoosher's* nest,  
 In other words, a buckeye cabin,  
 Just big enough to hold queen Mab in,  
 Its situation low, but airy,  
 Was on the borders of a prairie,  
 And fearing he might be benighted,  
 He hailed the house, and then alighted.  
 The Hoosher met him at the door,  
 Their salutations soon were o'er;  
 He took the stranger's horse aside,  
 And to a sturdy sappling tied,  
 Then having stripped the saddle off,  
 He fed him in a sugar-trough.  
 The stranger stooped to enter in,  
 The entrance closing with a pin,  
 And manifested strong desire,  
 To seat him by the log-heap fire,  
 Where half a dozen *Hoosheroons*,  
 With milk and bread, tin cups and spoons,  
 White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,  
 Seemed much inclined to keep their places.  
 But madam, anxious to display  
 Her rough but undisputed sway,  
 Her offspring to the ladder led,  
 And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.  
 Invited shortly to partake  
 Of venison, milk, and Johnny-cake,  
 The stranger made a hearty meal,  
 And glances round the room would steal.  
 One side was lined with divers garments,  
 The other hung with skins of "varments,"  
 Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,  
 Where venison hams in plenty hung;  
 Two rifles placed above the door,  
 Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor;  
 In short the domicile was rife,  
 With specimens of *Hoosher* life.  
 The host, who centred his affections  
 On game, and *range*, and quarter sections,

Discoursed his weary guest for hours,  
 'Till Somnus' ever potent powers  
 Of sublunary cares bereft 'em —  
 And then I came away and left 'em.'

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### WRITTEN ON A FROSTY MORNING.

I HEARD the wind whistle all night round my head,  
 And dreamt 'twas the voice of the storm-riding elf;  
 And the shivering air, it crept into my bed,  
 As if to escape from itself.  
 And now, though the monarch of heat is on high,  
 The north wind is searching each cranny and crack,  
 And rustles away in the small of my back,  
 While my nose is as blue as yon sky.

But yet, though the earth by thy skill be embossed,  
 Away o'er the valley and hill will I roam;  
 And will honor and love thee, my cunning John Frost,  
 For you carry me back to my home.  
 I think of New England, now far, far away;  
 Of the deep drifts of winter, the summer's green boughs;  
 Of the frost-bitten pumpkins I split for the cows;  
 And the eggs that I stole from the hay.

Again the north-easter howls loud in the vale;  
 Again with bright cider our glasses we fill;  
 And listen again to the veteran's tale  
 Of the battle of old Bunker hill.  
 It touches the heart like a sorcerer's wand;  
 Oh! blest be my country; and here is my hand  
 To the man that will riches and honors resign,  
 And take for his motto, as I will for mine,  
 There's no land like my own native land!

P.

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### FELLENBERG.

THE deep importance of the subject must be our excuse for offering so soon another article on education. Although the wise men of every age and every land have discussed the question, how a child should be brought up, they have not yet decided it. Improvements, or what to men of this age appear so, are made every year. Systems and theories, like empires, rise, and flourish, and fall. And it is but natural and just, that we of the west too, should strive to improve. There is a field here for improvements that exists no where else. Our people are not yet accustomed to, and prejudiced in favor of any particular system or name. The population is continually changing, and the individuals of which it consists, come from all quarters of the globe; we have not, consequently, that fixedness of thought, and

those set customs and modes, which in older countries render experiment hazardous; and accordingly, one may expect that great improvements will be made here, in the science of education. We give in this paper a condensed account of the school at *Hofwyl*, established by, and continued under the direction of the celebrated *Fellenberg*. Although as a whole, this seminary cannot, as yet, be extensively imitated in the west; many of the principles recognised in it, are worthy the attention of every instructor and parent in our country; they are acknowledged by the first teachers of Europe and America, to be the true principles upon which education should be grounded.

If there were time, we should like to trace the private course and character of *Fellenberg*—for a more noble and philanthropic man scarce ever lived—but we must confine ourselves to that part of his career which is connected with the establishment above mentioned.

Emanuel Von *Fellenberg* was born in 1771, at Berne, in Switzerland. His family was among the first of that city. From his earliest youth, his parents interested him in the cause of freedom and education; and the more he knew of the world, the more was he convinced that the only means by which slavery and despotism, or on the other hand, anarchy and bloodshed, could be prevented, was by the early education of all the members of a community; and he resolved to devote his life and fortune to this one object, the elevating and enlightening of the whole mass of his countrymen, and as far as possible, of mankind. To this end, he purchased, about the close of the last century, a private country seat, six miles from Berne, called *Hofwyl*. It is situated upon a hill, surrounded on three sides by a valley thirty feet deep, and on the fourth, screened by a wood. On the north are the Jura mountains, and to the south the Bernese Alps, the summits covered with eternal snow; in the valley are two small lakes, and upon the hills opposite, are scattered hamlets and villages. The situation, isolated in the midst of towns, and offering natural scenery of uncommon beauty, was of course, a strong recommendation to the philanthropist. As agriculture was to be the basis of his institution, he devoted himself at once to the preparation of *Hofwyl* as an experimental farm; one on which agriculture might be taught with some degree of precision; and with much labor and expense, he fitted it for his purposes. He next began his school, by associating a few children with his own sons, and gradually forming their habits according to those principles upon which he intended to proceed. To these he added a little after, a few more; and so



went on increasing the number very gradually. In this way, by introducing a few at a time among those whose ideas, manners, and motives he had already moulded upon his own system, he found but little difficulty in keeping the whole school in the path which he had chosen.

In 1807, the first building for the scientific institution, destined for the education of the upper classes, was erected. In the next year, the care of the agricultural school, in which the indigent and laboring classes were to be instructed, was undertaken by the son of a neighboring schoolmaster, named Vehrli. The next step was the formation of a normal school or seminary, for the fitting of teachers for their profession. To this school, forty-two instructors of the canton of Berne came the first year, and so great was their enthusiasm, that finding the buildings too small for their accommodation, they lodged in tents. But the governors of Berne, fearful that heterodox doctrines might be instilled into their population, forbade the attendance of their teachers for the future. For the same reason, the princes and nobles of Europe, who had come forward at first to patronise Fellenberg, withdrew their support. Alexander of Russia even, who had sent several young nobles from his empire to Hofwyl, in accordance with a plan of the Swiss schoolmaster, for the improvement of the autocrat's subjects, deserted him, fearing the proposed improvement might be a dangerous one for despots. But the institution still continued to increase. The pupils of late years, have been about one third English, the rest Swiss. The establishment at present comprises, first, the farm of six hundred acres; second, workshops for the construction of agricultural instruments, school apparatus, clothing, &c.; third, a lithographic press; fourth, a scientific institution for educating the higher classes; fifth, a practical institution for those destined to business; sixth, an agricultural institution for the laboring classes; seventh, an institution for teachers. In September, 1829, there were one hundred scholars in the scientific and practical schools, and one hundred and seventeen in the agricultural institute; the whole, under the care of about forty educators and teachers. Fellenberg and his wife and children preside over the scientific institute, and that part of the agricultural, in which the female peasants live; the practical and male agricultural schools are under the care of Vehrli.

There is also, about six miles from Hofwyl, a colony of eight or ten boys, who were placed, like settlers in our backwoods, upon an uncultivated spot of ground, to build a house for themselves and provide their own sustenance. They labor the greater part of the day upon the farm, or in washing, cooking,

weaving, &c., receiving, however, on an average, four hours of instruction each day. The course of discipline, the continual employment, the sense of self-dependance, and the absence of almost all temptation, have produced very beneficial effects. No institution probably, could be better fitted to lead back the young mind to virtue, however far it may have gone astray.

We have given this sketch of the progress and state of Fellenberg's institution, that his principles and plans may be the more easily understood; we will now proceed to the consideration of one or two of those principles.

The fundamental doctrine of Fellenberg, is that which says, that *education is designed to develop all the faculties, physical, intellectual, and moral, of each individual, and to train and unite them into one harmonious system.* He would not efface the peculiar character of the individual, and vainly endeavor to render all men alike. He considers all the faculties, passions, and powers as given for good ends, and directs his efforts to the guiding, not the destroying of them. He would, as far as possible, preserve that balance, that proportion among the faculties, which must be preserved, if we would form perfect men; and would prefer to see *complete men* rather than *great scholars*, or *sincere, but rash enthusiasts.* To bring about his object; to develop the various powers of the mind in harmony, Fellenberg proceeds upon the rule that a human being, young or old, should never be employed in any exercise beyond his powers, physical, intellectual, or moral. With regard to the physical powers, this rule is in most part allowed by all. Who would call upon a child to carry a burden beyond his strength, when the object to be attained, was the improvement of that strength? But the effect of overtaking the intellect is not obvious to every eye; we can all see the futility of a scheme to make children do the bodily labor of men, but we do not, and will not understand that the mind goes through a process of developement slower and longer than the frame; we will not understand that the attempt to make a boy comprehend truths intended for men, is as absurd as the attempt to make a babe eat the food of men. In accordance with the above named principle, Fellenberg classes his scholars according to their maturity of mind and capacity of improvement. He would not put one whose powers were uncultivated, with one whose powers were trained and perfected; nor one whose mind was weak, with one of strong intellect, though both were alike advanced; such unions produce unequal struggles, jealousy, and ill will. He makes no attempt to develop the mind prematurely; '*he knows how to wait.*' He cares first for the body, convinced that without a

sound body the mind will be unhealthy, and the individual unhappy. He does not expect from a child, that instant obedience, that quick perception of right and wrong, or that power of self-restraint, which is found in older persons. He never shows anger for a fault, for then, punishment would seem revenge; he comes again and again to the point, enforcing the necessity of obedience, and if it be needful to punish, he does it without any passion, giving the pupil fully to understand that his own good is desired, and that only.

He first attends, we said, to the body; he regards health and vigor as indispensable to the performance of those duties for which we live. He has accordingly provided the gymnastic apparatus, both in the open air and under cover; he has constructed two baths of hewn stone, one ninety feet in diameter, and ten feet deep; the other of smaller dimensions, and but two feet deep; both are supplied with cold spring water. The rooms are built and warmed with direct reference to health. In one of the court-yards is a hillock of clean sand, in which the younger children build castles and dig caves—some will say to no purpose, but Fellenberg, with more knowledge of human nature and its progress, sees a wholesome exercise of the body and the mind, even in such trifles. In short, every thing is calculated with reference to this object, the gradual and natural developement of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers. It is because this object is, in general, but partially attended to; because the young mind is called upon to act as if mature; because bodily health is not made the basis of education, and the intellect receives far more attention than is its due—that so many leave our colleges and academies worse, really worse off, than they would have been had they remained at the plough; or, if of rich parentage, devoted themselves to any honest handicraft.

Fellenberg proceeds upon the principle, as we mentioned before, that the object of education should be the developement of all the powers of the human being; and with beginners he attends solely to this without reference to the imparting of facts or rules; as he gives his boys carpenters' tools, not to learn them that trade, but to exercise and perfect their physical powers. He finds that the instinct of the young is to change the attention continually; to go from one subject, from one occupation to another, without dwelling long upon, or thoroughly examining any one; and trusting to the wisdom of this instinct, believing it to be implanted for the purpose of exercising and strengthening all the faculties in harmony, he follows it in his institution. But when the powers are strong enough to examine what is pre-

sented, when the attention is capable of being fixed for a length of time on one point, then he begins to *instruct*; to instil learning; to lead the pupil to the acquisition of positive knowledge. *Having developed the faculties, he next applies them.* This application, it appears to us, is in truth, but for the purpose of still farther improving the powers; but this is not the immediate object in view. As in early education, though the immediate end desired is improvement, still there is always application; so afterward, though the immediate object is application, we yet find improvement always in company. Let us now examine the rules which guide him in applying the youthful faculties.

His first maxim is, *that nothing can be considered as truly acquired or learned, which the learner cannot reproduce, either by itself under some new form, or as part of some new whole.* This destroys at once learning by rote, or routine; which means, as we understand it, the learning and remembering of the symbol, or the representative, without the comprehension or memory of the idea, or thing represented. Any one that has ever had to do with children, knows how much of their knowledge is mere knowledge of words. We have no doubt, that in many cases, and for many purposes, it is necessary that children should learn in this way; but we have as little doubt, that half of those who intend to teach ideas, do in truth, teach mere sounds; and we understand Fellenberg's rule to be, that although, as an introductory step, the memory of sound, independent of sense, may be necessary; yet when we come to teaching facts or rules, that we do not truly teach them, unless we do instil them into, and as it were, make them a part of the pupils mind, that he can reproduce them in a form differing from that in which he received them; showing thereby, a mastery and memory of the *thing*, independent of the arbitrary *symbol*. To attain the desired end, to learn the child any truth, Fellenberg conceives that he should be led, and not forced; he would have the instructor act as a guide and adviser, not as a task-master, who is to drive the victim a certain distance in a certain time. Let them, by their own examination, learn what facts are within their reach, and from an observation of facts, arrive, by inductive reasoning, at general rules. Instead of giving a boy the written definition of a geometric figure to commit to memory, present him with the figure itself, and he will soon make a definition for himself, and thenceforth the idea will exist in his mind, unconnected with any set form of words, and will be so much true gain. Give him a stone, a flower, an animal, let him examine it; then give him several, and bid him compare and arrange them. In this way he will soon make for himself, orders and classes, and will acquire



abstract notions. When he has done this, then present to him the definitions, and classifications of science; he will be enabled to see their truth, he will correct his own errors; and henceforth he will be willing to receive the statements and rules of others, where he cannot examine for himself, with a confidence that no representation of their authenticity could ever have produced.

The next doctrine adopted at Hofwyl is, *to make every subject as interesting as possible*. In consequence of that almost universal error in practice, which leads instructors to overtask the intellect of the young, punishment, compulsion, and fear, are conceived to be essential to the instruction of a child. If it is so; if the mind will not indeed, receive knowledge willingly; if its food must be forced upon it, then is the mind excepted from the operation of the great laws of nature. But we do not believe it is so. Let but the food be fitted for the being that we wish to nourish, and let it be presented as food, and not as a bitter draught which must be taken or suffering will ensue, and we have not one particle of doubt that the mind will receive its proper nourishment as willingly as the body. We have seen it stated somewhere, and we believe on high authority, that there was this radical difference between the body and mind; the body will grow, and its powers be developed without extraneous care; but not so with the mind, we must nurse and nourish that. From this we dissent. It appears to us that the mind of the child is as the body of the infant. For the latter, the mother must seek out and select food; she presents it to the infant, but does not, if wise, force it upon him. He grows up, and as he grows, he begins to provide for himself; but he could not have done so, had not another provided for him while helpless. On the other hand, the educator seeks and selects food for the mind of the child; as the mind grows strong in consequence of this care, it becomes able, like the body, to care for itself; which it would not have done but for this early attention. We think it reasonable then, in educating the mind, to keep in view the rules observed in educating the body. We can see and trace with some distinctness, the action of certain treatment upon the frame; but we cannot, with much certainty, observe the consequence of a certain course upon the intellect and heart. From what we can see however, and from analogy, we think it a fair conclusion, that knowledge is to be selected for, and offered to the mind, in a manner that will please and attract it; and that it never should be forced upon the intellect, unless where this is diseased by neglect or bad influences, and then we give it medicinally.

The severity generally made use of in education, counteracts

the object of education. Were the child told every morning, with a frown, to eat his bread and milk, or he should be whipped, he would soon look upon what he once loved, with abhorrence. But the child has from the beginning the idea of pain, as walking hand in hand with knowledge, and can we wonder that he loathes knowledge? Can we wonder that his advance is slow, and his mind stunted in its growth? Can we wonder that the punishment which is inflicted, it seems to him without reason; the power which is exerted, it seems to him without rule or right; and the favor which is shown, it seems to him without cause—should beget hatred, revenge, a disposition to think *might* better than *right*, envy, jealousy, and most of those evil passions which desolate the world?

But we are going beyond our limits, and must reserve for another time, some of the leading principles of Fellenberg which we have not room now to dwell upon. So far, we have found his system to be this; that in early childhood the object of education should be, not to communicate knowledge, but to exercise and improve simultaneously, the powers of the body, the mind, and the heart; and that when we do begin to communicate knowledge, we should so do it as to make the idea familiar to the pupil's mind, independent of any set form of words or other representatives; and that to do this properly, all knowledge should be presented in the most interesting form possible.

These principles may seem trite, and so they are, and should be; but while they are as little heeded in practice as at present, they cannot, we think, be repeated too often. P.

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#### SONNET.

Strong was the power of nature o'er my heart,  
 When childhood drew me to thy woods and streams,  
 Fair Suffield! I was loth from thee to part;  
 Loth to reenter the bad world of art,  
 And live, thenceforth, amid the fitful gleams  
 Of pride and fashion. How I long to light  
 My pathway through thy solitary shades,  
 By Heaven's own natural moon! But now, at night,  
 When the bright sun yon distant hill-top leaves,  
 The narrow street in smoky twilight fades;  
 And the dull glare of lamps, full sparsely strewn,  
 Scarce shows above my head the towering eaves  
 Of gloomy dwellings, where there cannot be,  
 Such joy and freedom, gentle home, as I have found in thee.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN a late number, we alluded to the pernicious effect of the propensity for English literature, which has been indulged so freely by American booksellers—we will not say by American readers, because we believe them guiltless of such bad taste. We shall now proceed to give some reasons why we pronounce English literature to be pernicious in its tendency, unsuited to the genius and condition of our country, and hostile to all our notions of propriety, political and moral.

And here let us dispose of a proposition which is continually reiterated by sentimentalists on both sides of the Atlantic. We are told that we are decended from the English, that we speak their language, that we have borrowed from them our laws and religion, and that therefore, being such near relations, and having shewn so great a similarity of taste and opinion, we ought to be excellent friends. On a closer examination, we find that this friendship is to consist in a humble submission on our part, to all the abuse which John Bull may be pleased to lavish on us, in a servile imitation of his vices and follies, and in being, in short, in kind of poor relation, who is only to be acknowledged when it suits the great man. We deny the truth of this proposition, except so much of it as relates to our language. We inherit from the English nothing but their dialect. It is not true that we are their descendants. If the ancestry of the American people at large be investigated, it will be found that we are decended from the European nations in general, and that probably a minority of our people are the offspring of English parentage. In the New England states the English blood may predominate, but the case is different in the great states of New York and Pennsylvania—indeed, in all the middle, and most of the southern states. Upon the western states they have no claim; the people of this country are of American blood, and are satisfied to trace their genealogy no further back than to the older states from which they sprung. If it was proper to go beyond our immediate progenitors, and to cross the ocean in search of forefathers, it would be equally right to extend the inquisition a little further, and to claim kindred with the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. The English nation is not—to borrow a simile from the booksellers—an original work, but a compilation. We should therefore, give credit to the real authors.

It must be apparent to every close observer, that of the emigrants from Great Britain, but few are *English*; the great majority are, and have always been, Scotch and Irish, whose

ancestors were subdued by the English, who consider themselves aliens, who have been treated by their conquerors with the most unprincipled injustice and ferocious cruelty, and who came here to escape oppression. With regard to the Irish and the Scottish highlanders, this is literally true; and it was true in reference to the whole Scottish people, until very lately. The Irish are not only *not English*, but they do not constitute in any proper sense, a part of the British nation. The British government has never had peaceable possession of Ireland; the people have never submitted to her sway; she has always held them in subjection as a conquered people, and governed them by military force. Surely the English will not claim kindred with us through that portion of our ancestors who are Irish, or through the Highland clansmen, who, hunted from the native mountains like wild beasts, sought a new home on our shores.

The truth, then, is about this. The first settlers of New England, and the followers of Penn, were persecuted English, expatriated on account of their religion. The Catholics who settled Maryland, came under similar circumstances. But the influx of Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and Germans, to all the middle states, has completely changed the character of the population, and given the majority to the descendents of these latter nations. Louisiana was settled by the French and Spaniards, whose descendents are still numerous, and who planted there the civil law, which continues to exert a predominating influence in the policy of that country. In South Carolina, some of the most distinguished men, and the most numerous families, are of French extraction. That state received one colony from Barbadoes, another from the Dutch settlement at Nova-Belgia, and very numerous emigrations from France, Switzerland, Holland, and Germany. Colonies of French Huguenots, and distressed Palatines, settled also in North Carolina. When to these facts, it is added, that the French are scattered throughout the United States, and that we have received citizens from every civilized nation under the sun, it will be seen that the English have no shadow of reason to support their arrogant claim of fraternity; and that the nickname *Anglo-American*, which they apply to us on all occasions, is without foundation.

The fact that the English language is our national tongue, is not to be received as proof of our descent from that people. It became the prevailing dialect, because it was that which was first introduced, and because it was the language of our rulers. The laws were published, and the legal proceedings conducted, in that tongue. Besides, the English came in colonies, while



the later accessions to our population, have been made by individual emigrants, coming singly, or in small parties, who adopted the language and customs of their predecessors, but who, with their offspring, form an aggregate which, as we contend, greatly outnumbers the original stock.

Are our laws and civil institutions derived from those of Great Britain? They were originally so derived, but have been so modified as to retain but little trace of the originals from which they were copied; and whatever might have been true, previous to the revolution, our whole system of political and civil economy, differs now materially from that of Great Britain. These changes have been made so gradually and imperceptibly, as to deceive even the most discerning, who have not happened to make them the subjects of reflection. But no statesman, or well read lawyer, acknowledges the existence of the similarity contended for by mawkish sentimentalists. It is true, they have a king, and a parliament, and we have a president, and a congress, and many persons fancy that the one is a copy of the other, under a change of names. But our president is not a king, nor any thing like a king; and a congress consisting of members elected by the people and the states, is altogether different from a body constituted of lords spiritual and temporal, and commons—a body partly ecclesiastical and partly civil—composed of men who hold their seats, some by right of birth, some by purchase, and some by election. Such a body is as different from our congress, as one legislative body can be from another. Nor is the disparity merely in names or forms. These governments are founded on different principles, their powers are derived from different sources, and directed to different purposes. Here the people are the source of all power; such is not the fact in Great Britain. Here we legislate for the public; there all legislation is for the aristocracy. The consequence is, that their whole system is anti-republican. Their criminal code is barbarous and cruel. Their poor laws are aristocratic and unchristian. Their taxation is unequal and oppressive. The elective franchise is almost unknown; and the doctrine of equal rights is neither acknowledged nor understood. Their civil regulations are all made with a single eye to the interests of a few classes, namely, the great land proprietors, the merchants, and the manufacturers. The laborer, the mechanic, the farmer, the great mass who form the majority of the people, whose industry and intellect are the support of the nation, are neither protected by law, nor represented in the legislature. Such a government cannot, with any degree of propriety, be compared with ours. Our system of government is original. All its great

fundamental principles, have been for the first time, brought into operation on this continent. Some of them were advocated as theories in England, long ago, but were always condemned as heretical. It was here that they were first adopted, improved, and brought into practical use.

It may be said in reply, that there are parts of our system of jurisprudence, which are not only similar to the English law, but almost or quite the same; and it may be asserted, in short, that we have adopted their common law. This is true; but let it be recollected that much of what we have adopted, is the common law, if we may use the phrase, of all civilized nations. Take for example, the rules of evidence, which can hardly be called legal regulations, because they consist of those fundamental maxims of common sense, and of ethics, which would naturally guide intelligent men in searching out truth. Although they are best understood, and most expertly practised in courts of justice, they are not peculiar to those tribunals, but are received in almost all judicatories, and direct the judgment of men in all departments of investigation. To say that we received these from the English common law, would be as absurd as to contend that we owe to the same source any generally acknowledged maxim in morals or physics. They are the natural results to which the human understanding arrives in the investigation of facts or principles, and the fact that one nation may have arrived at those conclusions, or put them into practice earlier than another, does not constitute them a part of the peculiar laws of that country. It is worthy of remark, moreover, that a part only of the common law of England, is founded upon the customs of that kingdom; and that so much of it as is borrowed from the civil and canon law, is adopted by them, in common with other nations. Of the particular customs of England, we have adopted but few, for there are few of them suited to our condition. It will not be expected of us, to go into detail in an article like this. These suggestions will be sufficient to induce our readers to reflect on the subject for themselves.

Have we borrowed our religion from our worthy step-dame? We apprehend not. We humbly believe, that we owe our religious faith and knowledge to the Old and New Testament; and history informs us, that the first emigrants were driven from England, because their religion did *not* conform with that established by law. Neither is our religion assimilated to that which exists there. True, the same sects are found in that country, and in this; but the existence of an established church in the one country, and not in the other, causes a vast difference as well in public opinion, as in the rights of sectarians.

It follows from the considerations which we have suggested, that we owe less to Great Britain, than has generally been conceded, even by ourselves; and that we have but little in common with her, except our language, and as her people are in the habit of denying that we speak their tongue with purity, they at least, should let us off very easily in that particular. Indeed, it requires but a slight degree of observation, to produce the conviction, that there is but little community of feeling, or similarity of character, between the British and American people. They do not resemble us in appearance or manners. There is not even a family likeness between us. Their tastes and appetites are entirely foreign from our own. There is no foreigner who comes to our country, who finds so much fault; none who finds it so difficult to adopt our manners, and be satisfied with our institutions. There are none who so often abuse our hospitality, insult our feelings, vituperate our country, and slander our citizens. Why then should it be urged upon us, to love the British? We are willing to love them in christian charity, as we love all men; but that we should bear them any affection greater than that which we feel towards the Russian, the Chinese, or the African, is not reasonable.

Our object in these remarks, is to assert that we are under no obligations to the British nation, which should induce us to submit, out of gratitude or courtesy, to the intellectual vassalage, under which they, as well as some of our own countrymen, seem disposed to place us. In another number, we shall proceed to shew that their literature is pernicious, both in style and sentiment, and is silently corrupting our own press. We allude, of course, to their popular literature—to the mass of ephemeral trash with which our bookstores are deluged, and which are pressed into the hands of the American reader, by all the art of *the trade*, and all the beautiful attractions of the ingenious artists of our country. We wish to see the same eagerness used to circulate the works of our native writers, and the same skill enlisted to adorn them; and a combined endeavor exerted to awaken the pride of our countrymen, and kindle a national feeling in favor of indigenous talent.

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#### SPIRITUAL PRESENCE,

It is a beautiful belief,  
That ever round our head  
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,  
The spirits of the dead,

It is a beautiful belief,  
When ended our career,  
That it will be our ministry  
To watch o'er others here,

To lend a moral to the flower;  
Breathe wisdom on the wind;  
To hold commune, at night's pure noon,  
With the imprisoned mind.

To bid the mourners cease to mourn,  
The trembling be forgiven;  
To bear away, from ills of clay,  
The infant to its heaven.

Ah! when delight was found in life,  
And joy in every breath,  
I cannot tell how terrible  
The mystery of death.

But now the past is bright to me,  
And all the future clear;  
For 'tis my faith, that after death  
I still shall linger here,

P.

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#### THE BUDGET.

AFTER an absence of several months, we are seated once more in our editorial chair, and are about to resume the performance of the duties which we owe to the public. We have noticed with pleasure, and now acknowledge with gratitude, the cordial reception which has been extended by an indulgent public to the *Western Magazine*. Our contemporaries have, with one or two exceptions, spoken of it with kindness and approbation, and welcomed its appearance with a cordial liberality which has laid us under infinite obligations. These are things which we may speak of with propriety, at this time, as the praise which has been bestowed on our new periodical, is not due to its editor, but to the friends who have gratuitously and ably filled the post which he was compelled by circumstances to abandon. Under their direction, the *Magazine* has earned applause, and rapidly extended the sphere of its circulation; and while we cordially tender them our thanks, we take the occasion to invite them to continue to ornament our pages with the sprightly and graceful productions of their elegant pens.

Candor obliges us to notice that, while a majority of the editorial remarks which have fallen under our eye, have been highly flattering, and perhaps undeservedly indulgent, a few have been couched in the language of censure. For these



criticisms also, we are grateful. Editors have no right to be offended at those who tell them civilly of their faults. Our labors are for the public, and it is for the public to decide how far they may be acceptable or useful.

The only serious objection which seems to have been made to our three first numbers is, that they contain too large a proportion of light and humorous articles, and are deficient in solid and useful matter. It will be sufficient, we hope, to say in explanation, that whenever a periodical work is dependent for its materials, upon the labors of one individual, or even a few, its pages will be deficient in that variety which should constitute its chief excellence. Such has been the case with this work. The absence of the editor, threw it, an unprotected orphan, upon the hands of a few gentlemen who had no other interest in its support, than their zeal for the literature of their country, and who, being engaged in their own concerns, could not be expected to devote to it, any extraordinary degree of care or labor. We are only agreeably surprised that they have executed their guardianship with so much fidelity and success.

The cabinet which has administered our affairs, is now dissolved, and the direction of the Magazine is assumed by the editor. We shall examine into the alleged abuses, and should we find any such to have crept in, shall extend to them the hand of reform. The Magazine shall not in future be too witty. We shall place a curb upon the restive genius of our contributors, and rein them in to a reasonable degree of sedateness. We promise to be as dull and sensible as the most discreet of our readers can wish; and being ourself a person of a grave and sober turn of mind, we shall take this department under our own special care.

We again invoke the aid of our friends. If the Magazine is to be made the vehicle of sound literature, of useful science, of pure morals, and elegant wit, the design must be accomplished by the united effort of scholars and persons of taste. If the work is to be useful to the west, it must receive the support of western talent; if it is to be honorable to this city, it must present on its pages, a liberal portion of the intellectual wealth of the most highly gifted minds of our citizens. We extend the invitation to all who are capable of writing in any department of literature. Ladies and gentlemen will be alike welcome; they may select their own topics, and treat them in their own manner. The whole range of science, morals, and literature, will be open to their choice. The rich and varied emanations of genius, the matured results of patient thought, and the stores

of profound research will be equally acceptable. We would allure to our side the moralist, who can embellish truth with

‘Flowers  
Of sober tint, and herbs of med’cinable powers;’

and the poet, who can tune his harp to

‘Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
The half regained Eurydice.’

We owe a tribute of thanks to several of our contributors, whose productions have been eminently successful. The author of ‘Old Rosy Posy,’ will be always welcome. The union of just discrimination and playful wit exhibited in his productions, indicate a mind capable of high effort.

To the writer of the ‘Reflections of a Gourmand,’ we tender our salutations, and beg that on further *reflection*, he will write for us again.

Our friend ‘L.’ knows, without any professions on our part, that his communications will always be received with pleasure. What has become of the article that he promised us last winter?

We hope that ‘C. D. D.’ will find time, from his more serious studies, to

‘Turn aside  
Where fancy lures him, with her magic wand.’

There are many others in this fair city, who have

‘Skill to charm the lonely hour,  
With no inglorious song;’

and we invite all such to contribute to our pages.

‘History of Ohio, Chap. I,’ is received, and will appear in our next.

Two articles from our friend in Missouri, are on our file.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have to announce to our new subscribers, that the increase of our subscription list has been so great, as to have entirely exhausted the impression of the first and second numbers of this Magazine. Not calculating on so rapid an accession of patronage, we had supposed that we were making a liberal provision for such a contingency, in printing about 700 copies more than were required to supply the subscribers then on our list; all of these however, have been called for, within a few weeks past, and a number of new subscribers remain to be supplied with the back numbers. A second edition of those two numbers will be immediately published, and forwarded to new subscribers with as little delay as possible. We hope that this explanation will be satisfactory to such as may not receive a full series as early as they might have expected. We shall hereafter be able to supply all whose names may be added to our list, with the numbers from the commencement of the year.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES. Volume I. No. 1.  
March, 1833. Washington: THOMPSON & HOMANS.

THIS is the title of a new Monthly, just established at Washington city. The increase of this species of periodicals, has lately been rapid, and we have seen none excelling this in *plan*. That such a work can be well supported, we have no doubt; but in order to insure patronage, it should be exclusively, as the title imports, a magazine of the United States. Such is *not* the character of the publication before us, though fair promises are made that such it shall be. When we call to mind the inexhaustible resources for such a work in the past history of our country, and in the present movements of her army and navy, we are convinced that abundant materials exist without drawing upon foreign works. This number borrows largely in this way, which we regret to see. There are now living, many of the officers and soldiers who served in the late war, who could relate their experience; thus affording a mass for the future historian, which, in the want of some depository, would go down with them to the grave. So with the naval officers and sailors, who served in the same war. Our troops are stationed on the frontiers of the country, in parts yet comparatively little known, and are in constant association with a race, of whose peculiar character, institutions, legends, and habits, much may yet be made public, and may be handed down to remote ages, when that race shall have become extinct. Surely such opportunities should not be neglected. Our men of war, too, float on every sea. Among these officers are many men of talents and learning, from whom could be obtained, contributions eminently interesting. How much of the characteristics of the inhabitants of the Mediterranean shores yet remains to be brought to light; and how little do we really know of the state of society in South America; to say nothing of our almost total ignorance of the tribes who inhabit the islands of the Pacific. Such, connected with the lighter kinds of description of scenes in the services, and statistical intelligence, we think are the legitimate objects of a 'Military and Naval Magazine of the United States,' and we hope they will be embraced by this publication.

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THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. New York. JOHN WILEY.

The first number, which we have just received, is excellent—written with ability and got up in good taste.

THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1833.

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NOTES ON ILLINOIS.

LEGISLATION.

WE propose to notice some of the public acts of the legislature of this state, at its last session, not because we suppose them to be interesting to the general reader, as such, but as showing the temper of the times, and the spirit of the people in this region.

The proceedings of the South Carolina convention, which were received early in the session, caused a greater degree of excitement than we have ever before witnessed. There was on this subject no distinction of party. A general expression of indignation burst spontaneously from every heart, against the arrogant assumptions of our hot-headed brethren in the south. It is equally true, however, that there was blended with this unqualified disapprobation of their public acts of disobedience to the government, a warm-hearted expression of kindness and sympathy for their real or imaginary sufferings. The tariff affects this state but remotely, if at all, and has never been a favorite measure with the people, who have listened to the angry discussions in relation to it, with much indifference. They were, therefore, prepared to give a disinterested opinion upon the matter in controversy, and while they condemned in unmeasured terms, the high-handed proceedings of South Carolina, they expressed an entire willingness that the protective system should be so modified as to relieve the south from oppression, or even abandoned, rather than endanger the harmony of the union. The president's proclamation was hailed with one long, loud, and hearty expression of approbation. The political enemies, as well as the friends of Andrew Jackson, applauded the



spirit, and acknowledged the ability of that admirable state paper. Such was the character of the discussions out of doors; while in both branches of the general assembly, with similar expressions of opinion, there were passed resolutions regretting in respectful terms, but decidedly disapproving the course of South Carolina, and reiterating the sentiments of the president's proclamation.

As usual, a number of memorials were addressed to congress, praying for appropriations in aid of public improvements, or suggesting changes in the mode of disposing of the public lands. These are subjects which occupy much of the attention of the legislature. The people of this country are poor, and chiefly agriculturalists. The great sources of wealth, and of an active circulating medium, namely, commerce and manufactures, cannot be said to have, as yet, any existence. The trade of the country, though considerable, has not settled down into any regular channel, and is, therefore, uncertain and fluctuating. There is no surplus capital available for public improvements, either in the revenue of the state, or the hands of individuals. We are dependent, therefore, on the general government, for any impulse which is proposed to be given to this important branch of political economy; and as she is the great proprietary, whose own domain will be enhanced in value by such expenditures of money, we consider our claim upon her munificence to be founded in justice.

In relation to the sales of public land, it is natural that there should be many opinions. Private holders of property differ widely in their estimation of its value. The seller and the buyer invariably adopt different standards of value; and it would be strange indeed, if there should not be various theories in relation to the public domain. We are, moreover, a very wise nation, and not at all disposed to concede, that all the good sense and ingenuity of the union, is concentrated in the little collection of great men who assemble on the floor of congress; and we indulge a benevolent propensity, which is not peculiar to the west, but pervades the union, of contributing a portion annually, of our own knowledge to the public stock, in the shape of resolutions, instructions, and memorials. The greatest objection to these popular instructions is, that they are not always consistent with each other; and that even the same set of men sometimes recommend conflicting measures. We are not aware, however, that such has been the case during this session.

The memorials adopted by the legislature this winter have been:

In relation to preemption rights, and sales of public lands.

For the improvement of the harbor of Chicago.

For the improvement of the Wabash river.

Relative to the Illinois and Michigan canal; asking the sanction of congress, to make a railroad instead of a canal, with the proceeds of the lands given for the former purpose.

In relation to the national road, west of Vandalia.

For the improvement of the Illinois river.

For preemption rights to actual settlers on the public lands.

For the erection of a marine hospital on the waters of the Ohio.

Praying the survey of certain lands, not yet in market.

And several others recommending private claims to the consideration of congress.

The following are some of the statutes passed at this session.

An act abolishing the office of state recorder. Heretofore, nonresident proprietors of land, might record their title-papers in the office of the state recorder, at Vandalia; they are now to be recorded in the proper county.

Several attempts have been made to appropriate the school fund, and to bring into existence a system of common schools, none of which have proved effective. There is a decided wish to act on this important subject, but there are insuperable objections to any premature action. The population is so thinly scattered at present, as to render it difficult to organise any system, which shall disseminate its benefits even to a majority of those who need them. But the greatest obstacle to any beneficial action at this time, arises from the want of an accurate knowledge of details, in relation to the fiscal and practical parts of such a system. A connected plan of instruction to embrace the whole of a state, is a vast and somewhat complicated machine; and it cannot be expected that those who have never witnessed the operation of such a system, should be able to understand its bearings, or to devise the best measures for its adoption. Our legislature acts wisely, therefore, in delaying this great measure, until the necessary information can be collected. Some public spirited individuals have, during this winter, established an institute at Vandalia, for the purpose of procuring such details, and publishing them for the information of the public. In the meanwhile, the school fund is rapidly increasing, and some provisions have been enacted for its safe keeping, management, and future distribution. The amount of the fund for common schools, for a college, and for the encouragement of learning, collectively, is about one hundred and ten thousand dollars. This fund was created by congress, for the three specific objects above-named, and it has been proposed at

this session, to apply to the national legislature, for permission to direct the whole to the support of primary schools; in support of which idea, it is plausibly urged, that colleges may be best supported by private enterprise, and that the whole of this fund may be most usefully employed in sustaining common schools. This proposition failed; but it is altogether probable that some such arrangement will finally be adopted.

Several companies have been incorporated at this session, for manufacturing purposes. These bills were much opposed, and long discussed. There has always been in this state, a great jealousy of corporations. It has been well contended, that by the aggregation of a large capital in the hands of a few individuals, they acquire advantages over the individual trader, which enables them to oppress him, and control the market. This doctrine may be carried too far; for some purposes, corporations are necessary and beneficial, and they should be confined to such cases. There is also, in this country, a great repugnance against allowing such companies to accumulate large possessions in real estate; or giving them any powers under which they might carry on any of the operations properly belonging to a bank, especially lending money, or issuing paper for general circulation, as in lieu of money. The charters granted at this session have been strictly guarded in these, and other respects. They are limited as to the amount of real estate which they may hold, and prohibited from issuing paper for general circulation; they may trade only to the amount of the capital stock actually paid in, and for any debts contracted above that amount, the individual stockholders are personally liable.

Two-thirds of the laws passed at this session, relate to roads, which has induced a wag to say that the legislature is *mending its ways*.

An act has been passed to amend the criminal code, so as to substitute confinement in the penitentiary for the punishments heretofore inflicted.

An act to regulate the interest on money, has been passed, being the first regulation of the kind which has been adopted in this state. For no one feature of our policy, have we received so much praise from enlightened men in other states, as has been bestowed on our wisdom in not enacting usury laws. Nor have we experienced any inconvenience from the absence of such regulations. It has happened, however, that in a few districts of country, where land was greatly in demand, money was loaned at exorbitant interest, to the persons desirous of making purchases. The eagerness manifested by land purchasers, induced persons at a distance to send funds to those points, to be lent on

real security; and the high rate of interest complained of, would soon have been reduced, by the influx of money to a country where it could be used so advantageously. But money-lending is, at best, an unpopular business, in an agricultural community; the people became indignant at what they considered gross extortion, especially those who, having secured their lands, had gained all the benefits anticipated on their own side of the contract; and the legislature was called on to interfere. Six per cent. remains, as heretofore, the legal interest on judgments, and in all cases where interest is properly chargeable, and where the rate of interest has not been agreed upon between the parties; but the parties may, under the new law, contract for a rate of interest not exceeding twelve per cent. per annum.

A private institution of learning, to be called 'Union College,' was incorporated, with an express provision, that no theological department shall ever be attached to it. This is another indication of public sentiment, or at least of the policy of the legislature. There is a great dread among our lawgivers of religious domination, and of sectarian influence. Bills to incorporate religious societies, for the single purpose of enabling them to hold a few acres of ground for their meeting-house and graveyard, have more than once been introduced and rejected. No college, or other institution of learning, in which any one religious sect is known to have a predominant influence, has ever yet received a charter in this state, nor will any such institution ever be incorporated here, unless public sentiment shall undergo a change. This prejudice is to be deplored. If religious denominations think proper to educate their children in their own tenets, they have a clear right to do so, and to establish schools for the purpose; and it is enough for those who object to the exertion of sectarian influence upon the young mind, to withhold their support from institutions which they disapprove. The granting a charter to a literary institution confers upon it no moral power, stamps no authority upon the tenets of the persons who direct it, nor affects, in the slightest degree, any of the rights of conscience. It merely confers on such an institution, facilities for the transaction of its financial concerns. It gives vigor and security to its pecuniary transactions; but adds nothing to its literary reputation. In a country where religious opinions are perfectly unshackled, and men may believe and worship as they please, it seems to be unfair, that they should not be allowed every facility for educating their children, according to the dictates of their own judgment. The truth is, that the best colleges in the United States are sectarian; each of them is under the direct patronage and influence of a religious sect.



No college, from which such influence has been excluded by express prohibition, has been successful. The reason of this seems to be, that the business of education, falls naturally into the hands of the clergy. It comes legitimately within the sphere of their duties. They are fitted for it by the nature of their studies and pursuits; while liberally educated men of other professions, could only become qualified for the business of tuition, by the sacrifice of their other avocations. Those avocations are too lucrative and honorable to be abandoned by men of talents, for the humble and precarious calling of the teacher or professor. If we depend on the clergy to superintend and carry on the education of our youth, we must permit them to divide into sects, for they will not labor harmoniously in any other manner.

An act to establish a state university, was attempted to be passed, but failed,

A bill for an act to establish a state bank, was reported in the senate, and read three times, when it was defeated by the casting vote of the speaker. It proposed that the capital stock to be subscribed by individuals, should be \$400,000, with the privilege to the legislature, to increase the capital to \$600,000, and to subscribe for all, or any part, of the additional \$200,000. The rate of interest to be charged on loans, not to exceed *eight* per cent. per annum, and a *bonus* of \$3,000 a year, to be paid to the state. Thirteen directors, four of whom were to be elected by the legislature bienially, and the remainder by the stockholders. Fraud, speculation, or malconduct in office, on the part of the bank officers, to be punished by confinement in the penitentiary. The directors to have the right to establish branches within the state, where and when they might deem the same to be expedient. Some of the above provisions were necessary, in order to give to this institution the character of a state bank; the state constitution having prohibited the establishment of 'any bank or other monied institution except a state bank and its branches.'

A bill was introduced for an act to create a lottery, the proceeds of which were to be expended in repairing certain parts of the road leading from Vincennes to St. Louis, which require large sums of money to render them conveniently passable in wet weather, and to repair which the state has not, at present, any available means. The objections made to this proposition were, the immoral tendency of lotteries, and the impolicy of introducing into our legislation, a mode of raising revenue, now generally admitted to be inexpedient, and which has been abandoned by some of the older states, which have heretofore sanctioned it. It was well urged, that as this was the first measure

of the kind ever proposed in this state, its adoption would be a precedent which might lead to a series of injurious legislation. For these reasons, the bill was negatived, although its object was universally approved.

A report was received from the canal commissioners, containing detailed statements of the expenses already incurred in the surveys and other measures preparatory to the making of the proposed canal, between Lake Michigan and the Illinois river, with estimates of the probable cost of a canal, a railroad, and a M'Adamised turnpike, respectively, between those points. The cost of a canal is estimated at \$1,601,965 83; a railway, \$1,052,488 19; and a turnpike road, \$1,041,624 84. The cutting of a canal seems to be generally abandoned. The questions now are, between a railway and a turnpike, and as to the mode of effecting the one or the other. A bill was introduced for an act to incorporate a company to make a railroad, giving them ten years in which to complete the same, and transferring to them the land given by the United States for this object, on the completion of the work. There was a majority in favor of placing the work in the hands of a company, but not a majority for giving them the lands. A proposition was made to amend the bill, by making the state a stockholder to the amount of \$275,000 in consideration of the lands, which was adopted in one house, but the bill thus clogged, was not acceptable to its friends. It is not believed that the stock of such a railroad, would yield more than one per cent., if so much; the land, therefore, would be the only inducement by which capitalists could be enlisted in the enterprise. Another amendment proposed was, to sell the land and construct an ordinary turnpike road. Finally, the whole matter was laid on the table, and thus disposed of for this session. There is little doubt, that if a distinct proposition should be made at the next session, by capitalists, the work will be placed in their hands, and the land given them, with perhaps a small reservation to the state.

These are a few of the acts of legislation, at the last session of the general assembly. We make no pretension to give a history of all its proceedings, but only to notice some of the matters which seemed to us to be of general interest.

The legislature of Illinois, at this session, included, as members, clerks, and other officers, ninety persons. Of this number, fifty were farmers, seventeen lawyers, ten merchants, seven mechanics, three physicians, one surveyor, one clerk, and one salt manufacturer; four were natives of South Carolina, seven of North Carolina, two of Georgia, sixteen of Virginia, twenty-six of Kentucky, three of Tennessee, three of Massachusetts, nine of

Pennsylvania, ten of New York, two of Ohio, one of Connecticut, two of Ireland, and *one of Illinois*. Nine of the above gentlemen, are preaches of the gospel.

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#### CRANIOLOGY.

AMONG the many popular notions which obtain among mankind, and are adopted with scarcely a reference to the inquiry, whether they are founded in reason and fact, is the belief, that the shape and contour of the skull, afford indubitable evidence of mental superiority, or mental imbecility. A *spacious* and *arched forehead* is said to be a sure indication of talent; while a small *triangular forehead* as certainly betokens a stupid and shallow intellect. Few philosophers, I imagine, have been at the trouble to test the correctness of these conclusions, by making inductions from a classification of the heads of all their acquaintances, and noting the uniformity or imperfection of the coincidence. The uniformity would require, indeed, to be established independent of any reasonings connected with the subject, or the doctrine must fall to the ground as untenable. It would, in my opinion, be no difficult matter for any one, to point out a skull presenting all the *outward* characteristics of genius, as recognised by those who maintain this doctrine, which, notwithstanding, was never known to emit from within, the slightest coruscations of wit or genius. The doctrine has, in most instances, I apprehend, been taken upon trust, without a sufficient inquiry whether it has reason and philosophy to sustain it. Let us, for once, take up the subject on its merits, and although rather a matter of curious investigation, it may not in the course of our inquiries, be found altogether unprofitable; since, in the words of Bonnet, ‘reason does not know any dangerous or useless truth.’ This early notion of the shape of the skull, as connected with the degree and kind of intellect, is what in the present age, has given rise to the science of *Phrenology*, or as it is sometimes and perhaps more properly termed, *Craniology*—a science which depends for its support, upon a correspondence between certain *protuberances* of the cranium or skull, and the particular capacities or talents of the individual. It has been divided into *Phrenology proper*, and *Craniology*. ‘The first treats of the connection and reciprocal influence of the mind and brain.’ It assumes, ‘*that each original propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty, has a specific cerebral organ; and that the situation and functions of many of these being known, when strongly*

*developed, they are matter of observation.'* The second treats of *'the quantity and figure of the brain, as manifested by the size and figure of the cranium.'*

I shall begin with the latter division of the subject, as engaging our attention in the most conspicuous manner; reserving my remarks on Phrenology *proper*, for a future occasion; without, at the present time, offering any comment on the truth or fallacy of its principles. Craniology is that by which the phrenologist judges of the amount and general character of the intellect of individuals from an inspection of their heads. He would persuade us, that the prominences on the exterior of the cranium, are in strict conformity with the surfaces of the brain; but if we inquire into the structure and shape of the skull, as exhibited to us by distinguished anatomists, we shall see reason to controvert this position, on which the whole fabric of his system must rest. The skull is formed for the protection of the brain, and consists of *'two plates of bone, one external, which is fibrous and tough, and one internal, dense to such a degree, that the anatomist calls it tabula vitrea.'* We shall find that the external plate is not of an uniform and relative thickness, and that this relative thickness as well as its shape, varies in different individuals. That its parts are not necessarily accommodated to the figure of the brain, but to provide against the many accidents to which that organ would be otherwise liable; as it is the most essential of any other in the animal system, and therefore, requires to be especially protected. Those parts which are the most exposed to injury, possess the greatest degree of strength — *'the centre of the forehead, the projecting point of the skull behind, and the lateral centres of the parietal and frontal bones.'* *'The parts of the head which would strike upon the ground when a man falls, are the strongest, and the projecting arch of the parietal bone is a protection to the weaker temporal bone.'*

In the *'Library of Useful Knowledge,'* article, Animal Mechanics, are the following observations: *'If we look at the skull in front, we may consider the orbits of the eye as crypts under the greater building — and these under arches, are groined, that is to say, there are strong arched spines of bone, which give strength sufficient to permit the interstices of the groinings, if I may so term them, to be very thin. Betwixt the eye and the brain, the bone is as thin as parchment; but if the anterior part of the skull had to rest on this, the foundation would be insufficient. This is the purpose of the strong ridge of bone which runs up like a buttress, from the temple to the lateral part of the frontal bone, whilst the arch forming the upper part of the orbit,*



is very strong; and these ridges of bone, when the skull is formed with what we call a due regard to strength and security, give an extension to the forehead.' Different parts of the human frame, in different individuals, are formed with a greater or less regard to strength and security, and why, we may ask, should not the skull exhibit the same varieties in the conformation of its parts? Is every other part of the frame to have its peculiarities of make, in individual diversities of structure, and is the head alone, to possess no characteristics of its own, but it must be interpreted to have reference to the qualities of the mind? It is asserted above, by an able anatomist, that it is the solid arches connected with the building of the cranium, and which are ridges of bone, that give extension to the forehead, in proportion as they are formed with greater strength or security, without, as it appears, bearing any relation to the surfaces of the brain, as craniologists would induce us to believe.

In confirmation of what has been already advanced, I will now extract some passages from Wistar's Anatomy. The following observations occur on the *os frontis*. 'In the middle of the concave internal surface, is a groove, which is small at its commencement, and gradually increases in diameter as it proceeds upwards. This is formed by the superior longitudinal sinus; at its commencement is a ridge to which the beginning of the falciform process of the duramater is attached. At the root of this ridge is a small foramen, sometimes formed jointly by this bone and the ethmoid; it is denominated foramen cæcum; in it a small process of the falx is inserted, and here the longitudinal sinus begins.' 'The frontal sinuses are formed by the separation of the two tables of this bone, at the part above the nose and the internal extremities of the superciliary ridges. In the formation of these cavities, the external table commonly recedes most from the general direction of the bone.' 'The cavities are divided by a perpendicular bony partition, which is sometimes perforated, and admits of a communication between them. Their capacities are often very different in different persons, and on the different sides of the same person. In some persons, whose foreheads are very flat, they are said to have been wanting.' It appears then, from the facts above stated, that, at least some of the *developments* particularized by the craniologist, are mere prominences and extensions of bone—that the coincidences between these and the accompanying features of the mind, are fanciful and accidental. For, agreeably to the principles of Phrenology, which requires correspondency in the surfaces of the brain, these parts, so far as they are concerned, can in no possible way, be indicative of mental qualities or propensities,

unless, indeed, we can believe that intellect may reside in the cranium itself; which the language used in common parlance, might almost seem to imply, when we speak of a '*thick* or a *thin skulled fellow*.' Martinus Scriblerus, in his speculations, when in quest of the seat of the soul, 'finally located it in the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed, that in factious and restless spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this, by observing, that calves and philosophers, tigers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt, likewise, to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors; in order to satisfy himself in which, it was that he purchased the body of one of the first species at Tyburn, hoping in time, to have the happiness of one of the latter, too, under his anatomical knife.' The ingenuity of modern Phrenologists, is scarcely inferior to that of 'Martinus,' in the above specimen of artificial philosophising.

Before I take leave of this branch of the subject, I will advert to another argument in addition to those already derived from the anatomy of the skull. It relates to the custom prevalent among some barbarous nations, of flattening the forehead, and otherways disfiguring the head. Dr. Wistar remarks, that 'in North America, the Choctaw tribe of Indians were formerly accustomed to make their foreheads perfectly flat, and sloping obliquely backwards. They have latterly disused this practice; but one of their nation, whose head had this form, was in Philadelphia, about the year 1796. 'At this time, a tribe who inhabit a district of country near the sources of the Missouri river, are in the practice of flattening both the frontal and occipital regions of the head; so that a small part only, of the middle of it, remains in the natural form, between these flattened, sloping substances. In the case of the Choctaw man above-mentioned, it did not appear that his health or his intellectual operations, were any way affected by this form of the head.'

If the theory of the phrenologist have any foundation in reality, this deforming of the skull in early infancy, must greatly modify the character of the mind, and so much so, that it could hardly have failed being observed, even among barbarians. The extraordinary pressure applied upon the cranium, would in

a corresponding degree, alter and compress the brain, so as to destroy the original configuration of its exterior surface. This argument alone, it appears to me, will go far to invalidate the principles of the whole science, independent of other considerations.

But fanciful and extravagant as the positions assumed by the votaries of the science appear to be, their numbers and respectability entitle them to some regard. This system has grown up, like many others, from undefined and obscure notions.

An opinion entertained at first, perhaps vaguely, and without any precision, matures by indulgence, into system and science. A principle is established to suit the peculiarity of the imagined facts; and in this way, the mind is led into inexpiable error, which will require a great deal of courage and candor to retract, either to others or to ourselves. The warm admirer of a favorite system, will easily supply facts to give it symmetry in the enthusiasm of his own imagination. It frequently happens, with ardent theorists, that in place of applying the principles to the facts, they make the facts bend to the theory, like the philosopher of whom Condillac speaks, 'who had the happiness of thinking that he had discovered a principle which was to explain all the wonderful phenomena of chemistry; and who, in the ardor of his self-congratulation, hastened to communicate his discovery to a skilful chemist. The chemist had the kindness to listen to him, and then calmly told him that there was but one unfortunate circumstance for his discovery, which was, that the chemical *facts* were exactly the reverse of what he had supposed. Well then, said the philosopher, have the goodness to tell me *what* they are, that I may explain them by my system.' The inductions boasted of by the craniologist are, I imagine, made under the influence of the same fervid zeal that inspired the philosopher of Condillac. The lines and prominences of the cranium, and the varieties of its contour, are defined frequently, with so little distinctness, that an ardent admirer of the science will find little difficulty in adapting them to suit the harmony of his theory. He may easily designate the developments which correspond to the features of mind of an individual, whose character is previously known to him; but when he undertakes, from an inspection of the head, to portray the character of one, whose mental qualities and propensities are entirely unknown to him, the experiment, in its results, will, I am inclined to think, prove very often unsatisfactory. The advocates of the system must, I fear, in this case, as was wont in the occult sciences, rely upon accidental coincidences, or make a new adaptation of facts to suit their theory.

Craniology makes the character of the mind dependent on developments which are primarily and permanently fixed, which would seem to render matter altogether paramount. Lavater, when he systematized the physiognomy, propagated a more rational science. The lines of the face are formed by muscular contractions, which are obedient to the passions and feelings of the mind. Those which predominate, will impress upon the countenance a decided and permanent cast, which, whether strictly defined or not, will always influence us in forming an opinion of individual character. But after all that can be advanced in favor of this, or any other theory for determining the qualities of the mind, we shall still find appearances often deceptive and equivocal. Observation and experience alone, in our intercourse with individuals, will lead to the most certain developments; and even then, the closest intimacy will sometimes prove insufficient to a thorough acquaintance with the human heart.

J. O.

*Boonville, Mo., November 1st, 1832.*

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#### THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE HISTORY OF OHIO.

MORE than a century had elapsed, after Columbus had discovered the western continent, before any permanent settlement was made in North America. The first was the colony of Virginia, in 1607, by the English; and in the next year, the French planted their first colony in Canada. The English settlements were confined, for some time, to the vicinity of the coast; while the French gradually extended theirs up the St. Lawrence, and upon the lakes.

It is not known that any white man ever explored what is now called the western country, until the year 1673, when a French missionary, named Marquette, went from Mackinaw, at which place his countrymen had established a post, two years before, by the way of the Wisconsin river, to the Mississippi. After having descended to the mouth of the Arkansas, and being satisfied, from its course, that the Mississippi discharged itself into the gulf of Mexico, he thought it imprudent to proceed further, and returned to the mouth of the Illinois, which he ascended, and passed over to lake Michigan. After his return, he resided among the Indians, until his death in 1675, and his discoveries were lost sight of, until, in 1680, La Salle, who commanded a fort where Kingston now stands, at the foot of lake Ontario, built a vessel upon lake Erie, which he named the



Griffin, and having sailed through the lakes, disembarked somewhere near Chicago. Having sent back the vessel, which was never heard of afterwards, he crossed over to the Mississippi, by the way of the Illinois river, and descended to the gulf of Mexico, and from thence took passage to France. Sometime afterwards, he returned and ascended the Mississippi, and in crossing over towards the lakes, by land, he was murdered by one of his own party, somewhere in Illinois. An account of the expedition was afterwards published by Father Hennepin, a missionary, who accompanied La Salle in his voyage. He and his party probably saw nothing of what now constitutes the state of Ohio, unless it was at some occasional landings on the shore of lake Erie, in the beginning of the expedition. Soon after his voyage, the French missionaries began to traverse the country through which he had passed, and the government established military posts on the lakes. Several settlements were made on the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, and about the year 1735, one was made on the Wabash, at Vincennes.

Very little notice was taken of the country on the head waters of the Ohio, by either the French or English governments, until about the middle of the last century. Both parties claimed it, but neither took any steps to occupy it. The French, upon good grounds, considered themselves as having the best right to it, because they had been the first to explore it, and it was situated as a kind of connecting link between their possessions in Canada and Louisiana; but satisfied with traversing the country undisturbed by the English, they took no further steps to establish their claims, and made no other settlements in addition to those on the Mississippi and Wabash. The English claim to the country was founded upon the royal charters to the different colonial governments, which included in their grants, all the country westward of the settlements on the Atlantic, within the same parallels of latitude, to the Pacific; but this claim, like that of the French, was not carried into effect by any measures for the formal occupation of the territory. About the year 1749, however, both nations began to be impressed with the importance of the country, and to prepare to establish their respective claims. In that year, the governor general of Canada, sent a party to deposit medals at the mouths of rivers and other important places in the disputed territory, asserting the right of the king of France to all the country watered by the river Ohio and its branches. About the same time, a number of merchants and other persons of note in Virginia and Maryland, and also in England, formed an association under the name of the Ohio Company, and obtained a grant from the crown

of England of six hundred thousand acres of land on the waters of the Ohio, together with very extended privileges as a trading company, which assured them an almost entire monopoly of the traffic with the Indians. This company soon commenced operations, by sending out surveyors and traders, by some of whom a post was established on one of the branches of the Great Miami river, which was the first known establishment made by white men within the bounds of the state of Ohio. This fort was taken in 1752, by the French, who carried the traders prisoners to Presq'Isle, now Erie in Pennsylvania, at which place they had, shortly before that time, built a fort. They also built a fort upon the Alleghany, and began to pursue their design of establishing themselves in possession of the disputed country, with so much vigor, that the governments of Pennsylvania and Virginia became alarmed at their encroachments, and in 1753, George Washington was sent by governor Dinwiddie, with a letter to the French commandant, remonstrating against their proceedings, as an infringement of the rights of the king of Great Britain. The French disregarded the remonstrance, and in 1754, built Fort Du Quesne, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela, where Pittsburg now stands. The war between France and England then ensued; the French evacuated Fort Du Quesne in 1758; and in 1763, at the conclusion of peace, France surrendered Canada, and renounced all her claims to any part of the country east of the Mississippi.

Between the peace of 1763 and the commencement of the American revolution, the settlements were extended across the mountains, into the western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but none were made in Ohio. Soon after the commencement of the war, questions were started with regard to the unappropriated lands belonging to the different colonies; and in consequence of the different views of the subject taken by congress, and by the government of Virginia, the legislature of that state passed a law to prevent settlements on the northwest side of the Ohio river, in order to obviate any difficulties or jealousies which might arise before the question was finally determined. In congress, it was claimed that, as the lands were alienated from the British government, and the acquisition was to be maintained and defended by the common exertions and at the common cost of the blood and treasure of all the states, they should belong to all the states in common, and should become a fund out of which the expenses of their preservation might be reimbursed. The sovereignty of the crown, and with it, the possessions of the crown, were said to have been transferred to the supreme power of the American commonwealth, which was the congress,

and it would be unfair that any state should receive a larger share of those lands than others which contributed an equal amount towards their acquisition. Virginia resisted this claim on the ground that the territorial limits of the respective states must be the same that were prescribed and defined in their respective charters as colonies, by which alone their boundaries could be determined; and that to deprive any one state of a portion of her territory, would be a subversion of her sovereignty and an infringement of the articles of confederation. She declared her willingness, however, to supply lands in her territory on the northwest side of the Ohio river, without purchase money, to the troops on continental establishment of such states as had no unappropriated lands for that purpose, provided the other states which had such lands would also contribute their proportions in the same manner. At length, after the subject had been much agitated and had excited considerable jealousy and uneasiness, Virginia made a proposition to congress, and terms were finally acceded to, in conformity with which, in 1784, she executed a deed of cession and surrendered to the United States, all her jurisdiction over the country northwest of the Ohio, retaining the right of soil to the district between the Little Miami river and the Scioto, for the remuneration of her own troops. Her claim, under her charter, extended to the forty-first parallel of latitude, and all north of that line, within the boundaries of the present state of Ohio, was covered by the charter of Connecticut, by which state the rights of jurisdiction and soil were surrendered to the general government, in 1786, with the exception of the district known as the Western Reserve, the jurisdiction of which was also ceded in 1800, the right of soil being retained. In this manner the territory became the property and care of the general government.

While the settlements of the country on the north side of the Ohio river was thus prevented and delayed, Daniel Boon and those who followed him were establishing themselves in Kentucky. That country, when first visited by these adventurers, was not inhabited by the Indians, but was a kind of common hunting ground, to which the tribes, to the north and south of it resorted in pursuit of game, and which was frequently the scene of their battles, when hostile parties happened to meet. The Indians were not at that time in a state of determined hostility towards the whites; but they soon began to consider them as intruders, and to be alarmed at their advancement into their country and encroachment upon their hunting grounds, the certain consequence of which, they saw, would be the destruction and dispersion of the game upon which they placed so much

reliance for their subsistence. They soon, therefore, showed a determination to oppose the occupation of the country, and to expel or destroy those who were endeavoring to effect it. A war ensued, in which the Kentuckians found the Indians on the north of the Ohio, their most dangerous and determined enemies. Many of the events of this war may properly be considered as constituting a part of the history of Ohio, which, being at the time, inhabited by one of the hostile parties, was frequently the scene upon which those events occurred; for an irruption of the Indians into Kentucky was generally followed by an expedition against their towns in retaliation, and whatever injury was inflicted upon the party on one side of the river, it was revenged by them in reprisals upon the other.

One of the principal Indian towns in Ohio, was Chillicothe, the Shawnese capital. It was situated upon the Little Miami river, being the place now called Oldtown, between Xenia and the Yellow Springs. It was visited in the year 1773, by captain Thomas Bullitt, who was on his way down the Ohio river to the falls, with a party from Virginia, who intended to make surveys and settlements there. He knew that they claimed the country where he wished to settle, as their hunting ground, and that it would be important to procure their assent to the measure, rather than incur their hostility by what they would consider an intrusion. He, therefore, left his party on the river, and proceeded alone to Chillicothe, without sending any notice of his approach, and, without having been met or observed by any one, arrived at the town, displaying a white flag as a token of peace. The inhabitants were surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger among them, in the character of an ambassador, and gathered around him. They asked him, what news he brought—where he came from—and why, if he was an ambassador, he had not sent a runner before him to give notice of his approach? He answered, that he had no bad news—that he had come from the *Long Knife*, which was the common appellation of the Virginians among the Indians, and that his business was, as the white men and red men were at peace, to have a talk with his brothers about living on the other side of the Ohio. He told them he had sent no runner, because he had none swifter than himself, and could not have waited his return if he had had one. He ended by a question after their own manner; whether, if one of them had killed a deer and was very hungry, he would send his squaw to the town to tell the news, and not eat until she returned? This idea pleased the Indians, and he was taken to their principal wigwam and re-



galed with venison; after which, the warriors were convened, and he addressed them in a speech, in which he told them of his desire to settle upon the other side of the river and cultivate the land, which he declared would not interfere with their hunting and trapping, and expressed his wishes that they should live together as brothers and friends. The Indians, after a consultation among themselves, returned him a favorable answer, consenting to his proposed settlement, and professing their satisfaction at his promises not to disturb them in their hunting. The matter being settled to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, captain Bullitt took his leave and returned to his party on the river, with whom he proceeded to the falls, where they selected and surveyed their lands. They then returned to Virginia, in order to make the necessary preparations for commencing their settlements permanently, but Bullitt died before that object was accomplished.

Notwithstanding the pacific disposition of the Indians at the time of Bullitt's visit to them, it was not long until they evinced one entirely different. Early in the next year, some white men murdered the family of Logan, upon the Ohio, near the mouth of the Kenawha; and about the same time, the Indians began to be alarmed at the increasing numbers of adventurers into Kentucky. At length they attacked and routed the surveyors who were engaged in selecting and locating lands, some of whom were killed, and others forced to return to Virginia; and at the same time, a general war ensued along the frontiers upon the head waters of the Ohio and Kenawha. To put a decisive check to the aggressions of the Indians in that quarter, an army was raised in Virginia, consisting of upwards of three thousand men, one division of which, amounting to about one thousand five hundred, under the command of colonel Andrew Lewis, was despatched to the mouth of the Kenawha, while the other, under the command of governor Dunmore, directed its course to a higher point on the Ohio. The division under colonel Lewis, on arriving at the mouth of the Kenawha, was attacked in the point formed by its junction with the Ohio, by an equal body of Indians, consisting of Shawnese, Delawares, Mingoes, and Tawas. The battle commenced at sunrise, on the 10th of October, 1774, and lasted until sunset, when the whites were left in possession of the field by the retreat of the enemy, having had fifty-three men killed, and about ninety wounded. On the evening after the fight, an express arrived from the governor, who was ignorant of the battle which had occurred, with orders to colonel Lewis's division to join that under the command of the governor, in the neighborhood of the Shawnese towns.

Colonel Lewis accordingly crossed the Ohio, and was proceeding according to his orders, when he was met by another express, with the information that a treaty had been concluded with the Indians, who had forever ceded all their lands south of the Ohio river to the whites. It was at that treaty that governor Dunmore received the celebrated speech from Logan, the chief of the Mingoës, justifying the part he had taken in the war, on account of the unprovoked murder of his family by colonel Cresap, which he had determined to revenge.

The treaty made by lord Dunmore did not secure the adventurers in Kentucky from the further hostility of the Indians, who continued to infest the country, murdering or carrying into captivity every one that fell into their power, without regard to age or sex. The white people shut themselves up in garrisons; but being obliged to depend for subsistence, in a great degree, upon the game in the woods, every attempt to procure it, was attended with the risk of life or liberty. Their enemies were constantly prowling and lurking about the forts, so that no one could feel secure in leaving their walls; and sometimes the Indians appeared before them in considerable numbers, and held them in a state of siege for several days, making determined efforts for their destruction. After the revolutionary war commenced, the hostility of the savages was excited and increased by the British, who occupied the posts on the lakes. It was thought that no measure could be more effectual in bringing the colonies into subjection, than that of inflicting upon their long-extended frontier, all the miseries and horrors of a bloody and unrelenting Indian warfare. To make this the more terrible, the Indians were incited by rewards for all the scalps they could take, at the same time that they were reminded of the necessity of making every exertion for the destruction of the white people, whose encroachments were depriving them of their homes and hunting grounds. The British were not content, however, with merely inciting the Indians, but frequently joined them in their incursions, and aided them by their experience, in a different mode of warfare from that to which they were accustomed; and these combinations were frequently more formidable to the Americans than invasions by much larger bodies of Indians would have been, if not aided by their civilized allies. The Kentuckians were, of course, peculiarly exposed to all these attacks. They were in the midst of their enemies, and beyond the efficient aid of their friends.

In the year 1777, the settlements in Kentucky, were only three in number—Boonsborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan's station. In that year the Indians made most determined efforts

to destroy the whole of them—besieging Harrodsburg once, and each of the other stations twice, without effect, however, although the garrisons were reduced to great extremities.

In February, 1778, Daniel Boon was hunting for the purpose of supplying a party who were making salt at the Lower Blue Licks, when he fell in with a party of Indians, amounting to upwards of one hundred, on their way to attack Boonsborough. Being unable to escape, he gave himself up, and also entered into a capitulation for the men who were making salt at the Licks, by which twenty-seven of them became prisoners. The Indians, elated with their success, returned home in great triumph, instead of carrying their meditated attack upon Boonsborough into effect. Boon and his companions were taken to Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, from whence he and ten others were taken to Detroit, in March. The commandant, governor Hamilton, wished to ransom Boon, but the Indians would not agree to it. They had conceived a liking for him, and determined to adopt him; and accordingly they soon returned with him to Chillicothe, leaving his ten companions behind at Detroit. He was there adopted into one of the principal families, and became a great favorite, in consequence of his skill in the use of the rifle, and his judicious conduct in not letting his superiority be too visible. In June, he was sent with a party to the Scioto salt-springs to make salt. When they returned to Chillicothe, he found four hundred and fifty warriors assembled there, armed and painted, and just on the eve of marching to attack Boonsborough. The imminent danger to his friends, and the almost certainty of the capture of the place, if surprised unprepared, determined him to escape and give them warning of the impending attack, at the hazard of his life. Concealing a single meal of victuals in his blanket, he went out, as if to hunt, as he was permitted to do, and shaping his course for Boonsborough, arrived there in about four days, having in that time travelled one hundred and sixty miles, not even taking time to kill an animal for food. On his arrival, he found the place in a bad state of defence; but no time was lost until the proper arrangements were made for the reception of the enemy, who, however, in consequence of the escape of Boon, delayed their expedition for about three weeks. Having learned their determination to postpone their invasion, from a prisoner who escaped from them soon after Boon left them, Boon started with nineteen other men, to attack a town on Paint creek, which also bore the name of Chillicothe, and is now, like its namesake on the Little Miami, called Oldtown. On arriving within about four miles of the place, they met a party of thirty Indians, who were on their way to join the grand



army on its march against Boonsborough. When the parties approached each other, Simon Kenton, whose name is almost as celebrated in the annals of Kentucky, as that of Daniel Boon himself, and who now (1833), resides in Logan county, Ohio, was some distance in advance of Boon's party, acting in the capacity of a spy. Hearing a loud laugh in a thicket in front, he concealed himself behind a tree, and had just taken his station, when he saw two Indians upon one horse, coming directly towards him, talking and laughing in fine humor. When they had approached sufficiently near, he aimed at the breast of the foremost and fired. The ball passed through the Indian, killing him, and wounding the other. Kenton immediately rushed up to tomahawk the wounded one, when hearing a rustling in the bushes, he turned round and saw two others aiming their rifles at him; and as he sprung aside, the balls whistled by his ears. He flew to the nearest tree for shelter, and in a moment saw about a dozen more of the enemy approaching; but at this critical juncture, the Kentuckians came up, and the Indians were soon put to flight, leaving the one that Kenton had killed upon the ground, two of those who fled being wounded. After the rout of the enemy, Boon sent a couple of spies to reconnoitre the town, which was found entirely evacuated. Concluding from this circumstance that the Indian force must be on its way to the attack of Boonsborough, he was aware of the danger of its reaching the place before his return, and the party therefore marched day and night in order to regain the fort in time. On the sixth day of August, they fell upon the trail of the enemy's main body, and taking a circuit to avoid them, arrived at the fort on the seventh, while the enemy did not arrive until the eighth. The garrison did not amount to fifty men, while the Indians numbered between five and seven hundred, and were led by a captain in the British service, from Canada, named Du Quesne. The fort being surrounded, the garrison was summoned to surrender, in the name of the king of England. Boon demanded two days to consider the subject, and immediately called a council of all the men in the fort, who unanimously resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. Keeping their determination secret, they privately collected their cattle and horses within the fort, and employed the time in strengthening their defences, until the two days had expired, when their answer was given. Du Quesne, on receiving their refusal to surrender, still pressed upon them the advantages of a treaty, and made further proposals. The negotiations were continued for another day, and some terms were agreed upon, and a treaty was signed; but the whole proceeding was only a stratagem on



the part of the enemy, to get Boon and some more of the garrison into their power. The treaty was concluded about sixty yards from the gate of the fort, and after it was signed, two Indians approached each white man, under pretence of shaking hands with him, and seizing him, attempted to drag him off as a prisoner. They all extricated themselves, however, and ran towards the fort, and the garrison opening an instant fire upon their pursuers, enabled them to reach the gate in safety, with the exception of one, who was wounded. The fort was then vigorously attacked, and the siege was kept up for nine days, during which time the enemy made numerous attempts to set the cabins on fire, and also to undermine the wall of the fort, but being unsuccessful, at length abandoned their object, and returned home with the loss of thirty-seven killed and a considerable number wounded. The Kentuckians had two killed and four wounded.

J.

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TO COLERIDGE,

AFTER READING SOME OF HIS DARKER WRITINGS.

THE sorcerer of the olden time,  
 Enwapt in fantasy sublime,  
   Bade ocean heave and swell;  
 And as he howled his Runic rhyme,  
   The peasant heard the bell,  
 As moved by spirit hands, from the dark turret chime.

And thou, great wizard of to-day,  
 Whom countless CAPITALS obey,  
   And algebraic signs,  
 Stunned by thine all as mystic sway,  
   Poor intellect resigns  
 Her throne, and reason dares her birthright put away.

Oh! it is strange and sad to tell  
 That thou, who chanted Christabel;  
   Whom a world paused to hear,  
 When rose with sweet and fitful swell  
   The Ancient Mariner,  
 Should now so deign to prose, when thou canst sing so well.

Yet, like a beacon by the sea,  
 Thou'lt bid the youthful reasoner flee  
   The metaphysic rock,  
 Lest he might strike unwillingly,  
   And dizzied by the shock,  
 With transcendental cant be choked and drowned like thee.

## EVENING MUSIC AT SEA.

BY A QUONDAM SAILOR.

If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it.       \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
That strain again; it had a dying fall.

*Shakspeare.*

ON one of the delicious afternoons of February, peculiar to the West Indies, as the sun was declining below the western horizon, the beautiful Hornet lay in a calm near the island of Cuba. The sea was uncommonly smooth, imparting hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant ship, to disturb the sails as they hung listlessly against the masts. I had never, until then, fully realized the oft-repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror; but now, the truth of it came home to me, and I felt that there was sublimity, even in the calm of the 'vasty deep.' I could not gaze on it without being reminded, by contrast, of the tempests that at times sweep over it; and thus was its stillness associated with its commotion, its quiet with its power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a ceaseless, but gentle swell, as if amid the coral beds beneath, some lonely water-spirit slumbered, while the waters above rose and fell with its steady breathing. Occasionally, a 'sorrowing sea-bird' would flit by unheeded, or descending, kiss the wave, and soar aloft again till lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin rush in pursuit of the terrified flying-fish; and anon, glisten in the far depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silvery sides.

The sun was setting. How glowingly came upon me the force of those lines—

'Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light!'

The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold; and the sky, far up, glowed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded cords, so distinct and brilliant was the refraction. It was a scene to inspire emotions of a lofty character. Before us, was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking, as it were, to rest, in the wave-washed caverns of the deep; beneath, rolled the limitless ocean—fit emblem of the eternity over which we hovered; and above, spread the viewless ether, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this hour, a few of the officers assembled on the fore-castle to contemplate the scene; and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree, alleviates the privations of a seaman's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom dwelling long on one, till as the shades of twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial hue, and graver themes were touched. The pall of night, thick set with stars, was thrown about the expiring day, and the moon shaking off her watery panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was, the remembrances of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feelings to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest-tost mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness on his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love; and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in the sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath, and around, should not be disturbed. — Each one had retired to the recesses of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear melodious voice, slowly poured forth the first line of that exquisite song,—*'Home, sweet home!'* As the words, *'Mid pleasures and palaces,'* swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never had it come so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed, as it was, with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled; in a voice, full, manly, and touching, it could but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seated himself with calm gravity, and by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmarked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

Oh, how magical is music at such an hour! It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathered mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The whole man is elevated above the narrowness of earth, and

he seeks in thought to commune with the intelligences of a higher world, and with that Being,

‘Who plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.’

Thus were the feelings of the listening group, when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words, ‘There’s no place like home!’ An emotion was visible in all. There was a slight tremor in his voice, showing that he felt the influence of the line; and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced,—‘An exile from home,’—the agitation in those around, was merged in attention to the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested on his cheek, gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony, stamped upon his features. He was, indeed, as I knew, ‘an exile from home,’—though from what cause, I never could discover,—and the smothered grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.

He continued. As the song drew to a close, his emotion increased, with that of every one who listened. At length, as the line, ‘There’s no place like home,’—rose on the stillness of the hour, the last time, a rush of feeling was evident, which, in many, showed itself in tears! The man, who, from childhood had braved ‘the foaming brine,’ and had stood without fear on the brink of eternity; and he, who, an outcast from the society of the virtuous and the good, knew no ‘home;’ alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him, who had so well timed, and so feelingly executed, one of the most grateful songs that ever greets a seaman’s ear. Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered hardened in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long pent affections, that they might once more gladden and purify the soul! I could not think such men entirely lost; I could but look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke; and after a few moments, in which all else was banished by the one dear thought of the distant home we had exchanged for our ‘home upon the deep,’ each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

C. D. D.



## A SCENE IN 'THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.'

JAMES MORGAN, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm-fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the tall cane bowed under its gentle influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn proudly waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of the cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon, Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife, before he took his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cherub smiles, its playful humor, and infantile carresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another, and another, followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, as they simultaneously exclaimed, 'Indians!' The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be *successfully* defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. A puncheon was raised; while Morgan was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her, she arose, seized her infant, but was told that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it. A momentary struggle between affection and duty, took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom again and again, and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. 'In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall all be lost,' said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from the arms of his wife, hastily replaced the puncheon, took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered. By this time,

Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back, then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of the cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and *closed in*. The savage made a blow, missed his aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child, now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The combatants thrust and plunged their deadly instruments into each other, with desperate fury. The robust and athletic Morgan, at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper. The Indian now became frantic with rage and disappointment. His teeth were clenched together, the veins in his neck swollen, his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as he grasped Morgan by the hair, elevated himself on tip-toe, and raised his bloody knife. It descended with desperate intent, but Morgan, watchful as he was brave, took advantage of the moment, made a quick and violent thrust at the side of the Indian—the blood gushed out, the savage gave a feeble groan, and sunk to the earth. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun, and hurried off. The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down, gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved onward with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible either to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted, waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought it down, reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward. Bryant's station was not far off—firing was heard—he stopped for a moment, and again advanced. Fires could now be distinctly seen, extending for some distance on both sides of Elkhorn creek. The station was in view; lighted arrows fast descended on the roof of the cabins; it was no longer doubtful; Bryant's station was besieged by a large force, and could not be entered at that time. He paused—the cries of his infant, that he had again lashed to his back, aroused him to a sense of his own danger, and his wife's perilous situation. Another effort was made, and he in a short time, reached the house of a brother, who resided between the station and Lexington, where he left the

child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the cane-brake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burned to the ground. 'My wife!' he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for sometime on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sunk exhausted to the earth. Morning came; the bright luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand, he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of Eliza on the ground—his left was thrown over his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose; the two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the widespread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections. One of the most interesting pages in the annals of Tacitus, is that in which he so eloquently and so feelingly describes the return of Agrippina, to her country and her home, bearing the urn that contained the ashes of her murdered husband, surrounded by her weeping children, and mourning friends. There is an awakening interest in deep-rooted sorrow, that calls into action all the kind feelings and tender sympathies of our nature; and the heart can, no doubt, be as warmly operated upon in the wild plains of America, as on the classic grounds of Italy. There is something peculiarly touching in the performance of the last sad duty of burial, whether encompassed by the proud and lofty towers of imperial Rome, while the cries of mourning thousands ascend to heaven, or surrounded by the tall green trees of republican Kentucky, where the stricken heart silently pours forth its sorrows.

On the evening of the 16th of August, Morgan, his brother, and a number of men from Lexington, gallantly threw themselves into the besieged station, and saved the fortress. After a bold, spirited, and unsuccessful siege, Simon Girty drew off his men on the morning of the third day, and marched in the direction of the Lower Blue Licks. By this time, the whole neighborhood had risen in arms, and with the aid promptly given by Harrodsburg and Boon's station, one hundred and sixty-six mounted men mustered under the command of colonels Todd and Trigg. The line of march was immediately taken up, and the pursuit commenced. After marching a short distance, colonel

Daniel Boon, and some others, watchful and experienced, and well acquainted with Indian *sign*, discovered strong evidences of tardiness and ostentation, that seemed to invite an attack. The trees were chopped for the purpose of pointing out the *route*, while they took pains to conceal their number, by marching in single file, stepping in each other's track, and contracting their camps. As the van arrived on the south bank of Licking river, at the Lower Blue Licks, a few scattering Indians, were discovered, *slowly* and *carelessly* retiring over the hills, on the north side of the river. A halt was immediately called, and a consultation took place. Neither of the commanding officers being much acquainted with Indian warfare, they asked the opinion and advice of the soldier and woodsman, colonel Boon, who was well acquainted with the situation of the ground. He, in his plain, frank, and impressive manner, stated, that in his opinion, the enemy invited an attack; their number might probably vary from three to five hundred, owing to the ambiguous nature of the sign; the main body was near, and prepared for action, and the ground was well calculated for *ambuscade*. The river wound in an irregular ellipsis, near the centre of which, and on the top of the hill then in view, passed the great Buffalo road, leading to Limestone; two ravines made up in different directions, about one mile in advance, and terminated near each other, on the right and left of the road; both ravines were covered with small oak and underwood, while the ground between the river and the ravines, was uneven and barren; the Indians would be able to fight under cover, while the Kentuckians could scarce be protected by a single shrub. It was, therefore, most advisable to wait for the reinforcement hourly looked for, under the command of colonel Logan, and in the meantime, the surrounding country could be examined, and the position of the enemy reconnoitred; but in the event of an immediate attack being resolved on, the troops ought to be divided; one division to march up on the south side of the river, cross near the mouth of a small creek, and fall upon the outside of the ravines, while the other division should place itself in a position to take advantage of circumstances, cooperate with the first division in the event of an attack, and make an effort to take the enemy in their *own snares*, should they be in *ambuscade*. Already had Boon gained over to his opinion, a large portion of those who heard him, when the rash and impatient M'Gay applied the rowels to the sides of his horse, and plunged into the stream, crying out at the same time, in a loud voice, 'Those who are not cowards, will follow me, and I will show them where the Indians are!' A confusion, so common and so fatal



among undisciplined troops, now took place. One followed, another followed, some doubted, others wavered, a few were determined, and a part stood firm. But unfortunately, the prompt and authoritative word of command, '*halt*,' was not given, and the council was broken up. Morgan, together with some others, who had attentively listened to the advice of Boon, were convinced of its correctness, and opposed to crossing the river, but at length suffered themselves to be carried along in the crowd, until the whole force was on the northern bank. No order was observed, no command was given. The narrow strip of bottom-ground, in which the salt-spring is situated, was soon passed, and the hill ascended. Here they were led, by the reappearance of the few Indians first discovered, to a ridge on the left, which terminated near the two ravines, and at its termination, was covered with small oak. The distance from the spring to the ravines, was about one mile, and the intervening ground uneven and barren; for ages back, it had been stripped of its foliage by the tread of the innumerable herds of deer and buffalo that resorted to the lick, and presented an almost unbroken pavement of rocks, through which a few scattering scrubby oaks, had here and there forced their way. M'Gay and M'Bride, at the head of the party in front, that first reached the woods, were instantly attacked by the Indians that lay concealed, and waiting for them. The action now commenced, and soon became warm and bloody; a constant and destructive fire was kept up. The savage war-whoop, that burst from both ravines, filled the air with loud and increased peals of discordant yells. It was soon discovered that the two ravines, which concealed the enemy, extended beyond the whole line of the Kentuckians, and now poured forth a countless horde of hungry cannibals prepared for slaughter, and thirsting for blood. Todd and Trigg rushed forward, and fearlessly fronted the enemy; they fought, they bled, and fell in the early part of the action, nobly evincing that they were brave in the field of battle, as amiable in private life. The patriot Harland was also slain, bravely defending himself, and proudly sustaining his country's honor. The gallant and youthful Boon fell by the side of his heroic father, who hewed his way through the enemy, and laid every opposing warrior low. All that could be accomplished by patriotism, effected by bravery, won by a disregard of death, or gained by a love of country, was now performed. Arm to arm, breast to breast, they had struggled with the enemy, but all in vain. A force of three to one, and that in ambuscade, was overwhelming and irresistible. Pressed in the front, assaulted on the right, attacked on the left, and

about being surrounded; many of the best and ablest slain, and others fast falling in every direction, a retreat was attempted under the edge of the tomahawk. When the firing commenced, the greater portion of the troops had dismounted; some regained their horses, others retreated on foot. The victorious enemy pursued with deadly and untiring perseverance. The retreating Kentuckians hurried over the rocks, rushed down the precipice, and the victors and the vanquished plunged together in the stream; some were slain before they reached the bank, but the river presented a scene bloody as it was destructive. The day was warm, the retreat rapid; the unarmed and exhausted Kentuckians fell easy victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and in a short time, Licking ran streams of blood. The few who had gained the southern shore on horseback, halted and fired; this caused a momentary check, but after a short pause, the pursuit was again renewed, and safety only found in Bryant's station, thirty-six miles from the field of battle. Here the defeated Kentuckians met the van of colonel Logan's command, about four hundred strong. The colonel halted until the rear came up, and the next day marched in pursuit of the enemy. The battle ground was reached the second day after the action, and presented a scene that agonized every bosom, pained every heart, and moistened every eye. The dead bodies, exposed to the rays of a scorching sun, were so much swollen and mangled, that the father, brother, and friend, who had come to perform the last sad rites of burial, were denied even the melancholy satisfaction of knowing whether those for whom they sought, were killed or taken prisoners. The aged parent, in hopes of recognizing a favorite son, turned, anxiously turned body after body, but all in vain; the tear rolled down the furrowed cheek, yet it fell upon he knew not whom.

James Morgan was among the last that had crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was ascended. As soon as he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and he fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping-knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes, and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms.

Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle. It was now midnight. Girty and his savage band, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supporting his head. The rugged and uneven ground, that surrounded him, was covered with the slain; the once white projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. But a few hours before, he had seen the gallant Todd, Trigg, Harland, Boon, and many others, in all the pride of life, flushed with hope, glowing with zeal, and burning with patriotism—now cold and lifeless as the rocks that lay scattered over '*the dark and bloody ground*;' friends and enemies, the red man and the white man, side by side, quietly slumbered in eternal repose. The pale glimmering of the moon, occasionally threw a faint ray of light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few, still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild-cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair, to his own end. A large and ferocious looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head, was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony again awaited his fate. He heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached—a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from his body, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud, a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarce

audible voice, exclaimed, 'my husband!' and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians had entered the house, they found some spirits, and drank freely; an altercation soon took place, one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her; believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action, the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and if on the field and living, save them if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him. The party of colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.

*Mason county, Kentucky.*

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TO A LADY,

WHO WONDERED WHY SHE WAS LOVED.

It is not learning's borrowed gleam,  
It is not beauty's holier light,  
It is not wealth, that makes thee seem  
So lovely in our sight.

The worth may leave Potosi's ore,  
Golconda's diamond lose its sheen,  
But thine is the exhaustless store  
Of innocence serene.

The beauty of the eye must fade,  
The beauty of the cheek decay,  
But from thy spirit, guileless maid,  
No charm shall pass away.

The learning of the gifted mind,  
Its gathered wisdom, may depart,  
But in thy ignorance, I find  
The wisdom of the heart.

And that, nor earthly change nor ill,  
Nor time nor malady can blight;  
And it is that, that makes thee still  
So lovely in our sight.



## MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

MOST of the following facts are known to the writer of this article. At the time of their occurrence, they made a deep impression upon his mind, and they will probably be interesting to others. To some, perhaps, they will afford instruction. Those who are accustomed to consider the mysterious ways of Providence, will read this simple narrative with a feeling of deep solemnity. Death is always solemn; it is always deeply affecting when the young are its victims, or when the hand of God suddenly terminates a career began in virtue, and giving a bright promise of useful exertion. It is then that the heart spontaneously yields its testimony to that decree of the judgment which pronounces, that the reward of the virtuous is not in this world; that there is—there *must be*, ‘a better country.’

In the fall of the year 1829, the reverend Stiles Hawley, a young missionary of exemplary piety and ardent zeal, came from Connecticut to Illinois, in the employment of the American Sunday School Union. It is said that he left home, under circumstances of touching interest. He had but just reached the years of manhood, and had recently assumed the duties of the sacred office. His parents were aged; their other sons had left the parental roof to engage in the active business of life in distant places, and they had fondly hoped to retain this son near them, to solace their declining years by his society, perhaps to support them by his exertions. But his affections had become ardently enlisted in the noble enterprise of disseminating truth and knowledge, by the instrumentality of Sunday schools; and he longed to become a laborer in a field so boundless and so inviting. He had heard of wilds where the sound of the gospel was seldom heard—of wildernesses even in our own land, where the kindred minds of his own countrymen, were ripening without instruction, and he longed to become to them, the messenger of glad tidings. It was a noble ambition; it was a holy ardor in the cause of learning and religion. If ever ambition is a virtue—if ever the high aspirations of the soul can be truly said to be warmed and lighted up by an ethereal spark from heaven, it is when the energies of a pure mind are thus directed by a disinterested benevolence to promote the best interests of man. Actuated by this high sense of duty, this young gentleman left his father’s house, with a slender constitution, and a slight acquaintance with the great world, in whose concerns he was now to mingle, to engage in the toilsome and complicated duties of the office which he had chosen.

Arriving in Illinois in the early part of the winter, or late in the

autumn, he was at Springfield, in Sangamon county, in January, making arrangements to commence a tour of duty. Having determined to cross the country, from Springfield to the settlements on the Wabash, he set out on the morning of the 17th of January. If we did not believe firmly in the superintending guidance of Providence, we should be disposed to lament this decision. The distance to be travelled to reach his field of labor, was somewhere about one hundred miles, the country a wide uninhabited prairie, interspersed with narrow strips of timber, and intersected by streams, over which, bridges had not yet been thrown, and which might, at this season, be swelled by floods. To any one acquainted with the country, with the difficulties of the way, and with the expedients usually adopted by travellers, there would have been no danger, and but little inconvenience. To a stranger, the journey was hazardous.

Mr. Hawley, after a short day's ride, spent the first night at the house of a Mr. Wilson, where he was hospitably entertained. The next day he proposed to go to the house of Mr. James D. Shaw, twenty-eight or thirty miles further. He was kindly dissuaded from making this attempt, on account of the inclemency of the weather, the probability of losing his way, and the difficulty of passing two branches of the Kaskaskia river, usually fordable, but now probably difficult to cross. He thought that his duty urged him forward, and proceeded. His way lay across a prairie twelve miles in width, then over a stream and through a narrow strip of timber, then over another wide prairie, to the second and larger stream, about one mile beyond which, is the house of Mr. Shaw. The day was excessively cold, and the plain, covered with snow, exhibited a vast and dreary expanse, as cheerless and savage to the eye, as the deserts of Siberia.

From this time he was heard of no more; but as the settlements towards which he had gone, were detached from those he had left, and the intercourse between them not frequent at this season, his friends entertained no alarm, until his silence, long protracted, awakened fears, which began to be confirmed by a report which reached them late in the month of March, that a horse resembling that which he rode, whose rider was supposed to have been drowned, had been found near the larger branch of the Kaskaskia, about the time of his disappearance.

The reverend Theron Baldwin, then residing at Vandalia, was at Jacksonville when this rumor reached that place, and determined to proceed immediately to the fatal spot to investigate its truth. He went to Springfield, where he was joined by Mr. Andrew Moore, and on the morning of the 29th of March, they set out on their melancholy duty. On Tuesday

morning they reached the house of Mr. Wilson, where they ascertained the facts which we have stated. Here they were joined by two other persons, and the party thus augmented, proceeded to Mr. Shaw's. This house, Mr. Hawley had expected to reach, the day he left Mr. Wilson's; and by the route he pursued, he would have passed no other house during the day. On inquiry, they were entirely satisfied that no such man had ever been there, and not a doubt remained, that death had arrested the young missionary in the solitary waste. But what was the *manner* of that death? Had he become benumbed by cold, and fallen from his horse? Had he strayed from the path and been lost in that interminable wilderness? Had the murderer waylaid this man of peace, or had the wolf preyed upon his body? In vain do religion and philosophy suggest how unimportant is the mode in which the soul becomes disengaged from its clay tenement, and how valueless are the lifeless remains of our friends—especially when we feel assured that the spirit is happy. On this occasion, the intense anxiety felt by the friends of the lamented Hawley, pervaded the bosoms of the residents of that lonely region. They were plain unlettered men, but their hearts were true to the sympathies of nature, and with one accord they tendered their services to Mr. Baldwin, to assist in the search; and he has assured the writer, that during the several days he spent among them, he was treated with a kindness and hospitality, and saw displayed towards himself, and in relation to the fate of his friend, a degree of considerateness and tender feeling, which will never be effaced from his memory. Every house was open to him, and in no instance was any pecuniary compensation asked or accepted, either for his entertainment, or the laborious services performed by the people in aid of the object of his visit.

A number of persons collected and proceeded to the search. It was necessary to traverse an extent of country embraced in a circle, whose diameter might have been twenty miles, and within which, not more than half a dozen families resided. For this purpose, the company now assembled—about twenty in number—was divided into small parties, mounted on horseback, who traversed this region in every direction, being provided with horns, which were to be sounded in case of any discovery. In their search they frequently passed the remains of Indian encampments, in which a large hunting party of Kickapoos and Pottawatamies, had spent the winter; and although the inhabitants of the vicinity declared that these Indians would not molest a traveller, suspicions were entertained by some, which induced a party to visit an encampment still further off,



which was supposed to be now occupied by parts of these tribes. They found the remains of many wigwams, but all evacuated. The intelligence, however, reached the Indians, that they were suspected, and they took the pains to send a deputation to assert and prove their innocence. Before their arrival, circumstances had fully acquitted them.

The search commenced on Wednesday, and on Saturday night no discoveries had been made, although the intervening time was laboriously employed in riding. On Sunday, a congregation of these rude pioneers collected around Mr. Baldwin, and spent part of the day in worship. On Monday, the search was resumed at an early hour; but Mr. Shaw, having the day before, *accidentally* found the *saddle* of the lost missionary, not far from his house, but on the opposite side of the creek, the investigation was now narrowed within smaller limits. At last, on Monday afternoon, the sound of the horn was heard ringing through the forest. The scattered horsemen gathered to the spot from which it issued, as rapidly as their horses could carry them, and found that the *body* had been discovered lying in the river.

Solemnity clothed every countenance, and sorrow filled every heart, as the body was elevated to the surface of the water; but still there was a melancholy pleasure in having found the object which had been sought so many days, with severe toil and intense anxiety. As it had lain in the water *eleven* weeks, it was not, of course, to be expected, that an acquaintance could recognise the features. But the individual was at once identified by his books and papers. The rest of this narrative must be told in the eloquent language of Mr. Baldwin, the invaluable friend of the deceased, through whose affectionate zeal, and high sense of christian duty, the successful result was accomplished. The following is an extract from his letter to the parents of Mr. Hawley.

‘No one did or could hesitate for a moment, that he came to his end by drowning. The river at the time, was past fording, and frozen on each side of the channel, but open in the centre. The body was found about thirty rods down the stream from the main road. A canoe is kept for the convenience of travelers, but unless the state of the atmosphere is peculiarly favorable, it is impossible to make one’s self heard at the house of Mr. Shaw. He doubtless reached the river near night, and whether he rode his horse into the stream and was thrown off, or dismounted and attempted to lead, or cross without, his horse, cannot be determined with certainty; though I have but little



doubt, that the first of these suppositions is true. In that case, the horse evidently left his rider in the stream, and went out himself at the same spot where he entered; for himself and the saddle were both found on that side of the river. Almost every thing remained exactly as he would naturally have ridden in the prairie, on that excessively cold day.

‘The hat was, of course, gone, but a handkerchief was carefully tied around his ears, his surtout was buttoned around him, a glove and buckskin mitten on each hand, socks over his boots, &c. &c. His portmanteau was lying by his side, lodged in a drift of wood—in this, among other things, we found some food done up in a paper. We took away the watch, a pocket-book, wallet, testament, &c., and it being near night, as we were afraid of exposure to the atmosphere, the body was lowered again till morning. A sufficient number of our company to accomplish the burial, agreed to stay till the next day—the rest were *compelled* to leave us, to attend to their own affairs. I then expressed to the company, the gratitude which I felt for the part they had acted, and assured them that I should tell it with delight to the distant friends of the deceased. “It is the cause of humanity; we have engaged in it with the greatest pleasure,” was, in substance, the universal reply, and we dispersed.

‘The evening was spent in drying books and papers. The morning rose, but it was dark and rainy.

‘At a very early hour, however, we repaired to the river, selected a spot for the grave, on the bank of the stream; elevated entirely above high-water mark. A part then commenced digging, and the others prepared a coffin, the best that the place and circumstances would afford. The body was taken from the water, wrapped in a winding sheet, and in other respects apparelled just as we found it—for its condition was such, that we thought it not prudent to disturb any thing—committed to the dust. The rain still continued, but I made a few remarks on the striking dispensation of Providence, which had called us together—pointed to that heavenly rest, where I had no doubt, our departed friend was then rejoicing—to the consolations of the righteous in a dying hour—spake of the importance of preparation for our own approaching dissolution, and closed the solemn scene with prayer. Spake, did I say? To whom? Not to a circle of weeping relatives, it is true; for neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, were there! Nor did I speak to those in whose breasts no chord of sympathy could be made to vibrate. The solemn circle that stood around that grave was composed of those, though strangers, who knew how to feel. We did not stand in an ancient grave-yard, where

the signs of mortality were around us in thick array—then, for the first time, doubtless, the narrow house was opened *there*, to receive the remains of civilized man—but then we still committed the body to its *native dust*. We were within no enclosure which had been erected and beautified by art—nor were we surrounded by weeping branches, bowing in the breeze. The tall forest trees stood above us—a sluggish, turbid river flowed at our feet, and all around was wildness. But then, why cannot those remains sleep as sweetly alone in those desert shades, as in the midst of some vast congregation of the dead? And when the trump of God shall sound, who can doubt whether that “corruption” will “put on incorruption,” and that “mortal, immortality?” The silence of that spot, perhaps, had never been broken by the voice of prayer—but then, that God who “is rich in mercy unto all them that call upon him,” was there. He was there when the spirit of him whom we mourn, took its flight—and his grace could cheer the departing soul, as well as if it had ascended to its rest, from some crowded city, or the splendor of a palace. What are the *circumstances* under which our friends leave the world, compared with higher considerations—whether they die on the field of benevolent enterprise, in the very act of wielding the weapons of the christian warfare, and depart to a glorious inheritance in the skies? *Let the christian die with his armor on.* Then, what if he is called to meet the king of terrors, in a land of strangers, in the solitudes of a wilderness? Will this subtract a single item from the happiness of the regenerated spirit, as it bows before the throne of God, or drinks at the river of life?

‘I should do violence to my own feelings, were I to close this communication without bearing testimony to the generous feelings and hospitality of the people in that region. Wherever we went, their doors were thrown open to us, and their tables, with the greatest apparent pleasure, spread with the best that the country would afford. They were called upon to assist in the search, and with scarcely a single exception, that assistance was cheerfully and promptly rendered. To Mr. Moore—as well as to *many* others—for the readiness with which he undertook the arduous service; for his untiring perseverance and deep sympathy, the warmest gratitude is due from the friends of the deceased. He was with me through the whole, and frequently expressed his willingness to continue his labors for a month, if we were unsuccessful.’

## EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

IN every country, there exists a number of human beings who are by nature, deficient in some faculty, or some one of whose faculties, has been extinguished or impaired, by disease or accident. Of these casualties, blindness is by no means the least common, or the least distressing. On the contrary, there is scarcely a community, in which one or more individuals may not be found, who are afflicted with the privation of sight. And it is asserted, that the proportion of these is, at all times, about the same in the same countries; for the number of those who are born blind, is regulated by the immutable decrees of God, and the number who become so by casualty, is as infallibly and invariably fixed. Blindness is one of the evils inflicted upon man, but like most other evils, it may be removed or mitigated by art.

We have before us a very interesting pamphlet on this subject, from the trustees of the New England institution for the education of the blind, from which we shall abstract a few statements.

It has been ascertained by evidence collected in different nations of Europe, that the number of blind is fearfully great; and that, although they are screened from the public eye, they exist in almost every town and village. In middle Europe, there is one blind person to every eight hundred inhabitants. In some Austrian provinces, it has been accurately ascertained, that there is one to every eight hundred and forty-five inhabitants; in Zurich, one to seven hundred and forty-seven. Farther north, between the 50th and 70th degrees of latitude, they exist in smaller proportions; in Denmark are found one to every one thousand. In Prussia, there are one to every nine hundred. Egypt is more afflicted than any other country that we have any account of; the proportion there is said to be, one blind to every three hundred seeing persons.

In our own country, we have no means of ascertaining with exactitude, the number of the blind. It has been attempted to gain the information by census, but the returns have been found to be erroneous. These unfortunate beings sit and while their long night of life away within doors, unknown to the world, and their number is not fully appreciated. But there is no reason to suppose, that the laws, which act in the same latitudes in Europe, should be inoperative here, and judging from these, and from some facts which are known, it is undoubtedly true, that there are more than *eight thousand blind persons*, in the United States. The fact that so many of our fellow creatures



are shut out from the light of heaven, condemned to live in perpetual helplessness, useless to themselves and a burthen to their friends, appeals to the benevolent heart with irresistible force. We are happy in living in an age, when such appeals are seldom made in vain. That active principle composed of the united energies of piety, benevolence, patriotism, and generosity, which has been for some years so actively employed in our land, has become enlisted in the work of giving 'eyes to the blind.' It has already been ascertained in other countries, and confirmed by experiments in our own, that much can be done for them. Instead of condemning the blind man to stand at the corner of the street, and ask for charity, or to be shut up in an almshouse, or to mope away his solitary existence among his happier friends, saddenning their joys, of which he can partake only in part; the means may be given to him of becoming an enlightened, happy, and useful member of society. The lamp of knowledge may be lighted up within him, and the means extended to him of earning his own subsistence.

All this can be done by the establishment of institutions for their education. We need not detain our readers by an attempt to prove that this is practicable. The reasoning faculty is developed as strongly in the blind, as in their fellow men; and it is a matter of common observation, that where one sense is extinguished, the others that remain, are apt to acquire a higher degree of excellence. Acting upon this hint, attempts have been successfully made to teach them through the senses of feeling and hearing.

Nothing was done for their education, until about forty years ago, when the humane Abbe Haüy, undertook to educate some blind children in his house, and his success was so great, that the government of France employed him to establish an institution in Paris. This he did, and it became so interesting an object, that he was called by the emperor of Russia, to St. Petersburg, for a similar purpose; and after successfully putting his system into operation there, he laid the foundation of a school for the blind at Berlin. He invented the method of printing in raised characters, made tangible and sensible to the blind. Similar institutions have since been founded, and are in successful operation at Amsterdam, Vienna, Dresden, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places, some of which are supported by the governments, and others by individuals; the latter are said to be by far the most useful.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, superintendent of the institution for the education of the blind, at Boston, mentions several inter-



esting facts in a late report to the trustees. Among others, he mentions 'Mr. Paigneon, the celebrated professor of mathematics, at the university of Angiers. This interesting young blind man, came forward as a candidate, in the public controversy for the prizes in mathematics, at Paris; and after carrying them all off, was named to the professional chair at Angiers.'

'It may be safely said, that none are so well fitted for teaching the blind, as the blind themselves; nay, more, the blind can become the most excellent teachers of seeing persons. I have seen a blind person manage a class of twelve seeing boys, to perfection; and what was astonishing, he had sufficient moral influence over them to keep them in the greatest order, and prevent them from playing those tricks, which boys will do when their master does not see them.'

'In the Berlin institution, as always must be the case in well regulated ones, great attention is paid to instructing the blind in music.'

'Blind persons can become as well qualified, as seeing persons, for many employments which are generally thought beyond their powers; they can teach languages, history, geography, mathematics, and many other sciences, perfectly well; I know not why they should not make first-rate counsellors, and think it possible they might fill the pulpit ably and usefully.'

'I have the pleasure of calling my friend, M. Rodenbach, member of the Belgian congress; a man who possesses great influence, and who often makes that house ring with original and *naïve* speeches; he is an agreeable orator, an active business man, and a graceful member of society, and yet has been stone blind from his childhood.'

'The Liverpool school, is remarkable for the very great degree of attention which is paid to the cultivation of the musical talents of the blind, and for their astonishing success in it. An idea may be had of their proficiency from the fact, that the product of their concerts, is about three thousand five hundred pounds annually.'

'I have often observed with a delighted eye, the movement of the blind boys in Paris, as they leave the institution to go to play; each grasps a cord held by a seeing boy, and follows him rapidly and unhesitatingly through the narrow streets, until they enter the immense "garden of plants," when, quitting the string, they run away among the trees, and frolic and play together, with all the zest and enjoyment of seeing children. They know every tree and shrub, they career up one alley and down another, they chase, catch, overthrow, and knock each other about, exactly like other boys, and to judge by their laughing

faces, their wild and unrestrained gestures, and their loud and hearty shouts, they partake equally the delightful excitement of boyish play.'

'It appears to me very probable, that the delicacy of health, so often the lot of the blind, is owing to the want of proper circulation of the blood; they being much of the time in a state of physical and mental rest.'

The New England institution, was incorporated by the legislature of Massachusetts, four years ago, and has lately gone into operation at Boston.

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MISS BETSEY B——.

I SAW lately, in a newspaper, the death of 'Miss Elizabeth B——.' The history of this singular individual was so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear communicating such portions of it to the ladies of my acquaintance, as come within my recollection. It has the advantage of being authentic, if not interesting—for the facts which I shall relate are notoriously true.

If you have ever stopped at the little old anterevolutionary city of A——, on your pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, perhaps I can recall her to your recollection, by her small, light, perpendicular form, her tasteful dress, her girl-like trip, her laughing blue eye, golden ringlets, smooth, delicately tinted cheek, coral lips, pearly teeth, rounded neck, small hands and feet, slim waist, beautiful bust, graceful motion, perfect mouth, and—in short, I have no doubt, you fell in love with her. I think I saw you one day, standing upon Newton's steps, watching her little form as it flitted in and out of the shops on King-street, and heard you say she was more like a real sylph, than any thing you had ever seen.

Well, sir, if I had told you that this little fairy was seventy-five years old, you would not have believed but that I was joking; but nevertheless, I should have spoken nothing but the naked truth. Long before the revolutionary war—oh, she must have been older, for at that time she was the belle of Williamsburg, the toast of Norfolk, and the barbacue of all that part of Virginia. Colonel H., whom Mrs. H. allows to be sixty-five years old, told me that when a boy, his uncle, old William H. of King and Queen, was near getting into a duel on her account, with major S. who died some years ago, of old age. In fact, there is no telling how old she was; her origin is not recorded. Like that of the pyramids, it rests solely upon tradition. My good sir,

she must have been more than seventy-five when you fell in love with her.

At the time of the capture of Cornwallis, she was in love with a young midshipman of the British navy, by the name of Gimbold, who made a narrow escape, by jumping into James river. After this, she remained single, in spite of various offers from several generations of men, down to the present time. Many are the hearts and souls, which, like Haji Baba's, have become roast-meat, for her sake. But the citadel of her affections remained firm. In vain was the raw recruit and the old veteran brought against it; the wall was closed up with the '*English dead*.' Her heart was in the bottom of James river, with Thomas Gimbold.

But the most melancholy part of her death is, that the mystery of perpetual *rejuvenescence* has died with her. The whole case clearly proves, that a woman can keep a secret; and it establishes beyond a doubt, that she can make scientific discoveries. Nay, more, it proves that a woman can act upon principle, for had she disclosed her secret of eternal youth, the world would have been turned upside down. In the history of woman, an epoch, dreadful to imagine, would have arisen. We should not, thenceforth, have been able to distinguish our grandmothers, whom we may not marry. We should have fallen in love with our great-aunts. The old ladies, having more art than the young, would have had a decided advantage over them. A queen of May, might have had her great-great-grandmothers, for maids of honor. We should have had no respect for the aged. A bachelor, who had no particular fancy for octogenarians, would have been obliged to pray to the gods for help to enable him to distinguish them, and strength to resist their charms. When he thought himself the happy bridegroom of blooming nineteen, he would suddenly have found himself the unfortunate stepfather of five successive generations. But I will not dwell on the picture. It is sufficient, that Miss Betsey had the skill to discover, the constancy to preserve, so dangerous a secret; and she had her reward. She flourished in eternal youth. But like all great public benefactors, her motives and character were misunderstood, her memory was bitterly execrated by the old maids of the Old Dominion. Even when alive, she did not escape persecution. I have, when a boy, seen very respectable ladies of my aunt Abigail's acquaintance, work themselves up into a perfect agony, in speaking of her. 'She paints,' said Miss Coldcream; 'she powders,' observed Miss Starch; 'she has a false face,' exclaimed Miss Looking-glass; 'she sleeps in kid gloves,' shouted Miss Whale-

bone; 'she blankets herself,' shrieked Miss Magnesia; 'but her lips,' said Miss Vermillion; 'and her neck,' said Miss Powderpuff. Here Miss Whalebone fell into hysterics, and Miss Cold-cream began to foam at the mouth; and Miss Starch fainted. At length Miss Looking-glass, after a little reflection, spoke up; 'I'm determined,' said she, 'to find it out, if key-holes will serve my purpose; she shall come to my house and take the blue room, and keep it a fortnight; and then,' said she, while a buzz of applause went round the room, 'then we shall be mistresses of the greatest invention, that female ingenuity ever discovered. Then shall the whole army of bachelors yield, and the glorious company of unmarried men be subdued. Then shall our sex be respected, admired, adored!' Her enthusiasm was contagious. Miss Starch forgot her dignity, and clapped her hands. Miss Vermillion absolutely colored; Miss Powderpuff, for the first time in her life, showed her teeth, and Miss Whalebone, to my astonishment, capered about the room like a frolicsome child. But the secret was never discovered. Miss B. always dressed and undressed within the bed-curtains. At last, the opinion was advanced by Dr. Brown, that she changed her skin every spring, and that further inquiry was useless. Many thought this a *ruse* of the doctor's to keep his professional faith inviolate. But as he happens to be still alive, I will say no more upon that subject. 'He knows all about it!' said Miss Looking-glass, 'the vile wretch, he attended her through her last sickness. But he is an old bachelor, what can you expect of him?'

Alas, poor Miss Betsey! she fought long and manfully against time, but the old tyrant has conquered her at last. Peace to her shades! If I ever go back to Virginia, I shall surely make a visit to the spot, to see what the stone-cutter has put upon her tombstone.

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#### CHANCE.

Lo! cries the sceptic, it is chance;  
 Still, still, it hovers o'er me;  
 And not a step can I advance,  
 But Fate trod there before me.

#### ANSWER.

By Fortune may the straws be given  
 Wherewith the archway must be built  
 That alone leads to heaven;  
 But if the power you have's unused,  
 The precious privilege abused,  
 The opportunity refused,  
 Yours was the will, be yours the guilt.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

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EMIGRANT'S AND TRAVELLER'S GUIDE, THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. Philadelphia: H. S. Tanner. 1832.

THIS work ought to have been noticed sooner, but it escaped our attention. The author, who has not disclosed his name, is known to us by reputation, as a gentleman of talent, ardently devoted to the best interests of our country; and he has certainly discharged his duty in the present undertaking with great fidelity. In selecting facts from a long list of writers, some of whom, by the by, are of rather doubtful authority, he has shown much research and discrimination. His compilation shows more care and accuracy than any other on the same subject, that we have examined, and may be safely recommended to those for whose benefit it was prepared. We are glad to see such a work from a man of genuine piety and honorable feelings, who has examined our country with benevolent views, and calmness of investigation, and describes it with frankness and honesty. A chapter on the climate and diseases of the 'great valley,' from the pen of Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, is particularly valuable, as coming from a professional man of unquestionable talent and long experience.

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ANNALS OF THE JEWISH NATION DURING THE PERIOD OF THE SECOND TEMPLE. New York: J. Leavitt.

A NEAT volume with the above title, has been laid on our table. It is enough to say that it is written by Dr. Alexander, of Princeton college. The object of the writer is, to furnish a chronological account of the Jewish nation, during the period embraced in his work. It will be found to be a valuable aid to the student of biblical history.

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PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE MORE NORTHERN COASTS OF AMERICA.  
By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq.

THIS volume forms the fifty-third of Harpers' Family Library, and is one which we should suppose would be very acceptable to American readers. It is not precisely what its title indicates; but contains, in addition to an account of the 'progress of discovery,' a variety of information connected with the geology and natural history of that region, and of some parts of the United States, not lying upon 'the more northern coasts of America.' The volume, however, is fraught with valuable and entertaining matter, of a kind which ought to be familiarly known to every American citizen.

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LIVES OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS. By C. McFARLANE.  
Philadelphia: Key and Biddle.

WE particularly recommend this little volume to such of our friends as may happen to feel too comfortable, and desire to vary the monotony of quiet life, by a wholesome banquet of horrors. It is a neat, well-printed, bloody production, handsomely got up, and horribly interesting, containing biographical sketches of illustrious brigands, throughout the world. Here is a choice assortment of Calabrian, Spanish, Neapolitan,

Roman, Sicilian, German, English, Hungarian, East Indian, and Chinese cut-throats and buccaneers. A precious set of rascals! And why should not their histories be told, as well as those of Alexander and Cæsar, Napoleon and Wellington? If the latter, who shed oceans of blood in the prosecution of ambitious schemes for personal or national aggrandizement, deservedly occupy a splendid page in the great history of human crime, why should not the former be elevated to a similar, though it be a lower place, in the temple of fame? Some of these robber chiefs imitate the strut and language of the hero, with remarkable fidelity. We find one of them saying to a nobleman that he was about to plunder, 'You have nothing to fear, Signor Manchese, you are *in the hands of gentlemen*, faithful subjects of his majesty Ferdinand IV;,' another assures his victims, while he is picking their pockets, that they may *depend on his honor*. Richard Sawkins, an English buccaneer, who shrunk from no deed of murder or rapine, 'once threw the dice overboard,' because his people used them on Sunday—an example worthy the imitation of better people; and John Watling, one of his messors, 'had a glimmering of devotion in his composition.'

One of the most instructive lessons to be gathered from such recitals as we find in this volume, is, that of gratitude to Providence for the peace and security that blesses our own country. Let any candid reader, after perusing this volume, turn his eyes to the placid scene of American society, and he cannot but feel a thrill of patriotic exultation—a joyous thrill of mingled content, love, and admiration. Throughout the whole of Europe and Asia, except a few favored spots, the people, besides being subjected to governmental cruelty and extortion, to the hollow mockery of religious establishments, and to the horrors of public wars, sweeping with desolating footsteps over their fairest regions, are continually harrassed by lawless depredations and the most cruel deeds of violence, perpetrated by robbers. Let the American citizen read of the pickpockets, thieves, and highwaymen of Great Britain, and of the assassins of Italy, Spain, Naples, and Hungary, where a traveller pursues his journey at the peril of his life, and even the poor cottager sleeps in continual terror of the knife and the firebrand, and he cannot but rise from the perusal with renewed love for our republican institutions. Let it be remembered that we owe these blessings to the virtue and intelligence of the people; and that we have the power to make them perpetual by cultivating the social virtues, the useful arts, and gentle refinements of life—by raising up a high standard of patriotic duty and christian principle—by being loyal towards ourselves.

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A STATISTICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF OHIO, with Sketches of its distinguished Pioneers, and Notes on the State of Society and Manners. By JOHN H. JAMES, of Urbana.

THE above is the title of a work in preparation, and which we are authorised to announce as forthcoming. Mr. James is favorably known in the literary circles of this city, as a gentleman of talents and industry, and one in whose fidelity the greatest confidence may be placed. The unexampled rapidity with which this state has advanced from a mere wilderness, to population and wealth, renders its history interesting and instructive; and it ought to be written now, while many of the pioneers are yet upon the scene. A more acceptable book could not be given to the public, than such a history, prepared with accuracy, and written with taste and vigor.

We publish in this number, a chapter of the history of Ohio, the writer of which has

promised to continue the subject. Having announced Mr. James' book, it is proper to say that he is not the writer of the sketches which have been politely furnished to us for publication, and which are from a highly gifted, but to us, unknown correspondent.

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FAMILY CABINET ATLAS. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.

THIS is an American reprint from an English book, and is one of the most beautiful works that we have seen lately. It contains nearly one hundred maps, splendidly engraved and colored; and the representation of each country is accompanied by a table containing an alphabetical list of places, with the latitude and longitude of each.

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EXPOSITION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By JAMES BAYARD.  
Philadelphia: Hogan & Thompson.

ALTHOUGH several works have been written on this subject, by men of great learning and ability, which are highly useful to professional men, and to those who have leisure and disposition to engage in this important study, it is believed that nothing has been attempted in the way of a short and simple exposition of the principles of the constitution, for the use of young persons, and others who may not have time or inclination for more extended study. Mr. Bayard has attempted to supply this want, and seems to have acquitted himself with success.

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PAMPHLETS.

A NUMBER of valuable and interesting pamphlets have reached us, which we have not room to notice in this number. But we are not the less indebted to the politeness of those from whom we received them. We have read with particular pleasure, two addresses of Dr. Lindsley, president of Nashville university, an eloquent and unwearying laborer in the great cause of education. We wish success to him, and all others who labor in this glorious field. It is the cause of patriotism; of benevolence, of humanity. It is supported by the dictates of nature, reason, and religion; and it *must* flourish.

As an evidence of the diffusion of knowledge, we mention with pleasure, that there arrived lately at Maysville, Kentucky, in one of the mail bags, thirty-five volumes, franked by members of congress, 'Free—Public Documents,' which, on inspection, proved to be a choice collection of history, novels, poetry, law, and cookery. It is obvious that some of the representatives of the people intend to spend the vacation in laying up a stock of literature, and in teaching their wives the valuable mysteries of the culinary art.

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THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1833.

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PHRENOLOGY.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects. By George Combe. Edinburgh: 1828. Boston: 1829. Second edition: 1833.

MR. COMBE is doubtless known to many of the readers of this journal, as one of the ablest and most popular advocates of the new science of phrenology, in Great Britain; and in the work of which we give the title above, he has made use of what may be called the technical terms and phrases of that science. It appears to us, that by so doing he has prevented his work from attaining the popularity it would otherwise have acquired. There are many, who, from a prejudice against phrenology itself, would be unwilling to read any work which they conceived to be based upon it. But this work is not based upon it; the truth of the doctrines contained in it do not in any degree depend upon the truth of phrenology. They were known before that science had form or appellation. As Mr. Combe himself says, they have been known and acknowledged by every writer on morals from the time of Socrates to this day. What then has Mr. Combe done? why has he written a book? He has attempted to place old truths in new lights and relations, and we think he has succeeded in the attempt. He has pointed out connections among the laws of nature, which, to the mass of men, we believe to be novel; we will notice these connections, and explain his views as far as our limits will allow.

Man, says Mr. C. is, by his constitution, fitted for happiness; if not for perfect happiness, at any rate for a far greater degree than he generally arrives at. By nature he is endowed with a certain constitution; he stands in certain relations to the world about him; he is acted upon by certain laws. Now were he



acquainted with this constitution, these relations, and these laws—and he may become acquainted with them,—and would he act in conformity with the requisitions of these laws—and he may so act,—he would escape most of the evil that now degrades him. The laws of nature we divide into physical, organic, and moral; and in considering man, we regard him as a physical, organic, and moral or intelligent being. The distinction between these several laws is too well known to need pointing out. Let us then briefly inquire how much of the evil in the world arises from ignorance and neglect of them.

And first, of the *physical*. The operation of this class is so evident to our senses, and the evil resulting from inattention to them, so manifestly results from this cause, that we scarce ever hesitate to ascribe the suffering to the right source, and to say that the sufferer deserves his pain for his palpable disobedience to a law of nature. When a man, for instance, jumps out of the window, we say he is mad or a fool, because he does what he knows or might know will inevitably, and from the nature of things, make him suffer; but, as we hope soon to show, we ourselves daily do acts which are all as fool-hardy. Again, when a ship goes to sea leaky, a physical law is disregarded, and wreck and suffering will probably ensue; so when a man builds a house, and does not properly support the walls, and his life and property are lost from the falling of the building, we see and acknowledge that the evil results from the neglect of laws with which man may acquaint himself, and against the maloperation of which his nature enables him to provide. *We find man constituted in harmony with the physical laws of the universe.*

Next comes the *organic law*. To the well-being of the organic system of man, three things appear to be necessary. 1st. That the germ of the system be perfect. 2d. That proper nourishment, in proper quantities, be given it from the time of birth. 3d. That the various powers of the system be duly exercised. The question now is, how much of the organic suffering of man arises from one or more of these requisites being disregarded? With regard to the first, we can but say, that though many are born with the seeds of disease in them, this arises not from obedience, but from disobedience to the organic law. Why it is that the father's sin should be visited upon the son; why it is that the son can, by his misdeeds, bring down the father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave; why we are all placed in some degree within each other's power, we know not. So it is, however; and it is sufficient to know that it is the will of One, whom, by his intelligible works and laws we know to be

all-wise and all-kind. But the evil in the case of the infirm offspring, as in all other cases, results not from man's constitution, or any law of nature, but from disobedience to those laws; and follows from his own act and will. And with regard to the second point, the giving to the system of due nourishment, how far is this condition complied with by the mass of men? It is scarcely regarded at all. We have not time to enter into any examination of the quantity of suffering that results simply from intemperance in bread, and meat, and cold water; but every medical man knows that it is very great.

Men and women are in general grossly intemperate as respects food, either from ignorance of what their systems require, or because they pervert the old proverb, that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and prefer present sensual enjoyment and future pain, to intellectual and moral enjoyment, both now and hereafter. The subject is an old and a trite one, but still there are few subjects on which so much practical error prevails as with regard to physical education; under which term we include not merely the training up of the bodies of the young, but also the instilling of that knowledge, which will enable them through life to obey the organic laws, and thereby preserve that first blessing of existence, health.

The great difficulty with most people on this point, is, that no sufficient motive is held out to induce them to break off what they know to be bad habits. An acquaintance of ours went into business last year with a firm determination to make money, and he adopted this plan; he had been a large eater; he gave up his old habits, dined on bread, fruit, and water, and made all his bargains in the afternoon; the consequence was, that he was keener than the keenest men in town, for they came to the field surcharged with meat and drink. Those who remember the effects of the cholera in producing temperance among men who never thought of such a thing before, will see the power that an apprehension of present evil possesses. But with the mass, the fear of suffering from neglecting organic laws, is vague; for the suffering is distant, and therefore appears uncertain; but it is not uncertain; on the contrary, it is inevitable, for it is an effect; and if the cause, i. e. the disregarding of the law, take place, the effect in the nature of things must follow. But others again, who feel that the pain must come, say, 'surely we have a right to entail this pain upon ourselves, if we choose; if we please to suffer, let us suffer.' Here we come to the point; but is this answer a good one? No; for man has no right to bring pain upon himself; he has no right to suffer. The body and the mind are bound together, we know not how, nor

why; but so it is; if the frame is impaired, the tenant is incommoded; if the outer man is sick, the inner man is unfitted for performing all his duties. It is useless to talk of the mind's superiority; the mind has been knit to the body by Him that made both, and let no man dare to put asunder what God hath united. The man who by any indulgence becomes an invalid, buries his talent, and commits a sin; and on this footing we would place the care of health; we would make it a moral duty. If suicide is a crime — if the taking of one's own life is a crime; for a like reason is the neglect of that which makes life available and gives it certainty, also a crime. The perfect man fulfils *all* his duties; if one be benevolent but not just, he sins; if one be just but not benevolent, he sins; if he be both just and benevolent, honest and devout, and neglect his health, he does not do his whole duty, he sins.

Were this view of the case habitually before us; did we feel in eating, and drinking, and sleeping, that we must be temperate if we would do our duty as men and christians; were this idea impressed upon the minds of children, so as to be to them that knowledge which leads to action, there would be much less of the suffering peculiar to civilization and society, in the world. It is a view of the case, which, it appears to us, ought to be insisted upon by those whose duty it is to inculcate moral truth; for if we conceive aright the nature of morality, it consists in obedience to all the laws of nature and God; for they are synonymous, the physical and organic, as well as those which we call by way of distinction, moral; or in other words, we hold obedience to the physical and organic *to be* one of the moral laws.

And now, with regard to this third class of laws, those which affect only intelligent beings. All would agree in the proposition that man may know, by a study of nature and revelation, the moral laws of the universe; that when known, he may obey them, and that obedience will conduce to his happiness; but still there are some views of the subject which appear to us worth noticing.

If we disregard a physical or organic law, we suffer of necessity, from the constitution of things; and so it is with the moral law; sin and suffering stand in the relation of cause and effect; consequently, the man who sins is punished, as inevitably as the man that jumps off a precipice, and is as rash and fool-hardy.

He is punished, not always bodily; his outward circumstances are not always affected, for the truest happiness of life is not dependent upon outer things; it is the man's own heart that makes him what he is, blest or miserable;

'The rill is tuneless to his ear, who feels  
No harmony within; the south wind steals  
As silent as unseen among the leaves.  
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,  
Though all around is beautiful.'\*

And it is that inward harmony and beauty, over which sin has its fearful influence; to which it is, what poison is to the body, certain destruction.

It is no strange or mystical saying, then, that the sinner must be born again before he can enter the kingdom of heaven — before he can be happy. His nature has been changed from what his Maker intended it to be; and until it is renovated, he is no more capable of being truly happy, than a man can be whole who has every bone in his body broken. This doctrine of christianity, if we understand it aright, as well as all its doctrines, is accordant with the just conclusions of reason and common sense. Indeed, the more we study our own nature, and our relations to the world about us, the more reason we shall have to admire the beauty and perfectness of that great system of practical philosophy, the religion of civilized man.

Bishop Butler, in the preface to his sermons, says, that if man would be happy, he must act in accordance with his whole nature; the brute, in following impulse and circumstances, does so, and is happy to the extent of his capacities; but man has within him a principle that the brute has not, one that is above all the other principles of his nature; this is conscience or reflection. And he that does not make his other powers subordinate to this, does *not* act in accordance with his whole nature, and cannot be happy. Upon this hint, Mr. Combe has written his essay. We all acknowledge the existence in ourselves of higher and lower faculties; that impulse, for instance, which leads us to aid a fellow being in distress, we regard as higher than that which leads us to acquire and accumulate wealth; now, on Mr. Combe's system, if we allow the lower impulse or propensity to sway us, we violate a law of our nature, and the consequence is certain, a degradation of the moral man.

Had we room, we might show that wherever a lower faculty is allowed to act in opposition to, or independent of a higher one, pain will follow; but that when the higher is allowed its legitimate authority and control our whole nature is pleased, the lower no less than the higher portions. We might show, also, that such a connection exists among the several laws of the universe as that the disobedience of one class is followed almost necessarily by disobedience of the others; that he, for instance,

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\* Richard H. Dana. Thoughts on the Soul.



who neglects his bodily well-being, will be wanting as a friend, a husband, or a father. This relation, which Mr. Combe shows to exist between the strictly moral and the organic laws, is, we think, one of the most interesting and important doctrines in his work. The amount of evil that results from the entire disregard of natural laws in contracting marriages, is another point on which Mr. Combe speaks at some length, and deserves, if any does, to be carefully considered by every one.

The offspring of a sickly parent, will in all probability, be sickly also; and every member of the community should be made to feel that it matters but little, in a moral point of view, whether we willingly entail suffering upon our children, or give poison to our brother, and break his strength and health; in either case we bring pain upon a fellow being by our own voluntary act.

There is another view taken by Mr. Combe, which ought to be kept more before us. Nations, he says, are equally subject to the moral law with individuals; for what is a nation but a simple moral being? The maxim then, that so many are guided by, which teaches us that honesty is of little import in national and public matters, is as foolish as all falsehood must be. Honesty is the best policy every where and under all circumstances. If the rulers of a country follow the dictates of a lower impulse, they commit a moral wrong, and a political error. It is said that the federal government have been unjust to a minority, that the wealth of the majority might be increased; that is, they have listened to the suggestions of avarice, of the love of gain, rather than the counsels of reason; if they have done so, they have not only done wrong, but have made a blunder in policy.

To condense into one proposition what has been said, it is, that the evil in the world results in great part, if not wholly from man's ignorance of, and inattention to laws which he has the power to learn and obey, and from the operation of which he cannot escape.

We are aware, that to many, all that we have said, all that Mr. Combe says, will appear commonplace, and unworthy of repetition; but while it is as little heeded in practice as at present, no matter how trite and commonplace, we think it is well worthy of repetition; we wish it were repeated, until from being a speculative, it became a practical knowledge; a knowledge that should be motive, and lead to action. We hope that the establishment of lyceums and institutes through our country, may do much to advance the study of man's nature, and relations; we trust it will become a fixed branch of education, so that every child, and every adult may know, not merely how to

heap up wealth, satisfy acquired wants, or gather notoriety, but how to do their duty to themselves, and to their fellows, and therein, to their Maker. He that fully understands his own nature will act always with reference to the formation of his character, and consequently with reference to a future life; he that is ignorant of his nature will ever be striving for riches, and honors, and worldly power; be his professions what they may, practically he will be an infidel.

True philosophy, based upon the study of man's nature and relations, teaches us the same lesson with religion; it teaches us that the universe is framed and governed with reference to what we feel to be the higher and better part of our nature; that happiness is attainable by giving to conscience its due supremacy, and in no other way; and that every thing about us is designed, and is tending to develope and perfect those powers which nature and revelation alike teach us are to live forever.

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#### AN ESSAY

DESIGNED TO ESTABLISH AND FORTIFY THE IMPORTANT POSITION, THAT THE INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY OF THE GENTLEMEN IS FULLY EQUAL TO THAT OF THE LADIES.

THE intellectual equality of the sexes is a subject of such magnitude and importance, that in all ages it has attracted no ordinary share of attention. It does not appear to have been a subject of discussion in paradise, for according to scripture, the woman took the lead, and the man was unanimous with her in the propriety of this measure, and followed as she led. All that Milton says on the subject, is entirely *apocryphal*. But ever since the fall from a *perfect state*, this question has been debatable ground; and it may not be amiss, to state some of the reasons why it is worthy of all the attention which has been bestowed on it.

And in the *first* place, it has an important bearing in the general interests and advancement of society. It has the same relation to the intellectual and moral improvement of our race, as has the question in *physical science*, as to whether the man in the moon wears a cocked hat, and carries a gold-headed cane.

*Secondly*, it is important, because it is so *practical* in its tendencies. Other subjects of discussion, are too often mere matters of theory and speculation; so that a decision is not worth the turning of a straw, as it relates to its practical effects on society. But *here* is a case where it is of infinite consequence that opinions should be correct, on account of the innumerable

great interests that are depending upon them. It would be useless to attempt any enumeration of them, to such intelligent and well informed readers. They will instantly occur, and press upon the minds of all; and it may not be amiss at this point, for each one to make a solemn pause, for silent meditation, and a serious review of the innumerable practical benefits that would result to society, by settling the important question as to the intellectual equality of the sexes.

A *third* reason, which gives importance and dignity to this subject, arises from the fact, that it is eminently capable of proof, and susceptible of demonstration. Other subjects which are often started as matters of comparison, are so evanescent in their nature, so diverse in character, and so entirely removed by circumstances from relative consideration, that it is useless to institute any comparisons. But here is a question of relations and equality, which it is perfectly easy to determine. It is as relevant and as capable of demonstration, as an inquiry as to the relative length of a *lecture on the constitution* of the United States, and a *six-foot pole*!

The preceding may serve as a specimen of the many claims which this all-important subject has upon our serious attention. In proceeding to the general subject, it appears that there are two theories to be discussed—one asserts that the *female* sex is superior in intellectual endowments to the other sex, and the other asserts that men are *exactly equal* to women, in these respects. The *last* is the position we are to sustain. This will be done chiefly by answering the arguments ordinarily advanced against it.

The first argument urged against the equality of the male sex, is as follows. We ladies have no means of judging of the intellect of the other sex, except as it is exhibited in *action*. Intellect is tested always by its *effects*. Now our only field of observation is the *domestic circle*. We understand nothing of politics, or of commerce, or of war—our points of observation are the parlor, the nursery, and the kitchen. It is here, if any where, that we are to discern the indications of ingenuity, invention, perseverance, and quick perception of the other sex. To adopt any other mode of judging, would be as childish as it would be, were men to form their opinion of the comparative intellect of females by noticing their proficiency in those intellectual pursuits, which have been exclusively followed by their own sex. Accordingly, because men have proved such bunglers in all matters of household economy, the ladies draw the inference, that their natural capacities must be inferior to their own.



It must be confessed, that there is some difficulty on this point, for it cannot be denied that our brethren of the other sex, do cut rather a sorry figure when they exercise their intellectual capacities in those provinces where females are qualified to judge—yet still, in all fairness, several things ought to be taken into consideration. In the first place, men never have those advantages given them in these respects, which are so liberally conferred on females. Their natural powers are left to decay for want of proper culture. In addition to this, we must consider this truth, that no mind will develop its powers, without that kind of stimulus which is derived from hope of emolument, honor, power, or affection. But where is the man who hoped to gain either wealth, power, fame, or affection, by adventuring himself into the kitchen? Instead of this, how common, how universal is the contempt and obloquy which assails him there! What unmerciful epithets are hurled at him! *Blue-stockings* and *female pedants* are trifles to the ladies, compared with the shockingly vulgar epithets which belong to the unlucky intermeddler in female affairs. And it is well if the unfortunate wight can escape with nothing heavier about his ears than words. Beside this, men have been domineered over to such an extent, their spirits have been so subdued and broken by domestic discipline, that it is rather a matter of surprise, that they succeed so well, than that they should not rise to the standard of female development.

But if a time ever should arrive, when more liberal views on this subject shall become prevalent in society—and the present contracted order of things reversed, we may yet behold the capacities of man, developing in the light and warmth of the kitchen fire, and putting to shame the contemners of his now latent intellectual powers.

One other consideration is important. When men have enjoyed the same advantages as the other sex, their attainments have not only been respectable, but often superior to those of the majority of the female sex. Witness the success of the *tailor*, the *confectioner*, and the *French cook*—examples of the development of intellect in the male sex, fully equal to the examples of Elizabeth of England, and Catharine of Russia, who are so boastingly held forth, as proofs of the superiority of female intellect, even when removed from its appropriate sphere. And cases *have* been known, where gentlemen without any previous instruction, have exhibited an astonishing degree of genius and perspicacity in domestic pursuits, of which there are monuments, in the form of stockings, napkins, and towels,



as imperishable as the geniuses which erected them. A second argument to be met, is the following.

It is urged that the *analogy of nature*, favors the supposition, that the intellectual capacity of the female sex is superior to that of the other.

We find it an almost universal law of nature, that great bulk and great strength of muscle, is not an indication of intellectual superiority, but rather the reverse. Those animals most distinguished for intellectual sagacity, are not those of the strongest muscle and largest frame. On the contrary, they are delicate in construction, and feeble in muscular power. Witness for example, the *fox*, the *dog*, and the *beaver*, who are among the animals most distinguished for sagacity. From the general analogy of nature then, we infer that the sex which is most delicate in structure, is the one which she has best endowed with intellectual powers; thus with the usual merciful adaptation, making intellect a protection against physical power. As we see the human species guarded against the superior physical force of other animals, so females are protected by superior capacities of intellect from the encroachments to which they might be subject, from the superior physical strength of the other sex. It is farther urged, that as a general fact, we find that in the male sex, that class of persons most distinguished for intellectual attainments, most nearly approach to the constitutional character of females, so far as regards size, muscular power, and nervous susceptibilities. Look at our scholars and distinguished literary men, with their feeble nerves and delicate frames, and compare them with those who have no such intellectual development, and every one must acknowledge the force of this remark.

In reply to this, we would remark, that the argument is very specious, and would be likely to lead astray unthinking minds; but it is important to remember, that analogy is a very unsafe mode of argument, and more frequently than any other, leads to false conclusions. This is particularly true, when reasoning from the phenomena of matter to that of mind. A third argument to be met, is as follows.

It is claimed, that while male and female children are of equal ages, and are at school together, that female children are always the most forward and active in intellect; that during the whole period in which we have any fair opportunity of making a comparison, at the only time when their circumstances and advantages are precisely similar, this distinction is so manifest, that even men themselves acknowledge it. It is acknowledged also, that the minds of females are distin-

guished for quickness of perception, and for the speed with which they arrive at logical conclusions; and that in this distinctive mark of intellect, they altogether exceed the other sex; that they move so fast that they seldom return to retrace the chain of deductions; while men, moving at a more sluggish pace, can at any moment assign reasons for all their conclusions.

As to the first position, that female children always excel the other sex, when they are compared in equal circumstances, it is hoped that our readers will excuse the writer from replying to it, *on account of a bad cold*. It is hoped that no one will suppose, that a satisfactory answer *cannot* be adduced. This would be *impolite*, and our readers are much too well bred, to be guilty of such a violation of propriety.

As to the second part of the position, relating to the comparative speed of the female mind in the process of ratiocination, it is certainly very weak and inconclusive reasoning. For what, we ask, has *time* to do with intellect? Grant that the mind of man does move slow—he does at *some time or another, arrive at a conclusion*, and that is all that is necessary. Suppose a fox and an elephant were to start on a race—the object of both is to gain a certain spot; and what has *time* to do with the matter? The fox reaches the goal—in due time the burly elephant arrives, and when they come together, are they not both equal in advance? *Verbum sapienti*.

A fourth reason urged for the relative superiority of the female sex is, the *universal tacit acknowledgment of the fact*, by men of all ages. What ever impresses universal conviction in all ages, *must* be based on truth. Now, has not the *practice* of society in all countries and periods of time, been based on the supposition, that *men* possess a grade of intellect which needs far more *care* and *painstaking*, than that of females, in order to make it good for any thing?

It is granted that women have the most arduous, the most important duties laid upon them, in rearing and forming the intellect of the future rulers, statesmen, and sages of the world; and yet the unassisted energies of their own powers, have been considered fully adequate for all these duties—while the world is teeming with gymnasia, academies, and colleges, to stimulate and nurse the mind of man. Six thousand years have been employed in applying needful stimuli to the mental powers of *man*; while it is only since a recent period, that any such forcing applications have been thought of for women.

In reply to this, we would remark, that it is not necessary to ascribe this state of things to the actual inferiority of men; it is much more rational to attribute it to the well known *modesty*

and *self-diffidence*, which is so remarkable a trait in their character. There is little doubt, if *man* could but be inspired with a proper degree of *self-respect*, he would soon perceive, there was no necessity for this disproportionate effort in developing his natural powers.

In conclusion, we would urge our brethren of the other sex, not to be so *tenacious* and *sensitive* on this subject. Suppose we *could not* establish the fact of the *exact equality* of the sexes, it is a matter of small concern, so that they do but fulfil with fidelity and diligence, the duties of their appropriate sphere. Let them not vainly aspire to search the sublime mysteries of the kitchen, to ascend the heights of the garret, or plunge into the profounds of the cellar. Let them remember, that if they are restricted by nature and custom, from this elevated theatre for the display of their talents, they at least can render themselves conspicuous by their *virtues*.

And it is to man, after all, that the other sex, however highly gifted, must look for their best happiness. When wearied by the cares of the nursery—when harrassed by the perplexities of the kitchen, how soothing, how sustaining, to meet the cheerful smile, the ready wit, the kind affection of those who, oppressed by no such cares, come to us as angel visitants from peaceful heaven! How truly may the ladies accommodate the lines so often addressed to them—

‘ Without the smile from *manly* kindness won,  
Oh what were earth?—a world without a sun!’

One word of advice to the ladies. Will it not be wise for us magnanimously to decline *pressing this point*? Let us in our *treatment* of the other sex, whatever may be our *private opinion*, assume their equality. If in any household matters, they betray a pitiable weakness and ignorance, pass it over in generous silence, and *appear*, at least, to regard their opinion. In those who deny this equality, it will at least, be magnanimous—those of us who maintain it, may one day live to see more liberal views established—so that better devised systems of education, and more elevated habits of society, shall at last exhibit beyond question, the sublime truth, that *in all respects, the intellect of man is fully equal* to that of his *female brethren*!

CLIO.

## HISTORY OF OHIO.

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER the siege of Boonsborough was raised, colonel Bowman, of Kentucky, projected an expedition against Chillicothe, in retaliation. It was not undertaken, however, until the next year, 1779; but in the mean time, for the purpose of obtaining such information with regard to the situation of the town, as might be useful in the meditated attack, Simon Kenton, with two companions, named Clark and Montgomery, was sent to the place, to make discoveries. The spies arrived at Chillicothe without being discovered, and walked round the houses in the night, examining every thing attentively. At length, in their circuit, they came to a pound, in which the Indians had penned their horses, and the temptation was irresistible to endeavor to carry them off. They had succeeded in haltering a number, when the restiveness of some of the animals made so much noise, that the Indians were awakened, and the whole village was soon in an uproar with the inhabitants sallying forth to save their property. At this, Kenton and his friends, gathering the halters of the horses they had secured, commenced their flight, two of them leading, and the other in the rear with a whip, keeping them all at their full speed. They soon got out of hearing of their pursuers, and having directed their course to the Ohio, arrived on its bank after riding the whole of the following day and night. A whole day was spent unsuccessfully in endeavoring to force the horses to swim the river; and after remaining over night, a last and still unavailing effort was made the next morning, when several of the horses got away and turned homewards. Unwilling to give them up, they followed them back upon their own trail, but had gone but a very short distance, before they fell into the hands of their pursuers, whom their long delay at the river had permitted to overtake them. Kenton was made prisoner, and Montgomery was killed; but Clark made his escape.

The Indians were so much incensed at being robbed of their horses, that the whole party commenced beating Kenton with their ramrods, all the while cursing him in broken English, calling him 'thief,' 'rascal,' and, as the worst epithet of all, 'white man.' At length they commenced their return to their town. At night, they secured their prisoner by making him lie down upon his back and placing a pole across his breast, to which they tied his wrists, after extending his arms to their full length; in addition to which, his feet were tied to stakes driven in the ground, and a halter was passed around his neck and tied



to a sapling. At one time, on the way, combining sport with their revenge, they placed him on an unbroken colt, and having tied his hands behind him and his feet under the colt's belly, turned it loose with a sudden lash. The country was bushy, and Kenton expected nothing else but to be torn to pieces; but the colt, after plunging for some time, to the great amusement of the Indians, fell into the line with the other horses, and went quietly the remainder of the day.

On approaching within a few miles of Chillicothe, the party halted, and a messenger was sent forward to apprize the inhabitants, that preparations might be made for the reception of the prisoner. Accordingly, having resumed their march, they were met about a mile from the town, by the whole population—men, women, and children—whooping, yelling, and clapping their hands, and demanding that Kenton should be tied to the stake. This was soon done, and they then danced around him until midnight, howling and screaming, striking him with switches, and cuffing him, and keeping him all the while in the momentary expectation of being tortured to death by fire. At last he was unbound and taken to the village; and early in the morning, he was brought out to run the gauntlet. The Indians were formed into two long rows, comprising every age and sex, armed with clubs, switches, hoehandles, and other weapons of that kind, extending from the spot at which Kenton was placed, to the council-house, where an Indian stood with a drum to give the signal for starting. He was ordered to run between the files, to the council-house; but when the signal was given, he ran but a short distance, before he burst through the lines, and soon had all the Indians after him in promiscuous pursuit, and by doubling upon his pursuers, reached the door without much injury. A council was then held to determine whether he should be burnt upon the spot, or carried to the other towns in the first place, and exhibited in triumph. The latter determination was adopted, and he was accordingly marched from town to town, at thirteen of which he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and was constantly kept in apprehension of the consummation of his sufferings by a death of torture. On one occasion, he made a desperate attempt to escape. The party having him in charge had arrived in the vicinity of a town, where they fixed their guns and raised the scalp halloo, to give notice of their approach, and were answered by a drum at the town. At this instant, he suddenly burst from his guards and sprung into the bushes, where he was immediately followed by the whole party, some on horseback and some on foot, and had gained considerably on his pursuers, when he found himself in

the midst of a fresh party from the town, by whom he was again secured.

At a town called Waughcatomoco, he was taken to the council-house, where the warriors had all assembled in council, to determine his fate. Among them were Simon Girty, and several other white men — renegades, who, in adopting savage life, had become noted for surpassing, if possible, the Indians themselves, in the cruelty and inhumanity with which they treated the prisoners that fell into their power. Girty and Kenton, in the expedition of lord Dunmore, had served together as spies, that being before Girty had received the mortal offence which made him the implacable enemy of his countrymen; at which time, Kenton, in consequence of an affair in which he supposed he had killed an adversary, was only known by the assumed name of Simon Butler. When Kenton entered the council-house at Waughcatomoco, Girty, who did not recognize him, threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to sit down upon it; and on his not complying with the order immediately, seized him violently and jerked him down. He then began to question him about the situation of Kentucky, and the number of men who were there; after which, he made inquiries about particular individuals whom he had known, and at length asked the prisoner his own name. On being answered, 'Simon Butler,' he recognized his old companion and friend, and the feelings with which he had formerly regarded him, revived; he became violently agitated, and at length rushed forward and embraced him with much emotion. He then addressed the astonished Indians in a short and energetic speech, telling them of his old companionship and friendship with Kenton, and entreated them to grant his life, and spare him the agony of witnessing the torture of his old comrade; claiming the favor as one due to his faithful services and zealous devotion in their cause. The appeal was successful. After listening to him in silence, a long, animated, and earnest debate ensued, at the close of which, the vote being taken, a majority decided on granting Girty's request. Kenton was accordingly set at liberty and Girty took him to his own wigwam and clothed him, and for some time the Indians treated him as one of themselves. In a short time, however, the chiefs in some of the neighboring towns having heard that he had been saved from the stake, were very much dissatisfied, and demanded that another council should again take the matter into consideration. All Girty's influence and strenuous efforts were unavailing, and he was forced to acquiesce. Those who desired Kenton's execution carried their point, and he was condemned to be burnt at San-

dusky, to which place he was accordingly conducted by a guard. On the way, an Indian, in a paroxysm of fury, sunk a tomahawk into his shoulder, and almost severed his arm from his body. On his arrival at Sandusky, the next morning was fixed upon for the final scene of his sufferings; but here, when hope had at length deserted him, and death seemed just at hand, he was saved by the interposition of an Indian agent in the British service, named Drewyear. He prevailed upon the Indians to let him take Kenton to Detroit, that the commander there might examine him for the purpose of obtaining information with regard to Kentucky, upon condition that he should again be placed at their disposal after the intelligence should be obtained. He informed Kenton upon the road, however, that he should not be placed within their power again. When he arrived at Detroit, he was suffered to go at large, with orders to appear once a day, at the time of the parade of the garrison. After remaining until June, 1779, he devised a project of escape with two young men who had been taken with Boon the spring before, at the Blue licks; and having procured arms and ammunition, they escaped from the town in the night, and taking a circuitous course, arrived at Louisville in safety, after travelling thirty days.

In July, 1779, the expedition, which had been devised against Chillicothe during the year before, was carried into effect. The Shawanese, who inhabited that place and the towns on Mad river, were distinguished for the inveteracy of their hostility towards the Kentuckians, and the frequency of their incursions; and it was therefore determined to carry the war into their own territory. Accordingly, about one hundred and sixty men assembled at Harrodsburg, and placed themselves under the command of colonel John Bowman; the next officer in command being captain Benjamin Logan. Taking their route by the mouth of Licking river, they arrived within a short distance of the town, in the evening of the second day after crossing the Ohio, without the enemy being apprized of their approach. Spies were sent out, who ascertained the situation of the place, and having made their report, it was determined to divide the party, one detachment being placed under the command of Logan, and the other remaining under Bowman, and to make the attack shortly before daybreak. The parties were to march around on opposite sides of the village, and when it was completely encircled, and the fronts of the two divisions met, the onset was to commence. Logan executed his command and placed his men in their position according to concert; but Bowman with his party did not appear. Having waited until day-



break, Logan ordered his men to conceal themselves in the grass and weeds, still in expectation of receiving the signal for the attack. No orders, however, arrived; and in the mean time, some of the men, in shifting the places of their concealment, alarmed a dog belonging to the Indians, which commenced barking, and attracted the attention of a warrior, who walked cautiously towards the place of Logan's concealment, looking about for the object of the dog's alarm. The party, who were observing him, were in hopes of taking him prisoner without making any noise; but, just at that time, a gun was fired by one of Bowman's party, on which the Indian gave a whoop, and ran back to the town. The Indians immediately ran together, to one of the largest cabins, and put themselves in a posture of defence; while Logan's detachment seized upon the deserted houses, and passing from one to another, soon established themselves within gunshot of the one in which the enemy were collected, and a hot firing was kept up upon both sides. Logan then determined to make a moveable breast-work of the floors and doors of the cabins, and push it forward against the cabin which was the object of the attack, and carry it by main force; but as he was about to make preparations for that purpose, colonel Bowman despatched orders to him to retreat. This had now become an affair of considerable difficulty and danger; the men being exposed to the fire of the Indians, at every attempt to escape from one place of covert to another, and several of them were killed. At length Logan's party again joined that of Bowman, whom they found where they had parted on proceeding to the attack. From some unaccountable cause, they had not done any thing towards the fulfilment of their part of the plan of attack, and the colonel appeared to have lost all his energy and self-command, and to be incapable of doing any thing which the emergency called for. It was soon, however, understood by all, that no course was left them but to make their way home, with all practical expedition. The captains exerted themselves to restore order, and the march was commenced. They had gone but a short distance, when the Indians, having sallied forth, surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot and galling fire upon them. The detachment was then formed in order of battle, and soon repelled the enemy, and recommenced their retreat; but as soon as they proceeded on their march again, they were again surrounded, and attacked. They were successful in compelling the Indians to retire on every occasion; but it soon became evident from the frequent and continual attacks, that the enemy were endeavoring merely to harass them sufficiently to impede



their progress, until reinforcements could arrive from the other villages and render them strong enough to cut off the whole detachment. Logan and the other officers thereupon determined to free themselves from their foes at once, and having collected all the mounted men, dashed in amongst the Indians, scouring the woods in every direction, and having completely dispersed the enemy, were then suffered to continue their retreat unmolested. They followed the course of the Little Miami, at the mouth of which they crossed the Ohio, and reached home with the loss of nine men killed, and several wounded.

Early in the year 1780, the British at Detroit, made preparations for despatching a powerful expedition against Kentucky, with the design of breaking up the settlements, and destroying the inhabitants, or driving them all out of the country. In May, of that year, a prisoner by the name of Chaplin, escaped from Detroit, and arrived at Harrodsburg, bringing the first intimation of the intended invasion. The plan which had been determined upon, was to collect a strong Indian force, which, with some Canadians and British regular troops, provided with artillery, was to be placed under the command of colonel Byrd, and was to strike the first blow at Louisville, and then take the other stations in detail. The information given by Chaplin was to this effect, and according to the calculations made by the Kentuckians, it was supposed that the enemy could not arrive before the last of July, and preparations for their reception, were accordingly made with that expectation; but the season being wet, colonel Byrd gave up his design of attacking Louisville first, and taking advantage of the fulness of the streams, transported his cannon and stores by water, by which means he reached Kentucky earlier than was anticipated. He descended the Miami and ascended Licking to the forks, where he erected some huts to protect his baggage from the weather, and then marched by land against Ruddle's station, a small stockade fort on the south side of the river, before which he arrived on the 22d of June, with a force of between six hundred and a thousand men, and six pieces of artillery. The first intimation the garrison had of their approach, was from a discharge of one of the cannon. Byrd then sent in a flag, demanding a surrender; and the garrison, knowing their inability to defend the place against so large a force, capitulated upon the express condition, that they should be the prisoners of the British, and not of the Indians. As soon, however, as the gates were opened, the Indians rushed into the fort and seized all those within it as their own prisoners, Byrd being entirely una-

ble to restrain them; and the captives were parcelled out among their savage conquerors, the horrors of their situation being increased by the separation of the members of families from each other—husbands being forced to part with their wives, and parents from their children. When the prisoners had been disposed of, and the plunder was divided, the Indians proposed to attack Martin's station, which was similar in its condition to that of Ruddle, from which it was five or six miles distant. Colonel Byrd refused to march against it, however, until the Indians agreed to be content with the plunder of the place, and to leave the prisoners that might be taken, entirely at his control. This arrangement having been agreed to, they proceeded against Martin's station and took it without opposition, and the prisoners were taken charge of by the British, without any attempt on the part of the Indians to infringe their agreement. They were then so elated with their success, that they pressed colonel Byrd to lead them against Bryant's station and Lexington, which they would probably have captured with little trouble; but fearing that the waters would fall, which would render it a matter of great difficulty to reach the Ohio with his artillery, Byrd declined the proposal, and returned to his boats at the forks of Licking, and having embarked, descended to the Ohio, where the Indians left him and dispersed. He then ascended the Great Miami, as far as it was navigable for his boats; from whence, after hiding his artillery, he marched by land to Detroit.

Among the prisoners taken at Ruddle's station, was captain John Hinkston, a man of courage, and experienced as a hunter and woodsman. On the second night after the enemy left the forks of Licking, they encamped near the river, and the prisoners were placed under a guard. Considerable difficulty was found in making a fire, in consequence of the wet, and it became dark before it was accomplished. At this time, while the attention of the guards was fixed upon the attempts to kindle fire, Hinkston sprung away into the woods, and was immediately out of sight. The alarm was raised, and the Indians dispersed in every direction in pursuit, not knowing which way the prisoner had taken. He ran but a short distance before he laid down by a large log, and concealed himself until the tumult had subsided, and the pursuit was pretty nearly relinquished. He then continued his flight, but in consequence of the darkness of the night, after travelling a considerable time, found himself close to the Indian camp again. Having no stars by which to direct his course, and being unable to see the moss upon the trees, he then adopted the following expedient to ena-

ble him to steer in one direction. The wind, he knew, blew from the westward, which was the course he wished to go. Dipping his hand in the water, which then covered almost the whole country, he held it up above his head, and the wind making the side upon which it blew, colder than the other, he could thus shape his course towards the west. Having travelled the principal part of the night, he sat down at the root of a tree and fell asleep. In the morning a very thick fog came on, and was the means of saving him from again falling into the hands of the enemy; whom he heard imitating the cries of different beasts and birds in various directions around him, and knowing what it was that made the sounds, he avoided them, although he was frequently within a very short distance of some of them. At length, having baffled all pursuit, he made his way to Lexington, where he arrived on the eighth day after the capture of Ruddle's station, of which event he brought the first information.

The alarm which the first news of Byrd's invasion caused in Kentucky, soon gave way to a determination to revenge the injury done by the enemy, by an expedition into their country, having for its principal object the destruction of the towns on the Little Miami and Mad river. It was accordingly concerted that the force which could be raised in the interior, under the command of colonel Logan, should meet the volunteers and regular troops from the Falls of Ohio, under general Clarke, at the mouth of Licking, about the 20th of July. When the junction was effected, the army consisted of nine hundred and seventy men, with some artillery. The march was commenced from the place where Cincinnati now stands, on the second day of August. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the sixth, they arrived at Chillicothe, which they found abandoned, and the cabins in flames. The enemy having had notice of their approach, had fled a few hours before, after setting their houses on fire. The army encamped on the ground that night, and on the following day, after cutting down all the corn around the town, amounting to several hundred acres, about four o'clock in the afternoon, resumed their march. The next object of their destination was the town of Pickaway, on the northwest side of Mad river, about eight miles from where Springfield now stands, and twelve miles distant from Chillicothe. They had only marched about a mile, however, when a violent storm came on, of rain and wind, with thunder and lightning, and continued until nearly dark, when the army encamped, and put their arms in order. For this purpose one company were directed to fire off their guns, and after giving them time to reload, an-

other company on the opposite side of the encampment followed the example, until all were discharged and reloaded. It was afterwards ascertained that the enemy intended to have attacked them that night, but hearing the firing and knowing the object, deferred the encounter in consequence of the vigilant precautions taken by the army. On the morning of the eighth, at sunrise, the army resumed their march again, and at two o'clock, arrived in sight of Pickaway. The road from Chillicothe, which they had followed, crossed Mad river about a quarter of a mile below the town, which extended thence up the river for about three miles, the houses being scattered along at different distances from each other, sometimes at intervals of more than twenty rods. As soon as the advance crossed the river, into the prairie, they were attacked by the enemy, who were concealed in the grass and weeds. No doubt now existing but that a general engagement was about to take place, Clarke ordered colonel Logan, with about four hundred men, to continue up the east side of the river, and cross above the town, not being aware that it extended so far as it did. The design of the movement was to prevent the Indians from escaping, by hemming them in between the two divisions of the army; but its effect was, that the battle which ensued, was fought entirely by the division under Clarke's immediate command, and was over before Logan's detachment reached their destination, who therefore did not see an enemy or fire a gun. At the same time that Logan was despatched up the river, another division, under colonels Floyd, Lynn, and Harrod, was ordered, after crossing the river, to encompass the town on the west side, while general Clarke and colonel Slaughter, with the artillery, were to march directly towards the place. In executing their orders, Floyd and his party found it necessary to cross the prairie to the woodland, which was about two hundred yards from the river, to avoid the fire of the enemy concealed in the weeds. The Indians, upon this, endeavored to turn their left, and their design being seen by Floyd and Lynn, was answered by a corresponding movement, and both parties, in the attempt to outflank each other, extended the line of battle more than a mile from the river. The engagement lasted until about five o'clock, until which time it was warmly contested, when the Indians suddenly gave way and disappeared. The loss was seventeen killed on the part of the Kentuckians, and about an equal number on the side of the enemy. When the Indians had disappeared, the army entered the town, where they found provisions in abundance in the kettles, ready cooked, which the Indians had left almost untouched, when they went to attack



the army, which arrived at the town just as they were commencing their dinner. The day after the battle was occupied in destroying the corn and vegetables in the neighborhood, burning the cabins, and collecting horses; and on the next day the army returned to Chillicothe, where they encamped for the night. They had in passing through, in their advance, spared one field of corn, for the use of their horses on their return. This was destroyed on the eleventh, after which they continued their march to the mouth of Licking, where they dispersed to their several homes. The success of this campaign was of the utmost importance. A defeat of the army would have been most disastrous, if not ruinous, to the adventurers in Kentucky; while, on the other hand, the destruction of the habitations and corn of the enemy, gave them so much employment in providing for the sustenance of their families, that they had no time to spare for the purpose of making their usual incursions across the Ohio. In fact, the Kentuckians were not only freed from their molestations for the residue of that year, but the year 1781 passed without any injuries being received of much consequence, except such as were caused by small roving bands of the enemy, by whom some individual murders were committed, as was usual during the continuance of the war. The following year, however, was distinguished by the number and importance of the events which occurred.

J.

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#### FLINT ON THE NATURAL SCIENCES.

Lectures upon Natural History, Geology, Chemistry, the Application of Steam, and Interesting Discoveries in the Arts. By TIMOTHY FLINT. Boston: 1833.

WE are certainly a great people. Whatever may be thought of the immense mass of mind which lies embosomed in the broad valley of the west, by those who see it dimly from a distance, we are, nevertheless, a great people. We do things here upon a large scale, and are not to be cramped by the rules which govern ordinary minds. Our country is wider than common countries, and our thoughts having a greater range, acquire a freedom and a bigness, not dreamt of in the philosophy of less favored lands.

We remember once to have read, in a western newspaper, a glowing account of our valley, which contained the following paragraph. ‘Appendant to this great valley are two slopes or narrow strips of country; the one, descending from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, is inhabited by various Indian tribes; the other, extending from the Alleghany mountains to the ocean,

contains the old thirteen states.' We felt proud when we read this just and graphic description, and we feel still prouder, when we behold the manifestations of our greatness accumulating around us.

A philosopher of the west discovered the theory of concentric spheres; a gentleman in one of the southern counties of Kentucky, invented, a few years ago, a steam-engine for traversing the air, and was only prevented from carrying it into complete practical operation by the want of funds; colonel C——t has astonished the nation, by the originality of his conceptions; and professor Rafinesque, under the influence of our intellectual climate, brought to light the theory of *atmospheric dust*, whereby he demonstrated, that certain minute particles were continually falling upon our planet, which would eventually cover it up. We have heard of another ingenious gentleman, who has ascertained, to his own satisfaction, that the garden of Eden was situated in Illinois, and that the four great rivers mentioned in the book of Genesis, are the Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, and Ohio. In the western country, did Robert Owen make his great experiment of the social system; here did Frances Wright shadow forth the outlines of that remarkable code of morals, which has rendered her one of the most celebrated of her sex; here did the chaste and delicate Trollope prosecute her investigations into the manners of American domestics; and here, even here, flourished a long list of distinguished writers, too tedious to mention, whose claims to immortality were successfully vindicated, and indelibly recorded, upon the pages of a valuable periodical, now no more.

In the course of a very careful perusal of the volume, whose singularly appropriate title graces the head of this article, we were struck with the following ingenious and forcible remark. 'Among the most prominent and important of all human inventions, I place that of making books.' Bookmaking is verily one of the most prominent employments of the age, and to the making of many books, there is no end. The reverend Mr. Flint, though not one of the inventors, is certainly a most industrious and praiseworthy operative in this laudable branch of useful industry. Nothing comes amiss to his versatile genius; history, geography — morals, physics — fact and fiction — science, poetry, and romance, have all employed his untiring pen, and have been treated with an equal degree of success; and the 'important human invention' of bookmaking, has under his creative hand, been carried to a high degree of perfection in these western wilds. Indeed, we have no hesitation in assign-

ing to him the rank of chief pioneer of this useful art in the west, and hailing him the very Daniel Boon of bookmakers.

The work before us, is one of the best specimens of the author's happy and peculiar talent for bookmaking, which has fallen under our notice, and will, no doubt, add to the splendor of that celebrity which he has already achieved in this, his favorite science. The first remark that strikes us, is the interesting modesty of the writer, in omitting to enumerate on his title page, a variety of topics, which are embraced in the volume, with singular appropriateness, but which are not announced in the title, nor anticipated by the reader; as, for instance, the chapters on political economy, vaccination, choice of pursuit, decision of character, proper selection of books, place and ritual of worship, evidences of true wisdom in character. We are struck, moreover, with the ingenuity with which the author includes all these important subjects, together with 'natural history, geology, chemistry, the application of steam, and interesting discoveries in the arts,' within the compass of a single volume of four hundred pages. This, however, is one of the phenomena of natural history; 'all bodies possess,' according to our author, 'compressibility;' and the doctrine is finely illustrated in the body of this book, into which is compressed, not only one science, but half a dozen. This difficult result has been attained, by a beautiful and simple process, which no scientific drudge could have conceived, and that most happily illustrates that high attribute of genius, which enables it to grasp and simplify the sublimest and most occult maxims of philosophy. 'I have thrown,' says the author, 'the scientific axioms and doctrines, connected with the point in discussion, into a tabular form.' This is certainly an improvement. But the author did not stop here, for having thrown the *scientific axioms and doctrines into tabular form*, he omitted the tables, and thus relieved the reader from the necessity of perusing those parts of the subject. Doctor Franklin's celebrated recipe for dressing cucumbers must be fresh in the memory of the reading public. 'Slice them neatly,' says the doctor, 'wash them well in cold water, season them with salt, pepper, vinegar, &c. and then—*throw them out of the window.*' Similar to this would be the recipe for a book on the exact sciences, after the plan of Mr. Flint. 'Throw the scientific axioms and doctrines into tabular form, and then—*omit the tables;*' the remainder will be the product required.

People in the west, do things on a large scale. We do not stick at trifles. When a gentleman wrote to colonel Crockett to ask permission to address his daughter, the colonel is said to

have replied in the following laconic epistle, 'Dear sir,—I have received your letter. Go ahead.' So it is with some of our bookmakers. Their motto is, 'go ahead.' If a bookseller wants a geography of the whole American continent, or a compound of all the sciences, he has but to apply to a bookmaker, who is always ready to 'go ahead.' The work before us is a fine specimen of that free, careless spirit, which enables its possessor to undertake great enterprises without preparation, and to plunge boldly into the middle of things, without the slightest fear of consequences.

Great men enter upon noble undertakings with an unconstrained fearlessness of purpose, or to use a favorite word of our author, with a 'reckless' contempt of consequences, which little minds know not how to appreciate. 'Give me a lever and a pivot,' said Archimedes, 'and I will move the world.' 'Give me matter and motion,' said Descartes, 'and I will make a world.' 'Give me pen, ink, and paper,' says the bookmaker, 'and I will make a book.' Of all these, the latter is the greatest man. He does not sit down, like Alexander, to blubber for *new* worlds, nor like the poet insist

'——— to sigh upon innocent lips,  
That have never been sighed on by any but mine;'

but retraces the path of former conquest, and reiterates the great deeds of himself and others. When he finds it impossible to say any thing new under the sun, he imitates Old Mortality, and deepens the inscriptions of his predecessors; or like Falstaff, shoulders the carcase that another has slain. These remarks will be understood by the judicious reader to apply in the abstract. The work under review contains many things which are absolutely and strikingly new, and which have not only been never advanced before, but which will, in our opinion, never be repeated. Like the discovery of Columbus, or the fame of Washington, they stand out in the solitary grandeur of unique conception.

With these preliminary remarks, we shall proceed to examine the book before us, and while we expect the reader will make great allowances for our zeal for western literature, and our own unaffected respect for the author, we promise, that as far as in us lies, our partialities shall by no means be permitted to bias our judgment. We shall endeavor to point out the beauties of this volume with candor, leaving its defects to the discovery of those who love the unpleasant duty of finding fault.

The writer having, as we before remarked, thrown out the *scientific axioms and doctrines*, retains of course, only such axioms and doctrines as are *not* scientific, or such speculations



as cannot properly be called either 'axioms or doctrines.' We like this arrangement, because it saves the trouble of thought, and the exhaustion of hard study; and considering that the hot weather is coming on, and that the cholera may be coming into the bargain, we feel obliged to the author for an ingenious expedient, by which all temptation to severe reflection is withheld, and the indigestible raw materials, drawn by the researches of the learned from the deep wells of truth, placed beyond the reach of the hungry but imprudent reader.

Another thing that we like is, the novel complexity, the graceful confusion, the orderly disorder, of this book. The writer carries us from subject to subject, with such rapidity, that it is impossible for the most fastidious mind to tire of any one topic. 'The only clue of order in my series of subjects,' says he, 'has been to unite, as much as possible, interest with utility.' This is the true clue; *interest* is a modern and fashionable muse, and utility a very clever thing when conveniently attainable.

We shall now make some extracts, for the purpose of sustaining our favorable opinion of Mr. Flint's qualifications as a writer on the exact sciences.

'The wild duck, in its vernal and autumnal migrations, in passing over the poultry-yard, vainly strikes the air with practised wings, and utters the wild cry of liberty, to invoke the domestic fowl to follow it to the free woods and waters. The barn fowl hears, rears its head, shakes its wings, and responds a welcome to its vagrant relative; thinks, perhaps, of the pleasures of the far stream, the odors of the blooming willow, and liberty; but an afterthought of repose, security, and abundance, prevents its being tempted to turn savage, and trust to the barren luxuriance of nature.' p. 108.

The barn-fowl, vulgarly called the tame duck, is a sensible animal. Though descended from numberless generations of ancestors as tame as itself, though hatched amid the comforts of domestic life, and enjoying the luxuries of existence in 'the green mantle of the standing pool,' it has some very rational ideas of *liberty*, and clear perceptions of the 'odors of the blooming willow.' But even the duck is not radical enough to value liberty without security; 'an *afterthought* of repose,' exposes the fallacy of its aspirations, and induces it to remain the humble tenant of the puddle, which is blessed with abundance, rather than tempt the dangerous gloom of the wilderness. How few of the human race reason with such propriety, or arrive at such correct conclusions! Mr. Flint has omitted to notice the deportment of 'a duck in a thunder storm.' The truth is, that the wild duck does not scream as it flies—geese are noisy in their flight—but a duck is not such a goose.

The following is a novel and curious discovery, which we commend to the particular attention of naturalists:

‘While the eagle, whose eye is a telescope plunged in an orbit like a tube, throws a piercing glance through the far depths of space, he discovers, perhaps, the satellites of Jupiter, of whose existence men were so long ignorant. The moon is seen by him, not as by us, a globe of luminous ice, but an aerial isle, suspended in space, which has mountains, volcanoes, and seas.’ p. 150.

We have not the least doubt of the truth of this statement, which so remarkably accurate and careful a writer as Mr. Flint, would not publish without some evidence. But others might not have the same degree of faith, and we respectfully suggest the expediency of his giving us, in some future edition of this invaluable work, the proof, that the eagle does clearly distinguish objects in the moon, together with some of the discoveries which the keen vision of the royal bird has enabled him to make. The only scientific writer who is well qualified to speak of the habits of the eagle from actual observation, is Daniel O’Rourke, who was carried by one of this species, to the moon. As the writings of this gentleman must be familiar to Mr. Flint, we suppose that his observations are among the scientific axioms, which have been thrown into tabular form—and omitted. The eye of the horse is not less wonderful than that of the eagle; the author discourses of it in this wise:

‘Two microscopes modify the view of the horse to such a degree, that objects are painted in immense magnitudes upon his retina; and the child that guides him, seems to him of colossal size. Nature, in submitting him to our power, has caused him to view us under an illusion which conceals our weakness from him.’ p. 150.

Here we beg leave to call for persons and papers. The fact may be as Mr. Flint states, but we have our misgivings, that the printer’s devil, or some other demon of mischief, has perverted his meaning. If the fact be as represented in the text, it is susceptible of proof, and we should like to see the evidence. If human beings appear like giants to the horse, other objects are doubtless magnified in proportion, and the steed in leaping or stepping over an obstacle, would raise his feet, not to the real height of the impediment, but to the height to which it was swelled by his microscopic eyes. At all events, the little boys would be very much pleased to learn that horses view them as colossal beings. We hope that Peter Parley will introduce it into one of his works *about* natural history; the little folks will be delighted.

‘By a phenomenon of another kind, the dog, of which man has made a friend, neither discerns nor chooses by sight. His eyes being comparatively useless, he sees no difference between men; and it is by smell alone that he knows his master.’ p. 150.

Perhaps our author never saw ‘a dog in high hemp,’ leaping to discover his game; and he may have forgotten that the greyhound runs by sight alone.

‘It is the remark of mariners, who have been in all seas, and have had opportunities to observe all the varieties of animals that live in the water, that there is no form

of animal on the land, that has not its corresponding counterpart of resemblance in some animal of the water. In the mer-men and mer-women of the sea, they have seen, or imagined the resemblance of our race. These strange water-dwellers inhabit an element, which has, as we have seen, a very peculiar effect upon the transmission of light. They moreover glide through the waters surrounding them on every side, in contact with their organs of hearing and vision as completely as air is with ours,' p. 165.

We fear that these mariners have practised on the benevolent credulity of our author. They might tell their tales of mer-men to *the marines*—a sailor would not believe them.

Mr. Flint states, that 'it is a fact,' attested 'beyond all question, that the primitive settlers, who reared their cabins under the unbroken forest, were healthier than their successors, who lived in cleared fields.' This is a mistake. The first settlements in the western, as well as in the eastern parts of the United States, were all sickly; and the whole country has gradually improved in health, as the land has been cleared, and as the comforts of life have been introduced. These small matters of fact, however, are not important. Genius, soaring like the eagle, gazing with telescopic eye at the wonders of the moon, and listening to the music of the spheres, cannot be expected to stoop from its high places, to investigate the dry details of sober reality. We turn, with pleasure, to a subject more congenial to the romantic imagination, and more appropriate to a scientific treatise.

The author has a curious chapter about love. 'Let us,' he writes, 'survey some of the facts which Pythagoras would have adduced in support of the hypothesis, that every thing has sensation, and is endowed with the faculty of love.' He proceeds to point out the loving propensities of plants—'the heath is faithful to its hills, the hyoscyamus to its desolate places, and the lily of the valley to its woods.' From plants he ascends to insects. 'The *ephemera* is born, passes a life of a minute's duration, and dies. The moment has been all consecrated to love.' 'The larger animals feel the impulses of the same passion, and fill the forests with their cries of joy.' He traces the same principle to the bosom of man. 'Love is every where, penetrates every thing, and imparts life to all that lives. The other passions were distributed unequally, for they are not indispensable to the perpetuity of life. Some people have been seen wholly devoid of apparent ambition; others without fear; others without avarice; but none without love.' What a view is opened to us here of the passion of love!—a feeling common to the plant, the brute, and the human being, and which has reference only to the *perpetuity of life*. It is not a tender sentiment which unites congenial minds, but a gross appetite; not the intelligent principle which inculcates love to God, and good

will towards men, but a sensual propensity which pervades all nature. Nor is this all; love is introduced upon the stage, and made to say, ‘I perpetuate the remembrance of whatever is amiable or good. I am the divine reason, and human reason resists me not. I subjugate wrath, soften ferocity, and quench revenge. I am the charm of the senses, the delight of souls, and an inspiration from on high.’ ‘Thus sung the ancient poets,’ says our author—and we wish to be understood as not accusing him of singing all this in his own proper character; but he does say, ‘may it not have been, that the contemplation of reciprocal attraction, which every thing in nature exercises towards every other thing, considered as an innate principle of love, that led Newton to the secret of the universe?’ And in another place he asserts, that the ‘facts of modern investigation might have given some countenance to the ancient philosophers, in affirming, that nothing in nature is without sensation.’ What facts are alluded to, we do not know, as these are probably among the things which have been thrown into tabular form—and omitted; but it is evident that the author adopts the whole of the ancient theory of universal sensation and love. He suggests that Newton approved it, that modern discoveries confirm it, and intimates no doubt of its truth. He treats it as a received doctrine. Such is the teaching of a christian minister of the nineteenth century—such the *love* which is common to mind and matter, to the plant and the brute, to man and his Creator—such the genial result of throwing the axioms and doctrines of science into tabular form!

The author gives us, among other good things, a capital snake story, which is the more valuable as being the result of an experiment of his own. ‘A long black hair from a horse’s mane,’ was soaked in rain-water, and became a snake! ‘It moved about, folded and unfolded itself, showed sensibility when touched, and had become in fact, that singular animal, of which naturalists, as far as I know, have taken no notice; but which farmers know well by the name of hair snake.’ As no naturalist has mentioned this reptile, Mr. Flint is entitled by a long standing rule of courtesy, to give it a name, and we recommend that it be called *Serpens silex*.

We quote the following as a specimen of the author’s graphic powers, and accuracy of conception. He calls upon the reader to imagine the spectacle which would be presented if the laws of nature were abandoned to the slightest change. Several probable results are pointed out, and then:

‘The stars, smitten with the same uncertainty of motion, would rush together, and become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer



would be destroyed by that of winter. Bootes would lead the Pleiades, and the Lion would roar in Aquarius. Here the stars would fly away with the rapidity of lightning; there they would hang motionless in the heavens. Sometimes, crowding into groups, they would form a new milky way. Again disappearing and rending the curtain of worlds, they would open to view the abysses of eternity.'

The *abysses of eternity* are not laid down, if our memory serves us, upon any map or celestial globe; nor are we aware of their exact location. Perhaps we may have mistaken the author's meaning; he may not have intended to refer to space, but to eternity itself. If so, the rending of that said curtain of worlds, would open a view more extensive than has ever yet been allowed to a prophet or the son of a prophet—a glance into the abysses of *eternity*. This would be preferable to second sight.

The author tells us, that 'the elk, that bounds over the snow, has inflexible legs.' Does he mean to say that the elk has no joints in his legs? A table has inflexible legs, but we were not aware that any animal was furnished with such members. We by no means dispute the fact, but only mention it as a thing which is new to us, and as a remarkable dispensation of Providence, which has combined great swiftness of motion, with inflexibility of limb.

'Owen's social system would be practicable,' says Mr. Flint, 'if men were angels.'

If the author means *fallen* angels, we shall all agree with him; but if it is intended to assert that a system of which religion formed no part, and from which many of the decencies of life were excluded, a system built up in bold defiance of revelation, and in violation of some of the noblest affections of the heart, would afford enjoyment to angelic beings, there are few who would assent to the proposition. The social system of Owen was one of the maddest schemes ever invented by daring infidelity. Mr. Flint has only introduced it, we presume, as a curious fact in natural history; and as such, it certainly deserves a place in this very entertaining and recondite volume.

In speaking of the small-pox, the author says, 'whole nations of people peculiarly exposed to its more malignant ravages, have been swept from the face of the earth by it.' *Whole nations?*—not an individual left to tell the story! Will Mr. Flint be kind enough to tell us, in his next edition, whether the names of the extinct nations have been preserved? They might be thrown into tabular form.

Another curious fact preserved in this volume, is as follows. 'Thousands still continue to die of the most loathsome and horrible disease, small-pox, who, when asked if they have been vaccinated, answer, no.' It has been supposed heretefore by

doctors of medicine, that *dead men tell no tales*; but it seems that those who die of the small-pox, constitute an exception, and readily answer when questioned as to the cause of their death. It is presumable, however, that they would not speak unless spoken to.

‘To inspire the learned with modesty, it is a fact worthy of remark, that the most important discoveries have been made by persons who laid no claims to the reputation of learning. The discovery of gunpowder was not made by professed chemists, but by a poor monk. \* \* \* The discovery of America, was not due to the proud priests and geographers of the king of Spain, but to an obscure Genoese pilot, who sought a western route to the East Indies and the Spice islands. The discoverer of Herschell’s new planetary satellites, and a vast number of the celestial phenomena, was not an astronomer by original profession, but a musician of the royal guards of the British king. The discoverer of the identity of lightning and electricity, the illustrious Franklin, commenced his career not in academic shades, or under the shelter of great names, but in the obscure garret of a printer. The name of Jenner would have been lost in obscurity, but for the immortal discovery of the vaccine disease; and Fulton has left no heritage to his posterity, but honorable poverty, and the renown of having first successfully applied steam to the driving of vessels upon rivers. That would be a useful book, which should indicate all the discoveries made by chance or by the unlearned.’

Here ‘a fact’ is stated, and examples are advanced in proof. The fact assumed, is, that the *most important discoveries* have been made by persons who laid *no claims to the reputation of learning*—and the examples given to illustrate the truth of the proposition, are those of Berthold Schwartz, Columbus, Herschell, Franklin, Jenner, and Fulton. The first was a monk, it is true, and the learned men of his day, were nearly all monks; he was an alchemist, and if there was a professed chemist in the age in which he lived, he was one. The history of the ‘obscure Genoese pilot,’ is well known, and if an instance was desired to be produced, in which a long course of study, an accurate knowledge of scientific principles, and a persevering and diligent application of those principles, had been crowned with brilliant success, the discovery of America would be precisely that instance. Herschell ‘was not an astronomer by original profession,’ nor was Newton a philosopher, Napoleon an emperor, or Mr. Flint an author, *by original profession*; but Herschell became addicted to astronomy early in life, pursued the study with untiring diligence, and became the author of discoveries, which certainly were not ‘made by chance or by the unlearned.’ Franklin, Jenner, and Fulton had all some ‘claim to the reputation of learning;’ they were intimately acquainted with the principles of the sciences, whose boundaries they enlarged, and their discoveries were the results of laborious investigation and experiment. That Franklin *commenced* his career in a *garret*, and that Fulton left *no heritage* but honorable *poverty* and *renown*, may be true, without affording the slightest evidence of the leading proposition, that the

most important discoveries have been ‘made by chance or by the unlearned.’ Among the most prominent and important of all human inventions,’ says our author, ‘I place that of making books.’ That would be a useful book which should indicate all the discoveries made by chance or by the unlearned, in the prosecution of the thriving business of bookmaking.

Mr. Flint has a chapter on *hydro-vegetable harmonies*, into which he introduces the following remarks:

‘A thousand beautiful springs in our own country, have disappeared since the forests have been cut down. A thousand streams in the west, that continued to murmur along their limestone beds, during the highest heats of summer, when they meandered through a deep forest, now, that the verdant screen from the sun’s rays is no more, are dried up every summer. Who of us, that have seen half a century, cannot remember cool spring sources, in the deep shade, where we were wont to slake our thirst, and taste the coolness and repose of the forests, that are now dry and stripped of their trees.’ p. 247.

Our author’s ‘recollections’ of the valley of the Mississippi, extend back, as we learn in another place, to the year 1815. If he has witnessed the annihilation of one thousand springs, how many more have ceased to flow, of which he knows nothing?—and yet the quantity of water in our rivers is not diminished. If already a thousand springs have been dried up, when but a small portion of our forests have been cleared away, what will become of us when the whole land shall be improved? The received doctrine has been directly the reverse of that stated, and we suggest that this assertion might be advantageously thrown into tabular form—and omitted.

We feel nothing but kindness for the ingenious author of this work, which is a respectable specimen of the art that he so highly estimates, that of bookmaking. It treats, as may be gathered from the title page, and elsewhere, in places, all about, of important subjects—of natural history, chemistry, geology, astronomy, love, political economy, and vaccination. The author flies with pinions as vigorous, and an eye as piercing, as those of the eagle, through the whole region of nature, from the centre of the earth to its surface, and from the humble bounds of the solar system to the *abysses of eternity*, carefully gathering the fragments of knowledge, throwing aside the facts, the axioms, and the doctrines, and giving his readers the pure essence distilled from the heterogeneous mass. We wish him success, and hope that his book will attain what may be fairly inferred to have been its chief end, a rapid and extensive sale.

Justice to the author demands, that we should refer, before we conclude, to the philanthropic and public spirited views which have induced him to write this work. He says, ‘its aim is, to present in the most attractive form, enough of philosophy and general principles of science, to furnish materials for

thought and conversation upon the subjects discussed. Many of the graduates of our colleges are not remarkable for their broad and clear views on these points. I would hope they might derive profit in perusing it,' &c. We hope so too. It is deplorable that graduates should be ignorant of these useful truths; and we affectionately commend this work their perusal. Let them hasten to the delightful task of redeeming the hours mispent in unprofitable attainment, and remain no longer ignorant of the microscopic vision of the horse, the blindness of the dog, the inflexible leg of the elk, and the republican principles of the duck. Let them lay their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, and learn modesty from the fact, that even Columbus, Herschell, Franklin, and Fulton, *laid no claims to the reputation of learning*. Let them read the works of Pythagoras and Caleb Atwater, both of whom are considered as safe guides, by our author; but above all, let them carefully study the works of Timothy Flint, before they venture to exercise their talents upon the *most prominent and important of all human inventions*, that of making books.

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#### THE WANDERING JEW.

UNNUMBERED years have onward roll'd,  
 In time's impenetrable gloom,  
 Since first the dread command was told,  
 'Here shalt thou tarry till I come!'  
 The mark of Cain is on my brow,  
 Eternal emblem of my doom;  
 And friends and kindred all have now  
 Been laid within the silent tomb.

While I, a lonely, deathless man,  
 Upon this cold world doomed to stay—  
 A stranger in a stranger's land—  
 While all around me fast decay.  
 That home, where once in regal pride,  
 I ruled with undivided sway,  
 Has sunk beneath the arm of time,  
 And all its glory past away.

The gorgeous temple, and the shrine  
 Before which kneeled the suppliant throng,  
 Adoring there the great Supreme,  
 'Has lost its being, save in song;  
 And where uprose its lofty form,  
 The Moslem rears his gaudy throne;  
 And there his daily orisons  
 Pollute the hallow'd altar-stone.

Beneath the dreadful ban of God,  
 Judea's sons are scattered now—  
 The blasted wreck of former days—  
 And to the god of mammon bow;



Their hearth-stones desolate and drear,  
 Without one beam or ray of light,  
 To guide them in their cheerless way,  
 Through persecution's dismal blight.

And I have lived through all the storms  
 That burst o'er Judah's crownless head;  
 I've seen her cities drench'd in gore,  
 And fill'd with dying and with dead;  
 I've seen the plague's devouring breath  
 Sweep countless thousands as it past;  
 But, shielded by an arm on high,  
 I've stalked unmoved amid the blast.

I've braved the fiercest battle-shock,  
 In search of victory and fame,  
 And gained in every bloody field,  
 A conquering hero's blood-stained name;  
 Unscathed, unconquered, still I fought,  
 For 'mid the shouts and clang of steel,  
 That warning voice,—'*Here tarry thou!*'  
 Within my heart I still could feel.

I've been upon the watery main,  
 When low'ring clouds hung dark'ning o'er  
 Our little bark, and nought was heard  
 Except the ocean's dismal roar;  
 And cheeks grew pale, and spirits quailed  
 That never yet had quailed before;  
 And one by one, the frightened crew  
 Were swept away, to rise no more;

And I alone remained of those  
 Who lately crowded on her deck —  
 The only one that lived and breathed,  
 Upon the dreary, shapeless wreck;  
 For 'mid the pauses of the storm,  
 While all around was wrapt in gloom,  
 I heard the loud, foreboding voice,  
 '*Here shalt thou tarry till I come!*'

And often have they wished that death  
 Would take me to the silent tomb,  
 And even would have heard, unmoved,  
 The dreadful fiat of my doom;  
 For life was wearisome to me,  
 Because on earth, there now was not  
 One single tie, one single friend  
 With whom to mourn my dreadful lot.

And when engaged in battle-strife,  
 If eagerly I sought to die,  
 Grim death, as if in mockery,  
 Was always sure to pass me by;  
 The sword, the dagger, and the spear,  
 Fell useless, harmless, by my side,  
 And vainly struck the warrior's arm,  
 And vainly flowed the crimson tide.

Ages have passed — and still I live,  
 The same as when in Judah's pride,  
 I fought beneath her banners bright,  
 With warrior heroes by my side.

But they are gone, and I alone,  
 'The sad memento of bright days,  
 Survive her glory and her fall,  
 Her lasting ruin and disgrace.

And years have yet to roll around  
 Beneath time's dismal, gloomy sway,  
 Ere death shall settle o'er my head,  
 Ere yet my spirit pass away;  
 And when that blissful hour shall come,  
 'That from this cold world sets me free,  
 'Then will my heart rejoice indeed,  
 For it will bring but joy to me.

J.

## OF INSECTS.

## NO. II.

'It is the month, the winning month,  
 The flowery month of June;  
 Come, let us o'er the dewy lea,  
 Go wander with the humming bee,  
 Or stretched beneath the beechen tree,  
 List the glad throstle tune.'

*Cowley.*

THERE have been many changes in the world, fellow student, since we last walked together. Deaths, births, and marriages have mottled the scenes of private life; and wars and rumors of wars, bloodshed and inkshed, have done something to vary the monotony of the great public of our little sphere. The stream of life is unceasing; and into this world of ours—which I look upon as one refining-pot in a long and endless series—hundreds of souls are hourly ushered; and from it hundreds are hourly taken away. But what is this to you and I? We have not been touched by the arrows of death, and I trust have suffered as little from the arrows of the round-cheeked boy, Cupid. The grass, it is true, has sprung up and clothed the fields that were sombre and forbidding in March, the leaves have looked out from their hard water-proof cases, the wild flowers have put aside the mouldering foliage in the woods, and the birds whistle, and jump, and then stopping, lift their little pates again and troll forth their love-ditties as though they never knew what life was, before. The face of nature has changed, but has any correspondent change been wrought in us? Are we wiser in the wisdom that leads to action; that forms or strengthens principle? Are we kinder and more forgiving to others; and more inquisitive as to ourselves? I trust we are. The forms of beauty, the sounds of happiness that fill the universe, should create in us

kindness and love. When the Ancient Mariner was under the influence of the curse of the snow sprite, and he saw the beauty and joy of the creatures that covered the sea on which his ship lay rotting,

‘A spring of love gushed from his heart,  
And he blessed them unaware;’

and that blessing wrought his deliverance.

But what has the Ancient Mariner to do with entomology? Pardon me, I wander; shall we climb yonder hill? believe me, a walk of fifteen minutes among these hills is worth an hour's tour on the plain; and I think we may find some butterflies there. The butterfly, you know, is the perfect insect; her life is generally a short and a busy one. She lives only to provide a birthplace, and a due supply of food for her little ones. With an instinct that is unerring, she selects the plant upon which the little caterpillar that is to come from the egg she lays, is destined to feed; for each kind of caterpillar, you must know, has its own peculiar leaf. Sometimes the *senses* of the mother deceive her, as our senses deceive us, and she lays her eggs on what she conceives to be the true food for her offspring, when in truth, it is something they have no taste for, and the consequence is, they are served but poorly when they break their shells. I remember, some years since, finding in a kind of *fungus*, or toad-stool, that smelt very much like putrid flesh, a number of little maggots, or *larvæ*, that had been left there by the mother, under the impression, doubtless, that she was giving them an ample supply of their proper food; but this mistake of her maternal nose, cost them all their lives; for they starved, as naturally as a tiger would, who should be dieted upon hay and oats.

But stop, what have we here? this is the *blood-root* that he is reposing upon, if I mistake not; the blossom is gone now, but two months since you would have found plenty of them; it is a pretty flower and bears transplanting well, they tell me; but who is this black-and-yellow gentleman that is looking so much at home upon it? In truth, sir, that is more than I can tell you; I am too young an entomologist myself, to remember names; and beside, I could not, for the life of me, tell the caterpillars of half a dozen butterflies in the world. Suppose then, that instead of trying to classify this fellow, we examine a little into his structure, and as he has habits and fashions in common with a vast multitude, we shall find him enough for our present half hour; so seat yourself, and I will give you a stump-speech upon caterpillars.

If I remember right, my friend, you are fond of living well,

and like most of the world, eat more than is good for you; but you, and I, and other human beings, become only some fifteen or twenty times heavier than when we were first born; and were we to eat an amount equal to our own weight in the course of a couple of months, we should think we did pretty well; but one of these caterpillars becomes more than seventy thousand times as heavy as when just from the egg, and in the course of a month, will devour about sixty thousand times his original weight of food. You wonder he don't have the dyspepsia; and were you to watch one of these creatures from day to day, you would think them subject to that comfortable complaint of large eaters; for you would find his appetite decrease, and ere long you would discover him twisting and turning, and suffering apparently from indigestion and cholic, to his heart's content; you would find him growing pale too, and thin; his skin becoming dry and shrivelled, and to all appearance, he is in the last stages of consumption. But presently, just when you think the tragedy about to close, the skin on the back of the neck splits, and lo, a new head, a new caterpillar comes forth, arrayed in a suit of most exquisite coloring and delicacy, and with an appetite that you can form no idea of, takes hold of the leafy dish before him. If you examine this new comer, you will find him far larger than the skin from which he stepped out just now; indeed it would be as much out of the question to get him back again into his old coat, as it would be to crowd a substantial citizen that weighs fifteen stone net, into his schoolboy jacket.

And this skin, in due time, will be cast also, and a third put on; and like changes occur from six to ten times before the caterpillar is finished, and the chrysalis garment is assumed.

The fact is, a caterpillar is not, like a man or a horse, a simple, single being, but is composed of half a dozen different caterpillars, one within the other; between each is stored up a quantity of green, nutritious fat; this, when the time for *moulting*, or changing their skin approaches, is absorbed into the body within, and consequently the outer skin becomes dry, and loses its color; at the same time the caterpillar within is straitened for room, having literally eaten more than his skin will hold, and then it is that he breaks, by means of his twisting, the shell that incommodes him. Sometimes the caterpillar does not eat enough to swell him up so as to enable him to break from bondage; and his old jaws having become stiff and useless, and his new ones—for he has a very nice pair with his new skin—being unable to reach the food presented him, the poor fellow is finely caught in his own jacket, and starves to death in the midst of plenty.



Within these half dozen skins that I have spoken of, lies the imperfect butterfly. If you were to keep this fellow we have here, till his moultings were all through, and then, when he had ceased eating, and was about becoming a chrysalis, you were to kill him, and tying a string about his middle, dip him, for a few moments into boiling water, the swelling of the pieces would burst the skin; and with care, you might strip it off, and bring to light the rudiment of the future perfect insect. You would find the wings undeveloped, and the whole form in a state of jelly-like consistency, but complete enough to be easily recognized.

I might go on and tell you of the ingenuity of this little silk weaver, in making for itself a firm mooring-ground, or a strong hammock, wherein to brave the storms that will beat upon him when in the helpless state of a Pupa; or I might describe the resurrection from this organic sepulchre of the sober-suited moth, or nature's pattern-belle, the gay butterfly: but in place of this, let us for a while consider the breathing and circulating apparatus of this poor worm. He does not, like an animal, a bird, or a fish, breathe through organs in the head. Do you see these little specks? these are his nostrils; he has nine on each side. These little openings communicate with two pipes which lie, one on each side the body; and from these two pipes or air vessels a thousand little tubes run off to convey the supporter of life to all parts of the system. Now, there is one very curious thing relative to these tubes; when the outer skin is changed, the skin which lines all these is changed also. The lining of the innermost and smallest tube, by some unknown process, is slipped within that of the next smallest, these two into the third in size, and so on, till all these countless linings come out, neatly done up, through the eighteen outer breathing holes.

So much for breath, and now for blood; a caterpillar has no true blood, and no true circulation. He has an unfinished heart, which is called a *dorsal vessel*, from its lying along the back; in this is stored up the matter which is elaborated from the food he eats; and which, after a while, becomes the fat that lies between the several skins, as I mentioned before. This apparatus, by the way, both the breathing and circulating—if it deserves that name—is not peculiar to the caterpillar, but is common to most of the larvæ that live on shore. One of these days, if we chance to walk by the creek yonder, I will show you some very different and somewhat oddly built *water-grubs*.

The habits of caterpillars, you are, of course, acquainted with, in some degree; their nests you have assaulted many a

time, I'll warrant. There are many kinds, however, of which you probably know nothing. Some solitary spirits there are, that build themselves houses of wood; some rear mansions of stone; others of clay. There is one cunning artificer, who shows as true a sense of economy in his proceedings, as any housewife in Ohio, though I fear that's saying but little. Like most of his nation, his standing dish is a green juicy leaf; but instead of eating up all that comes in his way, he very ingeniously eats away only that thin and delicate portion that lies between the outer coatings of the leaf, leaving them entire; having done this to a sufficient extent, he cuts out with a tailor's dexterity and precision, two pieces, one from the upper, the other from the lower coating; these two he sews together, fitting them to his body, so as to form a complete mantle, and so fine is the seam that it can scarce be detected with a microscope. This mantle he lines nicely with silk, and then putting it on, walks quietly forward in search of food. When feeding, he fastens his coat to the leaf with a few threads of silk, and then cutting through the upper skin, commences upon the pulpy matter beneath, and should you steal his coat while he is at his dinner, he will, after a little search, set to work, and like a true philosopher, make himself another.

You may, perhaps, remember the account I gave you of the carpenter and mason bee; now they do not work so hard, simply to shield their children from heat, and cold, and rain; there are certain insects in the world who make a business of going about, and laying their eggs in other people's nests. If one of these swindlers—whose appearance and habits I will say more of some other time—get an egg into the nest of a solitary bee or wasp, the real owner of the house is lost; for they are not content with merely eating half the proprietor's food, and have board and lodging for nothing—that is not enough; the young pirate would not deign to eat *bee-bread*, so he lies quietly by in the corner, and suffers the bee to eat his fill, and then, when he is full, and fat, and jocund, the homicide or rather *apicide*, seizes him by the throat, and never quits till every bone is picked clean. But our friend here, the caterpillar, is served even worse than the bee, by these winged rovers. A parasite fly, as they are called, will light upon a caterpillar that promises to eat well, and deliberately selecting a place between two of the rings of which the body is composed, will pierce, with an instrument given it for the purpose, the skin, and lay an egg or two; she then steps to the next ring and deposits a few more, and so on, till some fifty or an hundred are laid; all this the caterpillar takes very quietly, as though aware it was all for the best. The little

worms that come from the egg thus laid, fall to, at once, upon the delicious green fat of their foster-mother, and eat away bravely, taking care, however, never to injure a vital part; the caterpillar also, continues to feed, and perhaps with renewed appetite; but in due time, the little parasites have attained their majority, and come forth in a body from their living domicile, presenting a somewhat anomalous spectacle. This being done, the caterpillar, having served its end in creation, lays itself down and dies; and its late tenants spin their cocoons, and prepare to go forth as flies to depredate in their turn.

The people of the olden time, who explained the pump by saying that nature abhorred a vacuum, explained this strange transformation of caterpillars, by arguing that nature, finding herself unable to finish off and perfect one large insect, concluded to use up the material she had collected in making a few dozen small ones.

But I fear I am growing tedious, so if you will put that little fellow back where we found him, we will push farther into the wood, and see what more can be discovered,—of which hereafter.

P.

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### THE WOOD RIVER MASSACRE.

READ BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE LYCEUM, DECEMBER 6, 1832.

By THOMAS LIPPINCOTT.

AMONG the various incidents of the early settlements of Illinois, and those of the last war with Great Britain, that have commanded the attention of writers, there is one which I do not remember to have seen in print, that well deserves to be preserved among the records of frontier hardihood and suffering. I refer to the massacre of a woman and six children, by the Indians, in the forks of Wood river, in 1814. The following is given as an authentic sketch of the facts, taken from the lips of captain Abel Moore and his wife, who were sufferers in the transaction.

Travellers, who have passed on the direct road from Edwardsville to Carrollton, will remember, at a pleasant plantation on the banks of the east branch of Wood river, a short distance from the dwelling-house and powder-mill of Mr. George Moore, an old building, composed of rough, round logs, the upper story of which projects about a foot on every side, beyond the basement. This, in times of peril, was a block-house, or in the common phrase, a fort, to which the early settlers resorted for safety. Pursuing the road about two miles, to an elevated point on the bank of the west fork, where the road

turns abruptly down into the creek, another farm, now in possession of a younger member of the family of Moores, exhibits the former residence of Reason Reagan; and midway between those points, resides captain Abel Moore, on the same spot which he occupied at the period to which our narrative relates. William Moore lived nearly south of Abel's, on a road which passes towards Milton. Upper Alton is from two to three miles, and Lower Alton four or five miles distant from the scene of action.

It appears, that while the gallant rangers were scouring the country, ever on the alert, the inhabitants, who for several years had huddled together in forts, for fear of the Indians, had, in the summer of 1814, attained to such a sense of security, that they went to their farms and dwellings, with the hope of escaping further depredations. In the forks of Wood river, were some six or eight families, whose men were for the most part, in the ranging service; and whose women and children were thus left to labor for and defend themselves. The block-house which I have described, was their place of resort on any alarm; but the inconvenience and difficulty of clustering so thickly, induced them to leave it as soon as prudence would at all permit.

Nor had the hardy inhabitants forgotten, amidst their dangers, the duties of social life, nor their higher obligations to their Creator. The Sabbath shone, not only upon the domestic circle, as gathered round the fireside altar, but its hallowed light was shed on groups collected in the rustic edifices which the piety of the people had erected for divine worship.

It was on the Sabbath, the tenth of July, 1814, that the painful occurrence took place, which I now record. Reason Reagan had gone to attend divine worship at the meeting-house, some two or three miles off, leaving his wife and two children at the house of Abel Moore, which was on the way. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Reagan went over to her own dwelling, to procure some little articles of convenience, being accompanied by six children, two of whom were her own; two were children of Abel Moore, and two of William Moore. Not far from, probably a little after, the same time, two men of the neighborhood, passed separately, I believe, along the road, in the opposite direction to that in which Mrs. Reagan went; and one of them heard at a certain place, a low call, as of a boy, which he did not answer, and for a repetition of which he did not delay. But he remembered and told it afterwards.

When it began to grow dark, the families became uneasy at the protracted absence of their respective members; and Wil-



liam Moore came to Abel's, and not finding them there, passed on towards Mr. Reagan's, to discover what had become of his sister-in-law and children; and nearly about the same time his wife went across the angle directly towards the same place. Mr. Moore had not been long absent from his brother's, before he returned with the information that some one was killed by the Indians. He had discerned the body of a person lying on the ground, but whether man or woman, it was too dark for him to see without a closer inspection than was deemed safe. The habits of the Indians were too well known by these settlers, to leave a man in Mr. Moore's situation, free from the apprehension of an ambuscade still near.

The first thought that occurred, was to flee to the block-house. Mr. Moore desired his brother's family to go directly to the fort, while he should pass by his own house to take his family with him. But the night was now dark, and the heavy forest was at that time scarcely opened here and there by a little farm, while the narrow road wound through among the tall trees, from the farm of Abel Moore, to that of his brother, George Moore, where the fort was erected. The women and children, therefore, chose to accompany William Moore, though the distance was nearly doubled by the measure.

The feelings of the group as they groped their way through the dark woods, may be more easily imagined than described. Sorrow for the supposed loss of relatives and children, was mingled with horror at the manner of their death, fear for their own safety, and pain at the dreadful idea, that the remains of their dearest friends lay mangled on the cold ground near them, while they were denied the privilege of seeing and preparing them for sepulture.

Silently they passed on until they came to the dwelling of William Moore; and when they approached the entrance, he exclaimed, as if relieved from some dreadful apprehension, 'thank God, Polly is not killed.' 'How do you know?' inquired one. 'Because, here is the horse she rode.' My informant then first learned that his brother-in-law had feared, until that moment, that his wife was the victim that he had discovered.

As they let down the bars, Mrs. William Moore came running out, exclaiming, 'they are all killed by the Indians, I expect.' The mourning friends went in for a short time—but hastily departed for the block-house, whither by daybreak, all or nearly all the neighbors, having been warned by signals, repaired to sympathize and tremble.

I have mentioned that Mrs. William Moore went, as well as

her husband, in search of her sister and children. Passing by different routes, they did not meet on the way, nor at the place of death. She jumped on a horse, and hastily went in the nearest direction, and as she went, carefully noted every discernible object, until at length, she saw a human figure lying near a burning log. There was not sufficient light for her to discern the size, sex, or condition of the person, and she called the name of one and another of her children, again and again, supposing it to be one of them asleep. At length she alighted, and approached to examine more closely. What must have been her sensations on placing her hand upon the back of a naked corpse, and feeling, by further scrutiny, the quivering flesh from which the scalp had been torn! In the gloom of night, she could just discern something, seeming like a little child, sitting so near the body as to lean its head first one side, and then the other, on the insensible and mangled body. She saw no further, but thrilled with horror and alarm, remounted her horse and hastened home; and when she arrived, quickly put a large kettle of water over the fire, intending to defend herself with scalding water, in case of an attack.

There was little rest or refreshment, as may well be supposed, at the fort, that night. The women and children of the vicinity, together with the few men who were at home, were crowded together, not knowing but that a large body of the savage foe might be prowling round, ready to pour a deadly fire upon them at any moment. A neighbor and six of the children of the little settlement, were probably lying in the wood, within a mile or two, dead and mangled by that dreadful enemy! What subjects of thought and feeling! About three o'clock, a messenger was despatched to Fort Russell with the tidings.

In the morning, the inhabitants undertook the painful task of ascertaining the extent of their calamity, and collecting the remains for burial. The whole party, Mrs. Reagan and the six children, were found lying at intervals, along the road, tomahawked and scalped, and all dead, except the youngest of Mrs. Reagan's children, which was sitting near its mother's corpse, alive, with a gash, deep and large, on each side of its little face. It were idle to speak of the emotions that filled the souls of the neighbors, and friends, and fathers, and mothers, and husband, who gathered round to behold this awful spectacle. There lay the mortal remains of six of those whom, but yesterday, they had seen and embraced, in health; and there was one helpless little one, wounded, and bleeding, and dying, an object of painful solicitude, but scarcely of hope.

To women and youth, chiefly was committed the painful task

of depositing their dear remains in the tomb. This was performed on the six already dead, on that day. They were interred in three graves, which were carefully dug, so as to lay boards beneath, beside, and above the bodies—for there could no coffins be provided in the absence of nearly all the men—and the graves being filled, they were left to receive in after-times, when peace had visited the settlement, a simple covering of stone, bearing an inscription descriptive of their death.

It was a solemn day, observed my informant, to follow seven bodies to the grave, at once, from so small a settlement; and they too, buried under such painful circumstances. Could we have followed that train to the grave in which their little church and cemetery were embowered, would we not feel that the procession, the occasion, the ceremony, the emotions, were of a character too awful, too sacred to admit of minute observation then—or accurate description now? The seventh, however, was not then buried. The child found alive, received every possible attention; medical aid was procured with great difficulty, but in vain. It followed within a day or two at most.

On the arrival of the messenger at Fort Russell, a fresh express was hastened to captain (now general) Samuel White-side's company, which was on Ridge prairie, some four miles east of Edwardsville.

It was about an hour after sunrise, on Monday morning, when the gallant troop arrived on the spot—having rode some fifteen miles—ready to weep with the bereaved, and to avenge them of their ruthless foes. Abel Moore, who was one of the rangers then on duty, and of course absent at the catastrophe, was permitted to remain at home to assist in burying his children and relatives, and the company dashed on, eager to overtake and engage in deadly conflict with the savages. I regret that I have no *recent* account of the particulars of this interesting pursuit; and that my memory does not hold them with sufficient distinctness to warrant an attempt at the narration. At Indian creek, in what is now Morgan county, some three or four of the Indians were seen, and one killed; and it is a current report among the rangers that not one of the ten that composed the party, survived the fatigue of the retreat before the eager troop.

## THE BUDGET.

WE would suggest to poets who think proper to review their own works in our pages, the propriety of disguising their handwriting. However desirable it may be to the authors, and advantageous to the public, that such productions should be criticised by those who best understand their merits, and most highly appreciate their latent beauties, we have some old fashioned scruples, the prejudices perhaps of education, against these innocent emanations of self-praise. We received an article of this character a few days ago, and although we had never had the pleasure of seeing the poet, or reading any of his works, we happened, from our extensive acquaintance with the dealers in this article, to have on our table the means of identifying the writer of the review with the author of the poem reviewed. What queer people these American poets are! Would any other animal under the sun ever have thought of reviewing himself? It is a bright idea, worthy the genius of a poet, and we commend it respectfully to the editors of a certain newspaper in New York, who are sadly offended with us for not having paid due respect to their poetry. Our correspondent commences thus:

‘I happened to meet with a poem entitled the “Lament of Youth,” containing several bucolicks, one entitled the *Death of Adaline*, written after the manner of Pollok’s *Course of Time*, with great feeling and tender thought, and I admired it very much, commencing thus:

“Oh, Adaline! I do remember well,  
That dying eye of thine, suffused with tears!  
As fades the evening sun, beyond the west,  
Where clouds are never seen, so did thy joys  
Go down beyond the spheroid of this life.”

‘The next is called the *Father’s Tear*, with great melody and very good poetry, with great depth of feeling and thought,’ &c.

This very sprightly and modest article continues in this strain through several pages, sprinkled throughout with such remarks as, this piece is ‘beautiful,’ or ‘nobly executed,’ or this ‘I admire very much,’—and never was admiration more unaffected than this of the poet. We certainly give him credit for candor. He concludes by saying that this ‘little poem does honor to the poet, if he never writes any more.’ We agree fully in this sentiment, recommend our nameless friend to be satisfied with the laurels he has gained, and heartily respond to the opinion, that he will do himself honor ‘if he never writes any more.’



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE WORKS OF QUINTILIAN, digested and prepared for the use of the American Public. By O. M. MITCHELL.

WE are often called upon to notice books, which are merely additions, but not improvements, upon the stock already in the market. This is particularly the case with books for the use of schools. The bookstores are deluged with new schoolbooks, three-fourths of which are impositions—offering, in a new garb, and under novel titles, mere transpositions of the pages of older compilations. We are happy to say that this is not the case with the work whose title we have quoted, and which we have been permitted to look over previous to its publication. It is a work very much wanted, and one which Mr. Mitchell has prepared with singular good taste and judgment. Quintilian is the best ancient writer on eloquence, and his work the only one which is thorough, complete, and practical. No translation of his entire works has been published lately, and he is only accessible to the English reader, through the medium of compilations, which have borrowed from him and others. Blair, Adams, and other writers, have drawn largely from his pages, but have not selected such parts as are most useful to the student. It seems to be pretty generally acknowledged that the text-books on elocution, now in use, are very unsatisfactory. ‘They are rather illustrations of the powers of eloquence, by examples drawn from the speeches of distinguished orators,’ than systems of rules for the guidance of the inexperienced in this noble art.

‘The work which the young speaker wants,’ says Mr. Mitchell, ‘is one which will instruct him how to arrange and combine the materials he possesses, so as to give them strength and solidity, proportion and harmony, magnificence and beauty, and withal a life and spirit which may lay fast hold of the attention, and fix it obedient to the bidding of the orator.’ In the attempt to supply this *desideratum*, Mr. Mitchell has determined to publish the work of Quintilian entire, omitting only a few chapters which would be inapplicable at the present day, and adopting the translation of Guthrie, with such corrections as his own taste, and his understanding of the original, have suggested as necessary. This seems to us the fairest and most advisable plan, and the most likely to produce a safe guide to the study of eloquence. The *best* work undoubtedly would be, a *literal* translation of Quintilian, which should nothing omit, nor set down aught in addition thereto; but as this would swell the book, and enhance the price, by including much that would not be actually necessary to the American student, it is well to compress it into a compilation.

We are glad that this enterprise has been attempted in this city. It is an honorable testimony of the scholarship, taste, and public spirit of Mr. Mitchell, and a credit to the literature of the west. We hope that it will be properly appreciated on this side of the mountains, and that our fellow citizens will feel a pride in encouraging western talent. We recommend the book especially to the faculties of our colleges, and hope it will be extensively introduced. It will be published immediately, in this city.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, of Distinguished Americans. By JAMES B. LONGACRE, of Philadelphia, and JAMES HERRING, of New York.

WE have seen a specimen of this work. The design is, to present the portraits engraved on steel in the highest style of the art, with concise but accurate biographical

sketches of the most eminent citizens of our country. We think well of an enterprise which unites taste and patriotism in its plan, and calls on both for its support. Long-acre is extensively known as one of the most distinguished artists of the day, and his high reputation affords a pledge that the work will be what the prospectus promises, and will sustain the high character of the gentlemen engaged in it. We have not as yet done enough for the fine arts, and we hope this opportunity of affording patronage to the elegant productions of native genius, will be embraced by our fellow citizens.

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**PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN**, on an improved plan, with twelve maps, and numerous engravings. By C. & H. BEECHER, Principals of the Western Female Institute. Cincinnati: Corey & Fairbank.

THIS is a very capital little book. The authoresses are accomplished young ladies, who have made the tuition of youth their study and business for several years, and who unite to a competent knowledge of the subject, an intimate acquaintance with the best modes of teaching children. Writing books for children is one of the most difficult, and surely one of the most useful branches of authorship. We most cordially recommend this, as a successful effort in this noble field.

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**CONVERSATIONS ON RELIGION WITH LORD BYRON.** By J. KENNEDY, M. D.  
Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.

THE title of this work startled us. We should as soon have thought of conversing with Lady Morgan on morality, or with Miss Wright about marriage, or with the Duke of Wellington about literature, as with Lord Byron on religion! Although it was the subject of his unceasing abuse, he was as ignorant in relation to it, as George III. was of making apple-dumplings. A sceptic and a profligate from his cradle, religion was with him a continual theme of scoffing, and the solemn truths of the bible were seldom mentioned by him without a sneer. We were inclined at first to throw this book aside, under the supposition that it was, like many others of which Lord Byron has been the cause and subject, a mere catch-penny. It is but lately that Lady Blessington's conversations with the noble poet, have been published — conversations which, if they ever took place, show that her ladyship's notions of certain moral virtues, were about upon a par with his lordship's. The work before us, however, is the production of a sensible, pious man, who somehow or other, got into the last place in the world where one would look for a religious man — the British navy. Falling in with Lord Byron, he felt it to be a duty to endeavor to convince him of the reality of religion — and to enlist on the side of virtue, those highly-gifted energies of mind, which had been prostituted to the basest and most wicked purposes, and to the grossest and lowest sensualities. His lordship evinced in these conversations a truly aristocratic ignorance of the bible, and of the moral government of God. The man whose powers of imagination have afforded enjoyment to thousands, and whose career has been gazed at as that of some meteor of unusual brilliancy, did not appear to have the slightest idea of his moral responsibilities, his relation to God, or his duties to man. We read such things with sorrow — deep sorrow. That a man of high intellect should be a sceptic is not strange,

for it is not uncommon. But that such a man should be a sceptic from sheer ignorance—that he who has revelled in literature from childhood—whose brilliant genius has illumined one of the highest departments of mental labor, and whose inquisitive eye has wandered over the wide field of human learning—that such a man should consent to live and die a profligate and an infidel, without being able to give a reason for his want of faith, is deplorable. The genius of Byron was of the highest order; but never was genius so perverted, never were the gifts of Providence so daringly abused. The efforts of Dr. Kennedy for his conversion, resulted, as the reader may suppose, in nothing. The poet treated him kindly, listened to his arguments, acknowledged the importance of religion, and—died the same.

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THE LIFE OF A SAILOR. By a Captain in the Navy. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle.

SAILORS lead a wandering life, and see many strange sights. The stories of their adventures lose nothing in the telling, and afford lively views of human nature. This is one of the best books of the kind, as far as the talents of the writer, and the interest of the narrative are concerned. Its fault is an occasional levity on serious subjects, and wrongheadedness, whenever the subjects of religion or politics are referred to. The author was engaged in the incendiary incursions of the British, on the shores of the Chesapeake, during the last war, and describes in glowing colors some of the atrocities gratuitously inflicted by his countrymen, upon that ill-fated region. ‘If by any stretch of argument,’ says he, ‘we could establish the owner of a house, cottage, hut, &c. to be a militia-man, that house we burnt, because we found arms therein; that is to say, we found a duck-gun, or a rifle. It so happens, that in America, every man must belong to the militia; and consequently every man’s house was food for a bonfire. And so well did we act up to the very spirit of our orders, that if the Americans who bounded the shores of Virginia and Maryland, do not entail upon their posterities the deepest hatred and loudest curses upon England and her marauders, why, they must possess far more christian charity than I give them credit for, and be much better calculated for the kingdom of heaven, than for sojourners upon this little mountain of mud.’ Very candid language this, from a captain in the British navy. If we had made such a remark, it would have been called national prejudice.

THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1833.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

It is doubtless already understood, that in objecting to the deluge of English literature, which overflows our country, we allude only to the popular and ephemeral productions of the press. These are written for a particular market—for the wealthy and fashionable circles—and are prepared with express reference to the diseased and perverted taste of the luxurious and aristocratic. We risk little in asserting that these publications, with a very few exceptions, are corrupt in sentiment and style; that they are totally unsuited to the genius of our people, and are calculated to vitiate the morals as well as the taste. To prove these positions, we shall call the attention of our readers to a few facts.

There is no country in the world in which so high a value is placed upon the adventitious advantages of birth and fortune, as in Great Britain. To be admitted into *certain circles* there, seems to be the height of ambition among all who pretend to gentility; to be excluded from these circles, is considered as a misfortune which may reasonably drive a man to misanthropy, or to writing poetry, or to suicide.

There is no civilized country in which the mass of society is so unprincipled. Prince Puckler Muskau, a keen and candid observer of English manners, remarks, that ‘both extremes are corrupt, the aristocracy and the mob.’ Of their best society, he writes,—‘People here are too slavishly subject to established usages; too systematic in all their enjoyments; too *incredibly kneaded up with prejudices*.’—‘I must confess that I know none more monotonous, none more persuaded of its own preexcellence, than the highest society of this country.’—‘A stony,



marble-cold spirit of cast and fashion, rules all classes, and makes the highest tedious, the lower ridiculous. True politeness of the heart, and cheerful *bonhommie*, are rarely to be met with in what is called society.'

An English writer of some celebrity, calls pride 'the master folly, which, in England, swallows up all the rest.' Indeed, it is scarcely possible to open a book which contains any allusions to the state of society in that country, without finding ample evidence of the paltry distinctions, the jealous *hauteur*, 'the meanness that soars, and the pride that licks the dust,' the envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, that embitter the whole system of social intercourse. To arrive at this conclusion, it is not necessary to rely on the statements of travellers from other countries; we have the testimony of English writers in such abundance, and of a character so satisfactory, as to render it not only easy to understand the whole tone and organization of their society, but almost impossible to mistake them. The peculiarities of this singular people are as strong, prominent, and glaring, as they are unamiable, and unworthy of imitation. We find among them, not only an inordinate desire of wealth and notoriety, but a most exaggerated value placed on the possession of riches, and on the artificial distinctions of society. There is a continual struggle going on between the rich and the poor, the fashionable and the unfashionable, the high-born and the plebeian, the one class practising every extravagance and vice which may elevate them above competition, and the other perpetrating a thousand ambitious absurdities in their impotent attempts to soar to the same bad eminence.

If this view of English society should be arraigned as uncharitable, we refer for proof to their *best* writers, from the days of Pope and Addison to the present time—to those who are acknowledged by their own countrymen to draw the most faithful pictures of life. We might go further back, but we content ourselves with referring to the writings of Richardson, Pope, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollet, Cumberland, Sheridan, and a host of others, all of whom assert and prove the hollowness of the national morality, and the profligacy of its manners. Until very lately, there was scarcely a novel or play written in England, in which the whole interest of the piece was not made to turn on the exhibition of a vice which even savages loathe, and which the most brutal taste alone could have tolerated. Nor has there been any difference in this respect, between their male and their female writers, except, perhaps, that the latter may have been a little more loose in thought, and coy in their language. Take, for example, the

novels of Miss Burney, which are among the best of their class, and it will be seen that the adventures of her heroines are made to turn upon a series of forcible or insidious attempts upon their virtue. We cannot do more than allude to such a theme; and we infer that the taste of the nation which could tolerate it so long, must have been shockingly perverted. Miss Edgeworth and sir Walter Scott, are entitled to the honor of having rendered such fictions unfashionable; but the popularity of the writings of Byron, and of the earlier poems of Moore, sufficiently show that the morality of the nation remains pretty much what it always has been. We believe this evidence to be fair and conclusive; they laud certain poets, essayists, dramatists, and novel writers, as having drawn graphic pictures of English life, and those pictures exhibit little else than violence, profligacy, meanness, and bad taste. The moral character of a nation may be estimated by its literature, for in this case, there is action and reaction. Good writers endeavor to draw society as it exists, and society by receiving their representations as true, not only gives them the sanction of corroborative authority by its approbation, but causes them to become true by adopting them.

In the one respect to which we have alluded, there has been an improvement in English popular literature, but other objections remain, which are inseparable from their state of society. One of these is, the subserviency with which their writers court the favor, flatter the vanity, and palliate the vices of the higher circles. Their greatest ambition seems to be to display an acquaintance with fashionable life; to imitate the tone, sentiments, and dialect of the *exclusives*, and to copy that contempt for the useful virtues and sober duties of the industrious classes, which is so contemptible in itself. There is a constant effort to exalt gentility into a virtue, and to hold up poverty to ridicule. Articles under such titles as 'Poor Relations,' 'Country Cousins,' etc. are standing dishes in the periodicals, in which the circumstances of the humble, and the unfortunate, are served up for the derision of a heartless aristocracy. Awkward men are *titbits* for these precious satirists, and the homely enjoyments of those who have risen to competency by industry, afford never-ending subjects for biting sarcasm. There is in all this, a want of moral feeling, a contempt for sober truth, and a heartless departure from the courtesies of social life, which we can neither admire nor approve, and the introduction of which into our literature, we should deplore, as tending to the worst of consequences. If there is any one principle in the republican system, which is more important than all others, it is equal-

ity—simple and positive equality; not that equality of which foreigners sometimes imagine us to be the advocates, and which would level and compound a whole population into one undistinguishable mass, but that which allows no superiority except to virtue and merit, and creates no distinctions but such as are called for by convenience, comfort, and civil subordination.

There is another class of articles in the English periodicals, which is peculiar to the literature of that country. They are in bad taste, and we think, have a mischievous tendency upon young and sensitive minds. They are the offspring of sickly, morbid, hypochondriac fancies, and evince feelings of desperate melancholy, or ferocious misanthropy. Some of them are so vulgar as to create only disgust, while others are mistaken by young and romantic readers for the effusions of genuine sensibility, and imitated, to the ruin of the finest energies of the mind. The ‘Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,’ is perhaps one of the best productions of this class; but what reader of correct taste ever perused that masterly series of painful and terrific pictures, without a feeling of pity for the diseased imagination and perverted genius which produced them? The ‘Confessions of a Glutton,’ contains a vivid and disgusting detail of the excruciating pains, the horrid dreams, the nightmares, and other dreadful consequences, arising from enormous excesses in eating, drawn with a minuteness which might sicken a college of physicians. There is a story of a man who was shut up in a steeple containing an immense bell, which began to ring before he could make his escape; he could only avoid being crushed by lying on the floor, where there was barely space enough to allow the bell to swing over him, while the horrible sounds caused the blood to flow from his ears. His terrific sufferings are sketched with a laborious minuteness of detail which makes it painful to read the article. A man must have the feelings of a cut-throat, who could peruse it with composure. A desire to give pain, could alone induce its author to compose it. Another article, written in a vivid and graphic style, details at great length, the agonies of a nobleman, who, in a paroxysm of rage, struck his only son, an amiable and promising boy, on the head, and made him an idiot for life! We allude to these few, as specimens of a mass—a tremendous and terrific mass, of horrible conceptions, which crowd the pages of English periodicals, and to relish which, requires a taste that would luxuriate in a charnel-house, or find enjoyment in the ravings of an insane hospital. We ask, then, are such publications calculated to elevate the morals, to refine the taste, to cultivate the understanding? Are they suited to the genius of our country? Are they such com-

positions as we would recommend to the perusal of an enlightened and christian people? Or are the diseased emanations, the wretched sophistry, the doubtful morality, the sentimental childishness of such writings, to find a sufficient recommendation in the imposing name of English literature?

Most of the *fashionable* English writers are infidels, or men of profligate morals. Byron, Shelley, Hunt, Bulwer, and all that set who have been most lauded, have been fearfully profane, and scandalously immoral; and yet we have a class of writers in this country, who, in reviewing each other's works, style one another 'American poets,' and who, while they would shrink with manly shame from the licentious sentiments of those writers, are deluging the land with feeble imitations of their style. We honor such men as Campbell, Scott, and Montgomery, who dare to write like gentlemen and christians, in a depraved age, and a licentious country; but Great Britain contains but few such, nor do those few give the tone to their periodical literature.

Why is it, that while we encourage the wickedness and ribaldry of the English press, we do not tolerate the same bad qualities in our own writers? The polite literature of this country has always been chaste; in comparison with that of Great Britain, it has been eminently so. No splendor of genius could obtain admission into our better circles, to an individual who lived as Byron lived, or who wrote such verses as the earlier poems of Moore. The moral feelings of the community would be outraged, if any one of our citizens should thus openly set at defiance all the decencies of religion, delicacy, and good breeding. And this is a correct feeling. The individual, who, in a polite assembly, should so far violate propriety as to advance indelicate sentiments, or use indecent language, would be considered as perpetrating an insult, disgraceful alike to his heart and intellect; he would be frowned down, and expelled from the society of the moral and refined. And why should a man be permitted to write, and deliberately publish, that which he may not speak? Among ourselves we do not permit it—at least, we do not encourage it. No American writer has been enabled to achieve a bad eminence, by reaping the highest rewards of genius, in open defiance of morality; and we think we know our country well enough to say that no such man can withstand the potential voice of a well-principled and wholesome public sentiment. If we discountenance the manufacture of such trash, why should we encourage its importation? Is the poison less nauseous, or less insidious, because it is administered by a foreign hand?



In a future article, we shall endeavor to show that the style lately adopted into English popular literature, is as vicious as the sentiments of a majority of their writers.

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HYMN.

COME, lest the lark pour out alone,  
His matin at the Maker's throne,  
Come, hail the new-born day;  
But mingle no untimely moan  
Amid the festive lay;  
'Tis not the hour for sorrow's winning tone.

The glad earth sends her incense up;  
Joy thrills the living crowd;  
The young bee, in the honey-cup,  
Sings at his task aloud.  
As up the mountain rolls the cloud,  
The wood-rose opens there;  
And the slight cedar-tops are bowed  
Beneath the waking air.

Long, Father, may my cloudless eye  
Behold thee in the vaulted sky,  
And in the springing flower;  
Thy wisdom in the butterfly,  
That sports his little hour,  
Then folds his burnished wings to die.

Teach me to ever walk below,  
In wisdom's way alone;  
To weep my brother's sin and wo,  
And struggle with my own.  
May I reject the tempter's throne,  
And scorn the proffered gem—  
There is a kingdom all my own,  
A richer diadem.

Impress the truth I little heed,  
That chilled and dormant lies a seed,  
Deep hidden in this breast,  
That I can nourish to a reed,  
On which my soul may rest  
In dissolution's hour of need.

When earthly visions shall decay,  
As the light frost-work melts away  
Before the summer's breath,  
Upspringing from this ball of clay,  
Across the realms of death,  
I will go dwell in an eternal day.

H.

## MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS.

MODESTY and bashfulness are sometimes used as synonymous terms, but are, in fact, widely different from each other. The one is a graceful virtue; the other an unfortunate defect. The one is dignified and becoming; the other disagreeable and embarrassing. The one gives a charm to the most ordinary attainments, while the other obscures the noblest accomplishments.

Modesty is a principle of the mind; bashfulness is a state of feeling. A person may be intelligent, accomplished, highly refined, perfectly easy, and self-possessed in company, and yet be modest; a bashful man may possess genius and elegant attainments, but is never polished or easy in his manners. The bashful never shine in conversation; the modest are usually more instructive and fascinating in their discourse than those who are deficient in this virtue.

Modesty, in Latin *modestus*, is derived from *modus*, a measure, and signifies setting a measure to our estimate of ourselves. The man who is destitute of modesty, sets no bounds to his admiration of himself; the modest man values himself by some reasonable standard of comparison; the latter is willing to pass for what he is worth, while the former would force himself upon the world at what he thinks himself worth; the one fixes his own value, the other submits to the estimate placed upon him by society.

Bashful, easily *abashed*, comes from the verb *to abase*. Abash is an intensive of abase, and signifies a thorough self-abasement. Abase, from the French *abaisser*, to bring down or make low, expresses the strongest degree of self-humiliation. This is derived again from the Latin *basis*, the base, which is the lowest part of a column.

Modesty, then, is a rational estimate of one's self, while bashfulness is an irrational self-degradation.

Modesty is an estimable virtue. Where it is natural, it should be cherished with sedulous care; where it is not strongly developed in the young mind, it should be implanted early, and cultivated with attention. It is usually the attendant of genius, and always the companion of wisdom. Men of the greatest common sense are most modest, because the highest degree of wisdom is to know one's self. A man who is deficient in modesty, is almost always defective in intellect. The young orator who makes a brilliant maiden speech, seldom ever makes a better one afterwards; and the students who carry off college honors, do not always make sound men. In both these cases, there

is probably a want of modesty. An inordinate desire of admiration, which is in itself immodest, enables the young mind, under a powerful excitement, to make a successful effort; but the flight is too high to be long sustained, and the mind which forms so erroneous an estimate of itself as to attempt things above its power, is probably deficient in solidity or industry to sustain the endeavor. If the musician pitches his voice too high at the commencement, he must inevitably fail, because he soon arrives at a point beyond which he cannot rise. The modest man, and the man of common sense, commences all his undertakings upon a modest *key*, leaving himself room to rise; and he goes on rising, from strength to strength, until all his powers are brought into full and harmonious action.

The modest man is apt to be charitable. By placing an accurate value upon himself, he acquires a habit which induces him to be just to others. He is willing to accept his own share of what is good, and to bear his part of the burthen of evil. The man who values himself too highly, always exacts more of the things which are esteemed, than the world is willing to concede to him, and will not condescend to the duties and observances which they claim at his hands.

Bashfulness is a disease. With many it is natural, with some acquired. It is often worn off by commerce with the world, and sometimes by reflection, but it is frequently incurable. It is a most obstinate and dreadful malady, a living and lasting source of torture to the afflicted person, and of inquietude to his friends. The man who is continually acting under the feeling of self-abasement, never makes the exertions of which he is capable, because the fear of failure is, in his mind, greater than the hope of success.

Bashfulness is often the result of pride. This may seem inconsistent, for pride and self-abasement are rather singular companions. Yet it is so. A proud man considers himself entitled to a certain degree of consideration; he fears that society will not coincide in the opinion which he has formed of himself, or he doubts his own capacity to make good his claims, and rather than accept a lower place, he stands aloof and does nothing. It is pride alone that whispers to the aspiring heart not to make an attempt in which there is a possibility of failure; yet there is a degree of self-abasement in the morbid sensitiveness which admits this possibility, in almost every supposed case. The fear of violating the minutiae of etiquette, of incurring ridicule, of betraying ignorance, or of not shining in conversation, which embarrasses a bashful man, and keeps him silent in company, most generally has its origin in pride. Intimately connected

with that pride, is a timid sensitiveness, which renders the bashful man afraid of his species, makes him keenly vigilant of his dignity, and keeps him painfully jealous of offence. He is afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, and fancies that he compromises his character, whenever he opens his mouth.

The modest man deserves admiration; the impudent, contempt; the bashful, sympathy; for bashfulness is a misfortune, impudence a vice, and modesty a virtue.

Women are more apt to be modest than men, for it is the peculiar virtue of their sex; but men are most apt to be bashful, for they are prouder and more selfish than females. Yet a bashful man acts like a woman, because he shows himself deficient in the courage which is the attribute of his sex. Bashfulness, therefore, though most frequently seen among men, is an unmanly feeling.

There is no grace nor accomplishment which is so much admired in woman, as modesty. Goldsmith says, that 'when a female loses the power of blushing, she is bereft of her greatest charm.' The only wonder is, how an old bachelor like Goldsmith, stumbled upon a remark that shows so much taste and truth.

Lady Wortley Montague remarks in one of her letters, 'I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender, has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them.' Modesty was not among the attractions of this celebrated lady, and in no instance was her imperfect perception of that virtue more conspicuous, than in this brazen-faced condemnation of the gentle qualities of her sex.

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#### THE BLACK PATRIOT.

'Go, tell the blue-eyed daughter of thy tribe—  
Thy snowy love,—Lamurah's soul is white.'

*Lamurah.*

It was, I think, in the month of February, 1831, that the slaves of Martinique rose, and fired several of the plantations. They had nearly obtained possession, also, of St. Pierre, the chief commercial place on the island; and had they done so, we cannot even imagine how dreadful the slaughter would have been, for the conspiracy appears to have been nearly universal. I was there the spring following. We ran over during the night, in a small schooner, from the neighboring island of Saint Lucia, for the purpose of smuggling in certain Madras handkerchiefs, which the government officers



admit only after dark. The night was windy, and occasional showers now and then drove the habitants of the deck below; in the course of some of which migrations, I, who was sleeping upon the ballast, with my boots for a pillow, suffered no little from being run over by certain fat black women, whose eyes were not fairly unsealed; indeed, one went so far as to sit down on me to rest herself, thinking me doubtless, a bag of cotton. By daybreak, we had landed our goods, and set sail for Port Royal, the little town at which we were to be put ashore. As the light gradually broke upon the harbor, we saw the various craft that were laying there, and the little boats gliding to and fro; and beyond, the forts, with their frowning armament; and still beyond them, the mountains, peak rising beyond peak, covered with clouds; while below, the roofs and spires of the town became slowly visible; and the hush of the night went by, the oarsmen pulled with a bolder, louder stroke; and the hum of voices came stealthily from the town, the toll of the convent bell rose upon the calm clear air, and anon, the word of command was heard from the garrison, and then the peal of the drum, and then the bold, awakening cannon, that proclaimed sunrise, for though we still lay in the shade, the summits of the hills, where the mist had rolled away, were light, and where they still lingered, there seemed a garment of flame. It was a Sabbath morning, and we saw the ladies, and female slaves from the plantations, as they wound their way upon their mules down the mountain side, some in dresses of pure white, and some decked out in the gorgeous style that is so pleasing to African taste.

In the course of time, those petty tyrants of all tyrant lands, the custom-house officers, came off and overhauled our baggage, and gave us leave to get on shore as fast as we pleased; and for one, I was pleased enough to tread again on *terra firma*. We had our trunks placed under cover, and then walked up by the parade-ground, where a score of unfortunate recruits were drilling, to the police office, to get our passports endorsed. As we passed near the beach where the boats are hauled up which ply to and fro along the coast, a tall and fine-looking negro stepped up to us, and doffing his piece of a hat, asked, in broken English, if we wished to go up to St. Pierre. My companion, who was a West Indian of twenty years standing, answered in the Creole-French, that we should be very glad of his services in half an hour, if it should please his sublime majesty, the officer of police, to get out of bed by that time, and attend to us. The black promised to await our return. That black, said Alexander, as we walked on, is one of the most remarkable men

in this island, and if he wasn't black, would deserve immortality. He was three months ago the chief slave on a plantation, a mile or two from town; at the time of the insurrection, he was made acquainted by the infernal rascals with the mischief afoot, and was offered the principal command of the matter in that quarter, for the wretches knew his talents and energy well enough. But he refused, as has since appeared upon the examinations, to have any thing to do with the plot; and used all his eloquence and influence to break it up. He said it would not, and could not succeed; and that the certain consequence of going on would be death to the whole race; and more than that, he argued that even if they were to succeed, and kill every white man on the island, it would be the worse for them, for then they would either murder one another, or the whites of the other islands would come down and invade them. But reason to a nigger, is like roasting a piece of ice; and they would not listen to a word he said. In fact, they still tried to tempt him; they offered him money, for some of these slaves are immensely rich, that is to say, worth five or six hundred dollars; they offered to make him king of the island, but he utterly refused all their trumpery. Then, finding he would not act with them, and going upon the principle that all that were not with were against them, the devils determined to murder him; three several times they mixed poison with his food, and three several times his skill discovered and avoided their villainy. But never did he hint to the whites what was going on; he felt under a kind of obligation to keep secret, and rather die than reveal what was confided to him in trust. At length the day came for the rising; you know how it was baulked; the governor and his troops arrived in St. Pierre, just in time to prevent the massacre. This was mere accident, but the blacks said Louis had betrayed them. They accordingly set about killing him once more, and would have done it long since, I doubt not, if his master had not sent him from the estate, and made him a present of this boat, which he means to take us up in, by navigating which, he makes his bread, that is to say, his yam and banana. When the examinations were gone into respecting the conspiracy, Louis was overhauled with the rest; his innocence was evident from the spite the other slaves felt toward him, but then he himself declared that he knew all about it, though he refused to betray his companions, as resolutely as he had refused to join them. The government had half a mind to hang him for his obstinacy—for honor in a black was too absurd—but his master had some influence, and got him off; however, I've doubts if they don't nab him yet, provided a good excuse offers.

And here my worthy friend stopped. He had illustrated his tale with sundry whirls of his stick, compressions of his mouth, and gatherings of the eyebrow, which none but a West Indian can well understand, and which I, at least, cannot make visible upon paper. I asked him various questions relative to Louis, where he was born, whether he had any education, &c.—the answers to all which, I will not at present disclose. Suffice it to say, that in due time we got the passport-man fairly out of his nest, and had the pleasure of being cheated out of a few dollars, under the disguise of fees. Alexander and myself—this farce being through—walked down to the beach again. The little boats or pirogues in which human beings are transported hither and thither among these islands, are not unlike a North American canoe. On the high stern, sits the steersman with his paddle; immediately in front of him, extends a low long roof, supported on either side by small upright posts, under which the wayfaring man creeps, and stretched upon a wholesome mattress of matting, one-quarter of an inch thick, lies at full length, awaiting the pleasure of his black sailors. The roof I spoke of, shields him from the sun, and the sides being open above the gunwale of the boat, he looks forth on the one hand upon the dark blue ocean, and upon the other, up to the high, steep mountains, with their vestment of clouds, their forest-clad sides, and lower down, upon the dark green of the coffee plantations, and beneath them, upon the lighter fields of the sugar cane, which stretch from the sea inward, up each valley and over every plain. The sea itself is ever slumbering, for the trade wind, though it wafts down to you the fragrance of ten thousand flowers and uncounted fruits, will scarce create a ripple by the shore; and in these realms of eternal spring, there is no tide. But the boat is ready, the helmsman has taken his seat, the three stout negroes have prepared their immense oars—for the sails are yet fast to the two taper masts—so creep into your cubby-house, and if you upset, be content to die, for out of that shell you'll find it hard to escape—and the danger of an upset is not small, by the way, for when we have cleared the harbor, and catch the breeze, this little cockle-shell will be skimming the waters right merrily. I have known a man pay his slaves treble passage-money to row him the whole way. Alexander, who was a bit of a coward, crept into the aforesaid tenement feet foremost, that he might scramble out more at leisure, in case we went over; but I had not been smuggling, and feeling a lighter conscience, had fewer apprehensions of going to the bottom. While we were paddling down the harbor, I took a physiognomical and phrenological survey of our

pilot, master Louis, through my back window. He was a negro of the true ebony cast of countenance, black and shining as an Englishman's boot: his features too, were of the African cast, thick and gross; but yet in the arrangement of the features, which is more truly indicative perhaps of the character than either their form or acquired expression, there was something of mind, of determination, of self-possession, that is not often met with among the blacks. Of his head I saw little, it was eclipsed by the waning glories of a straw hat in the last quarter. My speculations upon my negro friend, however, were interrupted by observing that our seamen were loosening the sails, and that in a few moments we should clear the point of land which forms the north boundary of the harbor. And soon the point was cleared, and the sails were one moment shivering in the air, and then drawn tight, and the negroes stretched themselves upon the windward side of the boat, in true negro listlessness; and faster and faster our round-bottomed, keelless canoe sped over the just ruffled waters; and farther and farther she leaned seaward, as she came under the influence of the wind; the water to leeward was within an inch of the gunwale, and then it was even, and then we took in a mouthful. As she leant over, the negroes sat upon the weather edge; and as she leant yet farther, they threw their bodies beyond the side, supporting themselves by cords attached to the mast-head, and yet deeper the little boat dipped, and the negroes stood up upon the edge, and leaned and leaned farther and farther, until they were perpendicular to the masts and side, and hanging above the water only by the line in their hands: and now should the wind lull, and the boat right, what a fine ducking they would have. Hark! the steersman, who is watching the water, and knows from the ripple when the breeze comes, and when the calm, speaks to them in his heterogeneous French, and in an instant they are all in the boat; and as they plump down into the bottom, the wind lulls, the masts rise, and we glide for a time under the shade of the mountain. That past, again comes the wind, and again we are barely kept from being flooded by the living counterpoises; and thus we speed along at the rate of ten, twelve, fourteen miles per hour. It was the prime of the morning when we arrived at St. Pierre; we paid Louis, shook his hand with deep respect, and walked up the *Rue de l'Hopital*, to Betsey Parker's. In the course of a few days, I returned to St. Lucia, and was not at Martinique again for nearly a month.

I then went over to meet the British mail-boat, which runs along the chain of Windward islands monthly to St. Thomas.



One of the first things I heard upon my arrival in St. Pierre was, that there was to be a great execution of the slaves engaged in the insurrection, the next day; and moreover, that Louis, the indentical Louis with whom I had sailed from Fort Royal, was one of the number. The last part of his career, was of a piece with that spoken of before; I will give it in a few words.

Soon after my first visit to Martinique, there had been symptoms of another rising, and every one was in fear and trembling; stores were closed, and soldiers paraded, and a vast many words used up. Among the other signs, a new attempt was made to kill Louis; and many slaves said openly, there would never be quiet till he was gone. This idea once abroad, the government began to look with a jealous eye again upon poor Louis; who, ignorant of the double snare that was set for him, quietly pursued his way, in defiance of his fellow blacks, until some friend advised, and prevailed upon him to clope, and secrete himself awhile in the country. At this move, the whole pack burst out in full cry; the slaves said the government had secreted him, and vowed more fearful revenge than ever; the government, on the other hand, swore that he was the head man of the whole, that this attempted killing was all sham, and that he had now gone loose to organize another scheme of bloodshed; and forth went descriptions, and offers of rewards, and threatenings, and all the paper artillery of the police department. Meanwhile, Louis, in the country residence which his old master, or some other true friend had provided for him, ruminated and moralized upon, we know not what exactly, but probably upon the folly of being honest. At last, rumor brought to his ears the state of things at the capital; the island was in a complete turmoil, because they could not, either blacks or whites, catch him for a sacrifice. I know not what were the reasonings of Louis upon the state of things, nor what his motives for his next step, further than he explained them himself.

It was late in the evening, and the council were met in solemn conclave to try to think what could be done; nothing, however, could be thought of, and the members were about addressing themselves to a small sleep before separating, when the door opened, and Louis the slave, walked into the midst of the assembly. Had the arch fiend himself appeared, I am told they would not have been more alarmed; for they thought the whole slave population of Martinique was at his heels. The governor felt for his sword; the secretary got behind his chair; the second in command laid hold of the public inkstand; poor Louis looked upon their terror-stricken faces, with wonder and

compassion. At last, having ascertained that he was alone, and having sent for the jailer to come down with his irons, order was restored, a company of grenadiers surrounding the culprit to prevent accidents. Then it was that Louis explained himself; he told them why he had fled to the forest; he told them of his entire innocence, but innocent though he might have been until then, 'I should be guilty,' said he, 'were I to suffer war and murder to go on because I live; take me, let my death calm your fears, and satisfy my brethren's passions; this island is my country, my world; here I was born, here I will die; if my country, if all that live in it must suffer, because I live, I do not wish to live; Louis has not been a slave so long to fear to die when you will; I am yours.' I did not, of course, hear this speech, but I have heard the creole negro speak; yea argue his own cause in a court of justice, and there was not the white man present that could stand before him; lawyers, judges, and spectators, prejudiced as they are against blacks, were borne away by his eloquence. I know not if Louis spoke like him, but I can well think he did: at any rate he gained his point, the council declared his life forfeit, and to induce such brave and generous spirits to do so, must have demanded eloquence.

The morning of the execution was cold and rainy, that is to say, cold for the tropics. I took my umbrella and walked down to the beach. There stood the quiet, unassuming gallows, reminding me of some politicians, from whose easy and inoffensive bearing you would hardly argue the effectual service they perform. Little knots of people were gathering already about the shop doors, and along the principal street. I walked to and fro, and listened to the scraps of talk that filled the air, until the clock struck ten, and the criminals were brought out. There were between twenty and thirty of them, some of whom were to be merely scourged; they walked two and two; one of the front couple I at once knew to be Louis; the other, I learnt, had murdered three of his master's children, though he was not more than fifteen. Louis walked with the same strong step, and upright bearing that had distinguished him when a mere slave. His hands were tied behind him; his head and feet were bare. By his side walked a priest, but I fear that the negro heard few of the words of comfort which the good man administered. His eye was fixed upon the ground, though now and then it would for a moment glance upon the bystanders; his lips moved, though he uttered no sound. His entire abstraction was evidenced by an incident that occurred as he past where I stood. A broken glass bottle lay in the street; he

struck his naked foot against it, and cut himself severely. But he neither saw the blood, nor felt the pain, but walked on as though unharmed; and of all that followed, though most looked to the ground, not one appeared to notice the stain upon the pavement.

The gallows was soon reached; the murderer, as well he might, shrunk from the ladder, but Louis ascended calmly, and without faltering. One by one, the rest followed. In a moment the sign was given, and with a herd of murderers and wretches, Louis past into eternity.

Above the bones of that slave and criminal, there is no monument to tell his story; those that knew it in Martinique are fast forgetting it, for he was a negro: but there has ever been to me something in it of more than ordinary interest. There is no doubt of his perfect innocence; there is no doubt that he might have lived had he chosen to; there is no doubt that he suffered martyrdom that others might be at peace; and he did it undauntedly, though no voice cheered him, though no hope of glory after death lured him on; though he knew his name would be accursed, and his memory be with that of felons. The conviction of these things has made me respect him, and respect him as a true, *bona fide* patriot.

P.

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WRITTEN DURING A BILIOUS ATTACK.

OH Bile! thou tyrant of the inner man,  
 Though thou can'st stupify the brain,  
 And brutalize the heart,  
 My coated tongue shall dare complain,  
 All powerful as thou art;  
 And though I writhe within thy chain,  
 I'll lift my head and howl, albeit I howl in vain.

I think thou art the blood of the arch fiend,  
 Thou steal'st the brightness from the eye,  
 The beauty from the cheek;  
 Thou bid'st the best affections fly,  
 The strongest mind be weak—  
 Earth is a hell while thou art by,  
 And a dull yellow veils the azure of the sky.

Then Calomel, thou great deliverer! come;  
 Purge from my eye this ochre hue,  
 And clear my head again;  
 Make me benevolent and true  
 And just to other men;  
 And the first worthy deed I do,  
 I'll own, O Calomel! my virtue is from you.

E. R.

## THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

It was once remarked by Lord Byron, that the great men of Germany stood little chance of being heard of in after times, as posterity would not be able to pronounce their names. The severity of the noble poet's observation has been quite practically illustrated in a caricature—which we have either seen or imagined—representing some half a dozen Frenchmen, hideously wrenching their visages in the vain attempt to utter a High Dutch polysyllable, while one of the company, more successful than the rest, exhibits the spectacle of a jaw bone rent in twain, and masticators flying in every direction by the violence of the operation. We do not say there is no ground out of which a witticism like this might spring; but we *do* say, it is not in that intellectual field, which, first cleared and cultivated by Gottsched and Lessing, at length received its perfect beauty from the elegant genius of Wieland, Schiller, and Göethe.

The two divisions of which we are accustomed to hear, are the High German and the Low German. The latter comprehends those dialects which prevail in the level countries of Northern Germany. It is particularly distinguished from the former, by the superior softness of its idioms, and the more lengthened protraction of its vowels. The High German obtains in the southern kingdoms. It is denominated, *par excellence*, the German tongue. It is the language of polished society. Within it are embodied the philosophy, the poetry, and the eloquence of the Germans. It is characterized by its depth and energy, its wonderful pliability of construction, the facility with which it may be compounded, and the exceeding copiousness of its words. It is this which the mighty minds of Germany have stamped with perfection. In this, her bards have sung, and her illustrious scholars taught. We propose to offer a few reasons for the acquisition of a knowledge of this language.

A mastery of one's vernacular tongue, it will be conceded, is an object of paramount importance. Though not the foundation of intellectual excellence, it is unquestionably the only efficient instrument for making that excellence manifest. In order to obtain this mastery, an American must not only be conversant with the philology of the English language—studying his grammars and dictionaries, and attentively reading those works which are reputed to embody most perfectly its characteristics—but he must become acquainted, in some degree, with those *other* languages that have contributed so abundantly to its formation. The 'wells of undefiled English' now resorted to, are comparatively few. Our translation of



the Bible is one; the drama of Shakespeare is another; and that inimitable specimen of simplicity and purity, 'Pilgrims Progress,' is another: in which, by the way, it is said there is but a single word—*congee*—of foreign extraction. The classical tongues of antiquity, and what are denominated the modern languages, have each been made, in a great degree, tributary to the English. Hither, like rivers toward the sea, have their currents been turned; and thus poured in, they have contributed to enrich it with variety, and to swell it into beauty and strength.

Now, the German has borne a part; I will not say a proportion in this matter; and as languages, like the sciences, mutually shed light upon each other, so must an acquisition of the German, powerfully aid in compassing a knowledge of the English.

There is another view still more interesting. Both of them are streams originating in the same fountain. The true substratum of the English is, the Saxon—confessedly a dialect of the Gothic, or Teutonic—intermingled with the Danish, also of Teutonic origin. Even so the German is a dialect of the same Gothic, or Teutonic, although we could name a stickler for the primitiveness of his native tongue, who has sent into the world a portly tome, for the express purpose of proving that the mellifluous accents of the Low Dutch were the identical strains in which Adam and Eve held their

‘Celestial colloquy sublime.’

These considerations are intended for those particularly, who desire to make themselves accomplished masters of the English.

There is another reason of a more obvious and practical character, of which, reader, if thou dost feel the force, be assured it will

‘Put money in thy purse.’

The German population in the State of Ohio is immense.—We have been advised by an authority, which we are not disposed to question, that it embraces two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Wherever the eye may be turned, it shall rest upon a pipe, at one end of which shall be a German, looming up out of a tremendous cloud of smoke, and uttering tones that would make a sensitive Frenchman shudder. Under whatever phases he may appear, you shall always find in him that industry which builds up States, and that honesty which preserves them; and as these are generally the sources of wealth, you shall moreover find him a substantial man, and an important member of the community. Now, whether you be merchant, mechanic, law-

yer, or doctor, your interest must, or may lead you into an intercourse with this class of foreigners; and how can that interest be more beneficially subserved than by addressing them in their own native tongue? In this view, we hesitate not to say, that to a citizen of Ohio, the German is of more practical importance, of more real *use*, than any other modern language. You may cut the French with all its conversational sprightliness and grace; you may neglect the sonorous and stately beauty of the Spanish; nay more, you may turn your back upon the *piano* and the *pianissimo* of the Italian; for, comparatively, they are dead languages in Ohio. But as for the German, it is a living tongue among us, and whoever is ignorant of it, is deaf and dumb to two hundred and fifty thousand of his fellow citizens.

There is another consideration of less value in a pecuniary point of view, but which must commend itself very strongly to one of intellectual pursuits. Those familiar with this subject are well aware, that a knowledge of the German language furnishes a key wherewith to unlock one of the most magnificent store-houses of philosophy, of eloquence, criticism, philology, poetry, and science, which human intellect has ever yet erected and enriched. To give a bare idea of either of these subjects, as developed by German genius, would require a volume. Here is strength to invigorate the understanding; beauty to please the imagination; and devotion to purify the heart. Take German poetry alone. How various is its character! In how many forms of grace has it arrayed itself! How beautiful is the mystery in which it is sometimes veiled! How deep the feeling which it invariably breathes! How full of energy, and tenderness, and expressiveness is the language in which its spirit is embalmed! Whether we dwell upon the epic, the ballad, the dramatic, the lyric, or the sacred poetry, we are always delighted, always instructed. The religious poetry alone of the Germans is a beautiful monument of inspiration. Before the middle of the last century there were more than thirty-three thousand hymns in the language, composed by more than five hundred authors. The song of the devotional muse began with the immortal Luther, and her strains swelled louder and clearer for ages, until clothed in perfect harmony by the sublime and holy genius of Klopstock.

In the Idyl, the German poets are only surpassed by their great Arcadian and Sicilian masters. It is full of beauties: charming the fancy with scenes of simplicity and peace, and crowding the heart with most delightful imagery. To the soul of the German poet, all nature is echoing with pleasant voices. In the dark and lofty forest, he seems to hear a divine harmony,

and his imagination endows the lowliest wild-flower of the valley with a tongue. In illustration of this, we have subjoined an effusion of fancy from the pen of Göethe, the national poet of the Germans. We have not selected it for any extraordinary beauty which it may possess, but rather because it is the best of any thing we have near us at this moment.

A violet blossomed on the green,  
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen;  
It was a sweet, wee flower.  
A shepherd maiden came that way  
With lightsome step and aspect gay,  
Came near, came near,  
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah! thought the violet, might I be  
The fairest flower on all the lea—  
Ah! but for one brief hour;  
And might be plucked by that dear maid,  
And gently on her bosom laid,  
Ah but, ah but,  
A few dear moments long.

Alas! the maiden as she passed,  
No eye upon the violet cast;  
She crushed the poor wee flower;  
It sank, and dying heaved no sigh,  
And if I die, at least I die  
By her, by her,  
Beneath her feet I die.

But where might we not lose ourselves if we attempted to soar into the wild and beautiful creations of the German muse? We have already, we fear, travelled a long way *out of the record*, and we now return to draw to a conclusion.

Our object was to present an inducement for learning the German language; to exhibit the subject in a practical and a literary point of view. The practical utility, no citizen of this State will deny; and he who aspires after the more refined and intellectual enjoyments, which its acquisition places within his reach, will immediately appreciate it as a literary treasure. For this purpose, the language itself must be intensely studied, and perfectly mastered. Translations are at best but indistinct shadows of what they pretend to represent—the *wrong* side of the tapestry,—and can as little satisfy a genuine scholar, ambitious of advancement in this study, as him who feels the admirable truth of Charles the Fifth's remark, that 'a man is once more a man for every additional language he acquires.'

The interest and importance of the subject may induce us to exhibit it in some other lights on a future occasion.

## HISTORY OF OHIO.

## CHAPTER III.

THE early part of the year 1782 was marked by an event which, to the disgrace of the American name, has scarcely ever been paralleled in treachery and barbarity—the massacre of the Moravian Indians at the missionary settlements on the Muskingum. These Indians consisted partly of the Mohican tribe of Connecticut and New York, and partly of the Delawares of Pennsylvania. They had been partially civilized and converted to Christianity by the missionaries of the German United Brethren, or Moravians, who had commenced their labors among them about the year 1740. From the time of their adoption of the Christian faith, they had been subjected to a double persecution—on the one hand, from the Indians, because they had abandoned their customs, and on the other, from the white people, because they were Indians. They were very frequently forced to abandon their settlements, which were generally near the frontiers, and after various removals, a part of them had obtained permission from the Delawares on the Muskingum to settle among them, and had removed there in 1772. They built three towns, which they called Schonbrunn, Gnadenhutten, and Salem, and erected churches, established schools, and surrounded themselves with many other characteristics of civilization; but their prosperity was not of long duration.

When the revolutionary war commenced, the tribes around them generally took the side of England against the colonists, and although the Moravians determined to remain strictly neutral, their situation necessarily became one of much embarrassment. Their towns laid exactly in the route generally pursued by the Indians, in going and returning, upon their expeditions against the back settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania; and it was not surprising that the Americans should suspect them of participating in those inroads, when the prisoners and plunder taken were always carried towards their neighborhood, although they were really innocent, and were in fact objects of suspicion and ill-treatment to the other Indians, because they did not join them in their hostilities.

At length the Indians in league with England resolved, in council, to treat all as enemies who would not take part with them, and sent messages to that effect to the Moravians, who, however refused to take up arms. Their refusal was attributed to the influence of the missionaries, who consequently became objects of distrust, and it was determined that they should be



carried away from the towns, in the hope that if they were removed, their proselytes would join in the war. In 1779, an army of British and Indians came on to the Muskingum, in their neighborhood, and the commander intended to go and take the missionaries away as prisoners; but just at that time, the Indians, having heard of Colonel Bowman's expedition to Chilli-cothe, forsook him to go to the aid of their friends on the Miamis, and he was compelled to forego his purpose.

At length, in August, 1781, a Huron chief, with three hundred warriors, accompanied by an English officer and a Delaware chief, arrived among them, with a determination to force the whole community to remove. After some days, during which they committed many outrages both upon the missionaries and their followers, they succeeded in their design, and the Moravians acquiesced in their commands to remove, and went with them to the Sandusky river. A great deal of their property was destroyed before their departure; and their provisions, consisting of corn in the stores and in the fields, and vegetables in the ground, were necessarily abandoned. On arriving at Sandusky, they were left by their captors without provisions, and none were to be procured where they were. To supply their wants, one of the missionaries, with several of the christian Indians, returned to the Muskingum for corn. On arriving there, the missionary and five of his companions were taken prisoners by the Americans and carried to Pittsburg. The others returned, with a considerable supply of provisions to Sandusky. Those who were taken to Pittsburg were soon released by the commandant there; but their dismissal was the cause of much excitement among many of the people on the frontiers, who considered them as connected with the other Indians in their hostilities against themselves. When afterwards it became known that the Moravians were frequently returning to their towns, in considerable numbers, for the purpose of removing their property, a band of men assembled near Wheeling, to the number of about one hundred and sixty, and started to the Muskingum, with a determination to surprise the Indians and cut them off. The victims received warning of their danger, but took no measures to escape, believing they had nothing to fear from the Americans, but supposing the only quarter from which they had grounds for apprehending injury, was from the Indians who were the enemies of the Americans.

The murderers arrived at Gnadenhutzen on the 6th of March, 1782, and found the Indians dispersed among their plantations, gathering the corn that yet remained. They accosted them in a friendly manner, making them believe that they intended

them no injury, and told them to go home, which they accordingly did. They then told them that they would not suffer them to return to Sandusky, but were going to take them to Pittsburg, where they should be in no danger either from the English or the savages. The Indians resigned themselves to their will, and at their command gave up their arms of all kinds, even to their hatchets, on being promised that every thing should be restored to them on their arrival at Pittsburg. The murderers then went to Salem, and persuaded the Indians there to go with them to Gnadenhutten, the inhabitants of which, in the mean time, had been attacked and driven together and bound without resistance; and when those from Salem were about entering the town, they were likewise deprived of their arms and bound. A council was then held, to determine what should be done with the prisoners, and the majority agreed in resolving to murder the whole of them on the next day. For the honor of humanity, there were many of the party who opposed this barbarous resolution, and called God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of those inoffensive people; yet the majority remained unmoved, and some of them were even in favor of burning them alive; but it was at length decided that they should be scalped in cold blood, and the Indians were told to prepare for their fate; that, as they were christians, they might die in a christian manner. After the first burst of horror was over, they patiently suffered themselves to be led into two buildings, in one of which the men, and in the other the women and children were confined, like sheep for the slaughter. They passed the night in praying, exhorting each other to remain faithful, asking pardon from each other for any offences they had committed, and singing hymns of praise to God.

When morning arrived, the murderers selected two houses, which they named slaughter-houses—one for the men, and the other for the women and children. The victims were then bound, two and two together, and led into the slaughter-houses, where they were scalped and murdered. Ninety-six persons were sacrificed in this horrid massacre, thirty-four of whom were children. Of all the prisoners, only two escaped—both of them boys about sixteen years old. One of them escaped through a window, on the night previous to the massacre, and concealed himself in the cellar of the house to which the women and children were brought next day to be murdered, whose blood he saw running in streams through the floor. On the following night he left the cellar, into which, fortunately, no one came, and got into the woods. The other youth received one

blow upon the head, and was then scalped and left for dead. When he recovered his consciousness, he observed another person who had, like himself, been only stunned, and was endeavoring to rise; and a short time afterwards a white man came in, and seeing his motions, despatched him, while the lad remained quiet, and was not suspected to be alive. In the night he crept out and also reached the woods, where he afterwards met the other lad, and the two at length reached Sandusky in safety. The murderers set fire to the slaughter-houses and consumed them, with the bodies in them, and having collected the horses, blankets, and considerable other property belonging to the Indians, returned to their homes. A party of them, however, first went to Schonbrunn, designing to destroy those whom they might find there, but the Indians had learned the fate of their friends at Salem and Gnadenhutten, in time to escape.

The success of the party in destroying the Moravian towns and cutting off so many of the inhabitants, with so little difficulty and danger, stimulated those who were engaged in the expedition, to undertake one of more consequence and on a larger scale. They knew that the principal part of the christian Indians, who had been removed from their settlements on the Muskingum, were yet upon the Sandusky, and that there were also some Wyandot villages in the same vicinity, the inhabitants of which had been very troublesome to the people on the frontiers; and it was thought that one inroad would suffice for the destruction of the Moravians and the chastisement of the Wyandots. A force was accordingly raised, in the western part of Pennsylvania and near Wheeling, that amounted to about four hundred and fifty men, mounted and armed with rifles, who having arrived at the Mingo towns on the Ohio, which had been chosen as a place of rendezvous, elected Col. William Crawford their commander. On the 25th of May the march was commenced, and on the 29th, the party arrived at the destroyed Moravian towns.

On the next day, in the neighborhood of Schonbrunn, two Indians were observed watching the movements of the detachment, and were fired upon, but made their escape unhurt. Knowing that the expedition was now no secret to the enemy, it was concluded that it was the best policy to press forward with as little delay as possible, and accordingly the party struck directly for the place of their destination, where they arrived on the eleventh day of their march. They were greatly disappointed at finding that the Indians had abandoned their town some time before, and removed to another place. Upon this, the men insisted on returning home, their horses being fatigued and

their provisions almost exhausted. The officers, however, held a council, at which it was concluded to continue the march for one day longer, and then to return home, if no enemy appeared. Just as the council broke up, a horseman came in from the advance guard at a gallop, announcing that a large body of the enemy were formed in a wood a few miles in front, and were advancing to attack the detachment. The army, on the receipt of this information, immediately formed in order of battle, and pushed forwards to meet them. The country was generally open prairie, with copses or islands of woodland interspersed, without underbrush. The Indians had taken possession of one of these bodies of woodland before the troops came up, and the colonel, conceiving it to be important that they should be dislodged, directed a part of his men to dismount and tie their horses, and attack them on foot, by which means they were soon compelled to abandon their position. Reinforcements arrived on the part of the Indians, continually increasing their numbers, and a heavy and galling fire was opened upon the whites, who maintained their ground with considerable loss, until the dusk of the evening, when the Indians drew off.

In the morning and at intervals during the day, a few shots were fired, without much effect, however, on account of the distance at which the parties kept. It was now manifest that the Indian force was continually increasing, by the arrival of new reinforcements, and that the situation of the army was still becoming more perilous. The officers having held a council, determined to retreat as soon as the day should have closed, and dispositions were accordingly made for that purpose. When night came, the troops were formed and commenced their march in three lines, with the wounded on litters between them. The enemy soon discovered their design and attacked them upon all sides, upon which many small, detached parties separated from the main body, thinking to escape more easily while the Indians were occupied with it. The enemy, however, soon left the main body unmolested, to go after the straggling parties, which thus fell an easy prey, and were destroyed in detail, while those who kept together, succeeded in regaining the frontiers with but little further loss. The whole loss of the army was never correctly ascertained; but those who never returned from the expedition were estimated at between ninety and one hundred and twenty, among whom was colonel Crawford himself.

Colonel Crawford's fate was melancholy and dreadful in the extreme. When the retreat commenced, he proceeded for some time at the head of the main body; but becoming anxious



for the safety of a son, son-in-law, and two nephews who had accompanied the expedition, and of whom he had not heard after the confusion began, which was occasioned by the attack of the enemy on discovering their design to retreat, he stopped and inquired for them of those who passed, until he fell into the rear with three friends, one of whom was doctor Knight, the surgeon of the detachment. When they at length prevailed upon him to proceed, it was thought not advisable to attempt to join the main body, which was at the time, as they judged by the heavy firing, hotly engaged with the enemy, by whom they were surrounded. They therefore struck off in another direction and travelled all night, during which, one of the company got separated from the rest, and probably fell into the hands of the Indians. Early the next day they fell in with two others of the detachment, and some time afterwards the company were forced to stop and encamp, in consequence of a heavy rain, and concluded to remain there all night. In the morning their company was increased to six in number, by the addition of another straggler, and proceeded, two and two together, with some intervals between, colonel Crawford and doctor Knight being in front, and both on foot. In the afternoon several Indians sprung up near them and ordered them to stop. The doctor was disposed to fire upon them, and treed for that purpose, but Crawford told him not to resist, and they gave themselves up. The other four men in company made their escape for the time, but two of them were killed on the following day. On the 10th of June, Crawford and Knight, with nine other prisoners, were taken by a party of seventeen Indians, towards the old Sandusky town, within a few miles of which they encamped for the night. Here Crawford obtained permission to proceed to the town, under the charge of two guards, for the purpose of speaking to Simon Girty, and was brought back in the morning, to be marched in with the other prisoners. He informed Knight that Girty had promised to use his influence for his safety, but had told him that he was fearful it would be without avail, as the Indians were much incensed against the prisoners, and wished to have them all burned. Shortly afterwards, captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, arrived. He had been represented to Crawford as one of those most violently inflamed against the prisoners; but his conduct towards them was rather encouraging, except that he himself painted all of them black, previous to their being marched into the town.

The other prisoners were taken on in advance of Crawford and Knight, who soon saw the bodies of four of them, who had been killed and scalped by the road-side, after being forced to

run the gauntlet; and when they overtook the other five, they were surrounded by boys and squaws, abusing and threatening them, and were soon afterwards tomahawked, after which the colonel and the doctor were taken on to the village.

Near the town a large fire was burning, around which about thirty warriors and a great number of boys and squaws were collected, who stripped Crawford and made him sit down upon the ground near the fire, and then commenced beating him with their fists and with sticks. After a few minutes, a large stake was planted in the ground, and a number of piles of hickory poles, like small hoop-poles, placed around it. A rope was tied to the bottom of the stake, and the other end fastened to Crawford's wrists, which were tied together behind his back, leaving him room to walk around the stake at a little distance from it. The poles were then set on fire. While the preparations were going on, the colonel asked Girty, who was sitting on horseback at some little distance, if the Indians were going to burn him; and upon being answered by Girty, very indifferently, that they were, he replied that he would endeavor to bear it with fortitude.

When the poles were burnt in two, the chief, captain Pipe, addressed the crowd for a few minutes, with much energy and animation. As soon as he concluded, the whole of them rushed upon the prisoner with a loud yell, and for a few minutes the crowd was so thick around him, that the doctor could not see what they were doing. When they had separated a little, so that he could see Crawford, his ears had been cut off and the blood was flowing down from them. The warriors then began shooting charges of powder into his body, from head to foot, and the boys, taking the burning poles, applied the fire to his flesh. He kept running around the stake, endeavoring to avoid his tormentors as much as possible; but it was only to meet others equally implacable, with the same instruments of torture in their hands, while the squaws took up coals and embers and threw upon him, until he had nothing but fire to tread upon, and his body was blackened and blistered all over. In the intensity of his suffering he called out to Girty, begging him to shoot him through the heart. Girty answered, 'Don't you see I have no gun, colonel,' and then burst into a brutal laugh, and began jesting with the Indians about the prisoner's miserable appearance. This scene of torture lasted two or three hours, and Crawford at length became nearly exhausted, and no longer shrunk from the firebrands that were applied to his flesh; but walked slowly around, speaking in a low tone, earnestly beseeching God to look upon him with compassion and pardon

his sins. He at length laid down upon his face, upon which an Indian sprung upon his back and kneeling down upon him, stripped the scalp from his head. A squaw then took some coals upon a board and threw them upon his bare and bleeding scull, the torture from which compelled him to rise and walk around again; but at length nature could bear no more, and death released him from his fiend-like tormentors.

Doctor Knight, after being compelled to witness the tortures of his friend and commander, was put under the charge of a Shawnee Indian to be taken to Chillicothe, where the same fate was to await him. Being a small man, and much exhausted by the hardships he had endured, the Indian entertained no fear of his escape, and did not bind him until they stopped for the night. In the morning he unbound him, that he might assist him in making the fire, which had burnt down. Knight, taking up a stick, apparently to carry a coal to another place, struck the Indian suddenly and knocked him into the fire, and immediately seized his gun. The Indian scrambled out of the fire, and seeing his gun in Knight's hands, run off, howling most ruefully, while Knight presented the gun to shoot him; but in his haste, injured the lock so that it would not go off, and the Indian escaped. It was twenty-one days before Knight reached the post at Fort McIntosh, during which time he lived upon green berries and weeds, which was all the food he could procure, except a terrapin and two unfledged birds devoured raw; having thrown away the Indian's gun, which he was unable to repair.

Early in August following the defeat of Crawford, large detachments from the different tribes of the Shawnese, Tawas, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, and Cherokees, assembled at Chillicothe, making a force of five or six hundred warriors, who held a grand council, which Simon Girty addressed in a speech. He reminded the Indians of the fertility of Kentucky, and the abundance and excellence of the game that used to herd there; he inflamed them to madness at the thought of the desolation that the white people had caused in their hunting grounds, and excited them to revenge their grievances by exterminating the intruders. The council broke up, and the whole body of warriors took up the line of march for Kentucky, and in the night between the 14th and 15th of August, surrounded Bryant's station, which stood about five miles north-east of Lexington, and was the most exposed post on that frontier. It consisted of about forty cabins, in two rows, forming a parallelogram about two hundred yards long and fifty in width, with block houses at the corners, and the spaces between the houses

filled with picketing. The garrison depended for water upon a spring outside of the station. The evening before it was invested, news had been received of the defeat of seventeen men in the vicinity of another station, and the principal part of the garrison had intended to march the next morning to the assistance of their friends; and many of them spent the chief part of the night in making preparations for that purpose.

If the Indians had not shown themselves so early in the morning as they did, the party would have left the fort, and both they and it would have fallen an easy prey. The plan of attack devised by the Indians was, to attract the attention of the garrison to one side of the fort, while the main body, which was concealed upon the opposite side, should rush up to the works, which they supposed would be left undefended, and take them by storm. About five hundred of them accordingly concealed themselves near the spring, and early in the morning the others, amounting to about one hundred, shewed themselves and fired upon the fort from the opposite side. The garrison immediately suspected the stratagem and avoided the snare. They commenced repairing the picketing without returning the enemy's fire, correctly supposing that the concealed body would not show themselves, until they heard the garrison engaged with those who had appeared on the other side. Their chief distress was about water, which would have to be procured from the spring, near which they supposed the enemy were lying in ambush. The women were summoned and all the circumstances stated to them as they were supposed to exist, even with regard to the enemy supposed to be lying concealed near the spring; and it was then proposed to them that they should go together in a body and each bring a bucket of water. They naturally shrunk from the dangerous undertaking; but the necessity of the thing was represented to them, and the probability that they would be allowed to procure the water unmolested, as long as the firing on the opposite side of the fort was not returned, it being their usual duty to bring water; whereas, if the men were to go, the very circumstance would lead the enemy to suppose their stratagem was suspected, and would cause them to abandon their ambuscade and make an open attack; in which case it would be impossible to procure water at all. The women finally consented to go, and accordingly proceeded together to the spring, from which each returned with a vessel of water, without being molested in the slightest degree. This being done, and the other necessary preparations made, the principal part of the garrison placed themselves upon the side of the fort upon which they expected the concealed party to make their attack, but keep-



ing themselves out of view; and thirteen men were then sent out to attack those who were shewing themselves on the other side.

As soon as they commenced firing, the party in ambuscade rushed towards the fort, when they were met by a volley of rifle balls, that made them turn and fly in every direction, and the firing being briskly kept up, at the end of two minutes, not an Indian was to be seen. After a short time, they commenced a regular fire upon the fort, keeping a respectful distance however, so that little injury was done or received by either party. When the Indians were first observed in the morning, two of the garrison had been sent off to Lexington, for assistance, and succeeded in reaching the place, where a party was soon raised, amounting to sixteen horsemen and about forty on foot, who marched without delay and arrived at the station about two o'clock. They were ignorant of the force they would have to encounter, in breaking through to the fort. The Indians had expected that the garrison would be reinforced, and had placed themselves on each side of the road along which a reinforcing party would have to pass, in a cornfield on one side and a piece of woods on the other, in readiness to attack them. The party on horseback came along the road, and as soon as they got between the Indian lines, a fire was opened upon them; but at the first shot they put their horses to their speed, and every man arrived safely in the fort; the dust which was raised being in their favor, by partially concealing them from the view of the enemy. The footmen who were approaching the station through the cornfield, would have been equally successful in entering it in safety, but on hearing the firing, they rushed to the assistance of their mounted friends, and soon found themselves cut off from the fort and engaged with the principal portion of the besieging force. A running fight was kept up through the field for about an hour, the thickness of the corn probably preventing the entire destruction of the party, who finally escaped their pursuers and returned to Lexington, with the loss of only two men killed and four wounded.

A little after sunset the fire upon the garrison slackened, and Simon Girty approached near enough to demand a surrender, in which case he promised the people good treatment. He told them that the fort could not possibly hold out, for that, in addition to his large force, he was in the hourly expectation of a reinforcement with cannon; and that if the station should be taken by storm, it would be impossible to save the lives of the persons within it. He declared who he was, asking if any of the garrison knew him. The Kentuckians were somewhat dismayed by his threat with regard to his cannon, knowing that

Ruddle's and Martin's stations had been captured by that means, two years before; but they were soon restored to their usual courage and spirits, by a young man named Reynolds, distinguished for his sprightliness and gaiety, as well as for his courage. He replied to Girty, and in answer to his question, whether any of the garrison knew him, told him that he was well known; that he himself had a worthless dog which he had named Simon Girty. He told him to bring on his reinforcements; that they expected reinforcements too, and would drive him and his gang of murderers out of the country; that if they remained before the station twenty-four hours longer, their scalps would be found drying upon the roofs of their cabins; that if any of them found their way into the fort, they had switches prepared with which to drive them out, for that they would disdain to use any other weapons. Girty professed to be much offended with the levity with which his demand of a surrender was treated, and to deplore very much the inevitable destruction that awaited the garrison, and withdrew. Before daylight, however, the Indians raised the siege and departed.

On the 18th of August, two days after the siege was raised, colonels Trigg, Boon, and Todd had arrived from Harrodsburg, Boonsborough, and Lexington, with a considerable number of men, and a consultation was held, in which it was determined that the enemy should be immediately pursued. Colonel Logan was expected to arrive within twenty-four hours, with a strong force; but the pursuit was commenced without waiting for him, although they could only muster about one hundred and seventy men, and they had reason to believe that the enemy amounted to at least three times that number. The Indians had leisurely followed a buffalo trace, without taking any pains to conceal their route, and on the second day of the pursuit, the Kentuckians overtook them near the Lower Blue Licks, only thirty-five miles from Bryant's station. On arriving at the south bank of Licking, a few of the enemy were observed slowly ascending a ridge on the opposite side of the river, with seeming indifference to the presence of their pursuers. A halt was immediately made for the purpose of holding a council, and colonel Boon, being considered as having more experience than any other officer on the ground, was asked for his advice. He recommended that, if the party were not willing to wait for the arrival of Logan's reinforcement, they should divide and cross the river at different places, so as to attack the enemy in front and rear at the same time; but that at any rate, the ground should be particularly reconnoitred, before the main body should cross the river. The consultation was suddenly

broken up, however, by major McGary, a headstrong officer, who spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head, gave a loud whoop, and cried out, 'Let all who are not cowards follow me; I will show them where the Indians are.' A tumultuous rush was immediately made; officers and men plunged into the river and crossed it; horsemen and footmen altogether, without regard to any order, pressed forward up the hill and pursued the trace along the ridge, until they were suddenly checked by a fire from the enemy. Those in the rear still pressed onward, and the whole party quickly found themselves surrounded by the Indians in every direction except the rear, where the enemy were closing around them to cut off their retreat, and a scene of slaughter ensued, in which colonels Trigg and Todd and several other officers were killed, and it soon became evident that nothing but an immediate retreat could save any of the party. This was commenced, but was executed with the same disorder that attended the advance; and the Indians soon mingled with those in the rear with their tomahawks, and continued the slaughter from the battle ground to the river, where the carnage was dreadful among the fugitives, crowded together and struggling with the current, until it was somewhat checked by a party who halted, after reaching the opposite bank, and poured in a well directed fire upon the pursuers, that caused them to fall back and gave time for the footmen to cross. The enemy, however, soon crossed the river also, and continued the pursuit for nearly twenty miles further, but did very little execution, and the principal part of the survivors reached Bryant's station in the evening. The loss of the Kentuckians was sixty-one killed and eight taken prisoners. Colonel Logan had arrived at Bryant's station before the defeated party returned, and after they had collected, and the loss was ascertained, he marched to the field of battle, where he arrived on the second day after the defeat, and buried the dead.

When the intelligence of the disastrous battle at the Lower Blue Licks reached general Clark, at Louisville, he immediately concerted and carried into effect arrangements for another expedition into the Indian country. The volunteers from the interior assembled at Bryant's station, and those of the lower part of Kentucky joined the regular troops at Louisville, and about the last of September, the two bodies, making a force of about a thousand men, united at the mouth of Licking, and proceeded on their march against the towns of the enemy. Their approach was not discovered until they arrived within about a mile of Chillicothe, when they were seen by a straggling Indian, who ran to the town and gave the alarm; upon which it was

hastily abandoned by all its inhabitants, leaving their victuals cooking over the fires; so that when the army entered the place, not an enemy was to be seen. After refreshing themselves with the provisions which they found at a time when they were very acceptable, the secrecy with which the expedition was conducted not having allowed them to procure game in their advance, the army entirely destroyed the dwellings and crops; after which they proceeded to Pickaway and several other villages, all of which they found deserted, where they destroyed the cabins and corn as they did at Chillicothe. During the whole expedition they were never able to fall in with any of the enemy, except some single individuals or small straggling parties, who generally eluded them. In a small skirmish, they killed five Indians and took seven prisoners, and one of their own party was wounded. On their return, they arrived where Cincinnati now stands, on the 4th of November, where the wounded man died and was interred. It was on that occasion that the agreement was made, which was lately the subject of so much interest in this section of the country—that those who should survive fifty years from that time, should assemble upon the same spot and give each other their last greetings. When the time arrived, a large city was standing upon the place, but the pestilence, which was raging there, prevented the meeting.

From that time, no events of much interest occurred, which can be considered as belonging to the history of Ohio, until the settlement was commenced at Marietta, on the 7th of April 1788, which was the germ of this now populous State. Although the settlers in the western country still continued to suffer much annoyance from the Indians, in the incursions which were kept up by small parties, by whom families and individuals were frequently massacred, yet the enemy never afterwards attempted an invasion with a combined force.

J.

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CHIVERS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. Memphis: 1833.

I ONCE carried a British sportsman out into the forest to shoot pigeons. He anticipated an immensity of pleasure; loaded his gun with all care, picked the flint, prepared the priming, and was all on tiptoe for the coming of the birds. But when they came in their countless myriads, stirring the leaves and branches as it were a tempest, his face grew as long as my arm, and with a look of most utter scorn and vexation, he turned on his



heel and walked away. 'Sport!' said he, when I overtook him with my bag full, 'sport! why, it were as much sport to sit by the brook and spear tadpoles; or squat in one of your damnable marshes and murder musquitoes; what sport is there, in the name of Nimrod, when no human being could help slaughtering the poor things with a horse pistol?' I was disappointed in very much the same way with regard to the work of Dr. Chivers, noted above. When a friend handed it to me and I read the first sentence, I promised myself much pleasure in the dissection of it; but when I ventured a little deeper into the essay, I found absurdities as thick as pigeons, and all hope of sport was gone. Least my *dictum* should be doubted, I will quote one passage.

'A man may as well attempt to seek the blooming rose on the cheek of death—he may as well attempt to seek the mellow grape beneath the icy pole—he may as well attempt to find a realm of real glory in a world of fleeting shades, as to build a dilapidated column of animal duplicity to war against the outstretched arm of boundless omnipotence. No, a cloud of ills though slowly and heavily they come, will lower on his house, exposed to all the vicissitudes of moral death; like a bark cast on a desert shore, exposed to all winds and rains of heaven, forlorn and desolate like a rustling leaf, blown from its fallen sisters, left to mould, and rot, and pine, and groan, and wither from the earth without a local habitation or a name. His heart shall cease to wish, his soul shall vouchsafe his last and only vow, and on the brink of endless ruin, the ice of disappointment, which stands his only comforter, shall freeze his cowering blood into forgetfulness—crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way to endless death, beyond the arm of revocation.' p. 17.

Have at you, England and Germany; Kant and Coleridge; mystifiers and double-mystifiers—beat that if you can! Show me in all your boasted fog-volumes, in all your patent processes for making words pass muster for ideas, a passage to equal that; and yet that is but one morsel, chosen, at random almost, from an essay of twenty-two pages. I would quote more, but my breath fails me; and in these cholera times it is not well to exert one's self overmuch. I would recommend this lecture of Dr. Chivers as an excellent assistant of digestion, but should fear it on an empty stomach. I thank him for it, for it has made me laugh heartily; and every man that makes his fellow beings laugh, does them a service; but when he next feels the tempter strong within him, and the voice cries, 'publish,' as a friend, I would advise the doctor to say, 'get thee behind me, satan;' and forthwith light his fire with the manuscript. c.

P. S. It may be against all the canons of fair play for two critics to attack an author at once, but my friend who wrote the above has been so selfish, and kept to himself so much that is excellent, that for the life of me I cannot resist the temptation to give to the readers of this magazine some further insight into 'Dr. Chivers on the Constitution of Man.' Who the doctor is, I know not. Were I a phrenologist, I think I would go down

to Memphis for the mere pleasure of measuring his bumps; and if my friend Dr. Caldwell be at leisure, I would respectfully suggest that he float down, and catch the doctor, and perhaps take a cast; and were he to put a volume on comparative anatomy in his pocket, it might not come amiss, as I am by no means clear that the doctor is not a new variety; perhaps a Symsonian; or more likely a moon-man, for there is evidently no little moonshine about him, and some are savage enough to hint even at lunacy. This view of the case is, I think, supported by the doctor's assertion on page 15, where he tells us that 'no man ever saw without eyes; heard without ears; *or eat without a stomach;*' from all which we infer that the doctor sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, and eats with his stomach, which causes a strong presumption that he is somewhat singularly constructed. Now the doctor has written a lecture on the constitution of man. Hark, how he begins! it reminds you of the swelling notes of the organ, or mayhap, rather the braying of an ass—'Non doctior' says the doctor to the classical citizens of West Tennessee, 'Non doctior, sed meliore imbutus doctrina:' which being interpreted, means, I take it, 'I am not more of a fool than you, fellow citizens, but I have been dipped into a well of folly of a kind altogether above the common run.' The doctor then goes on, after telling them that 'the subject is calculated to inspire them with that divinity with which it is imbued, enlightened, sustained, and supported in all its elucidations' to quote certain of the Psalms of David about the 'cedars of Lebanon,' and other things touching the constitution of man; after which, inspired, as one might think, by eating a portion of Webster's quarto dictionary, he bursts forth—

'The beauty and excellence of its intentions and inculcations, the glory evinced in its contemplations, the benefit derived from its inculcations, and the sublunary felicity contained in its contemplations and admonitions, all concur in making, constituting, and establishing an immortal prescience in its essence, in constituting an insight to that superior bliss which shone upon the sons of Jacob, when the land of Nile was dark; and that bright, shining lamp which irradiated the horizon at creation's dawn, when all the sons of God shouted for joy; and the stars of creation, sentiments of God, illuminated the pavement of the sky, and gave gracious audience to the eternal serenade: while all created things responded to the manumission of the Lord, that every thing was very good.'—p. 1.

I have but one fault to find with the doctor, he should have added marginal notes, and a glossary; however, the reader will find himself somewhat assisted by beginning at the end and reading backward, and we recommend him by all means to pursue that course, whenever the language so nearly intimates a meaning as to puzzle him: for example in the following instance of daring metaphor,

'If we cast one might [I retain spelling] of conscientious benevolence in the ex-

chequer of venerable truths, it will increase with compound interest, and bring us a talent in happiness, shining before the citadels of Deity, as the reward due to the faithful servant in the vineyard of earthly intelligence.'—p. 16.

Now to my mind, the drift of this sentence is much more evident when I read against the stream than with it. But the most remarkable sentence in the lecture is the one immediately following the extract made by my friend; and his is by no means to be despised: the one to which I refer is to be understood as shadowing forth some of the events of our revolution, and I am not aware of any passage which throws around Washington the same robe of supernatural grandeur; hark!

'The same may be said of Great Britain, who endeavored to usurp the rights of a free born people; when the British lion trod the four quarters of the globe, holding, subjecting to his banner, forty millions of men.'

Thus much overture—now bursts forth the awful symphony:

'But we, the faithful few, on Abraham's adopted land, this silver stone set in a golden sea, from north to south, from east to west, [keep up the connection, 'we,'] in all her caverns heard the groan of dire despair; but list, oh man! like queenly bride by Jourdain's banks; the farmer of Mount Vernon led the van, thanks be to God, on the fatal night of impending peril, wading hand in hand for seven years with the python of British domination.'

I would fain quote the next verse relative to Bunker Hill, 'the Salimin [Salamis?] and Platea of created worlds,' but my breath fails me, my eyes are filled with tears; the picture of Washington wading on that night for seven years hand in hand with the big snake of British domination, will force me upon a course of calomel. The logic of the doctor is no less remarkable than his poetry; for instance his argument on the 12th page to settle the much vexed question whether man exists or not, is a perfect specimen of the *reductio ad absurdum*; 'Is it a fact,' says the doctor, 'that man exists? If it is a fact that man is physical in his nature, &c. having collocations and relations for this great expediency of life, &c.; and if a fact be that which exists, man must certainly exist; therefore—*argal*—man exists;' in other words, if it be a fact that man exists, and a fact be that which exists, man exists; certainly,—'but,' says the doctor with true logical subtlety, 'a tree is not a fact, nor a stone a fact,' and for the same reason a man is not: but we start from the proposition 'that a fact is that which exists,' *argal*, that which exists is a fact, but a man is not a fact, *argal* again, man does not exist: if this be not the true *reductio*, bring me the logician that understands the cunning art, and instruct me, for I am ignorant of terms. The doctor, as may be seen from the above, is no stickler about facts; and he accordingly states some wondrous ones; *par example*, on page 16 he tells us that the apple which knocked Newton's head into gravitation, or

gravitation into his head, (perhaps by raising the bump of causality,) 'had been recognized and observed by thousands of men before;' wonderful apple! and moreover, Sir Isaac, by his discovery, '*done* more, and irradiated the horizon of *classic* refinement with a brighter light than if he had discovered the philosopher's stone.'

He states it moreover as a fact, that our air is composed of oxygen and azote, and I should no more have doubted this than his other statements, had not the learned Mr. Flint, in his profound work on the natural sciences, informed the world, page 209, that the two *gases* of which air is composed are, water and salt! and as Mr. Flint has written the bigger book, I presume he is right; particularly, as to suggest the contrary might appear personal.

I wish I could give my readers a little more of the doctor, but time forbids. I am indebted to him for more laugh than I have had before for a year; he has saved me perhaps from the cholera; I affectionately thank him. I moreover differ from my friend C. I beg him to continue writing; he is a great man, and if I can but secure his works, I never desire more to see a farce, nor look at the scraps of Johnstone; and while I have a pen, poor as it is, it shall be at the doctor's service.

N. S.

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### TO MY EOLIAN HARP.

My gentle harp, whence comes thy tone  
My lonely hours to cheer?  
What minstrel strikes thy silken chord  
With notes so soft and clear?

As morning breaks upon the world,  
I hear thy mellow strain,  
And when the sun sinks in the west,  
Thou sing'st his splendid wane.

When countless spheres begem the heaven  
Like holy angel's eyes,  
It seems thy music guides them through  
The vast and trackless skies.

And when the moon her pearly light  
Sheds o'er the boundless space,  
Her rays, as if entranced, are chained  
By thy tone's simple grace.

Then say, my harp, what magic hand  
Sweeps o'er thy tiny string,  
And draws such notes as to my soul  
A thrilling rapture bring?



Do fairy girls forsake their groves  
 To fondle o'er thy key?  
 Do ocean peris quit their cells  
 Beneath the clear green sea?

Or does some plummy warbler come  
 To breathe his touching lay?  
 Ah! which of these thy notes attune?  
 My little harper, say.

*Answer.*

To fairy girl, nor peri queen,  
 Nor bird, my tones belong;  
 But to the wind — sweet Nature's breath —  
 I owe my modest song.

OSMYN.

## A CHAPTER ON LAW.

AMERICANS talk a great deal about their privileges; they elect their own governors, and make their own laws; and the privilege of doing so cannot be prized too highly. But I have ever thought that, considering the great value we put upon the right to make laws for ourselves, we know very little about the laws when made. It is true, that some great acts of the legislature are talked of a vast deal; but these are in general such as bear upon us indirectly, and we may get along pretty well though we know very little about them; it is enough if we know how to vote upon the subject. But the mass of laws affecting property, responsibility, rights, and duties; and which bear upon us directly the whole time, we are nearly ignorant of. A man gets sick because he does not know enough of his own system to keep well; and he gets into a law-suit, not always, but very often, because he does not know enough to keep out of it. Had he been properly instructed, he would not have been obliged to call in either the physician or lawyer; and when they come, they can but cure what *he* might have prevented; and I believe that prevention is always better than cure. It appears to me then, that every educated man, as an eminently important part of education, should be made acquainted in some degree with the laws under which he lives, and which he assists in making. It is not necessary that he should be skilled in the learning of the practical lawyer; any more than that to keep in health, he should be wise in the drugs and medicines of the doctor. The rules for the preservation of health, and those for the preservation of peace, are comparatively few, and soon learned. Any clod-hopper can wind up his watch, and keep it from being crushed; but once injure it, and only the artificer that has given

years to the business, can mend it again. It is restoration, and not preservation that is difficult.

Again, the laws under which we live are divided into two classes. The first comprises the common law, which we have received in great part from England; the second consists of the statute law, being the acts of our own legislature. Now, among these laws are many useless, and some unjust ones, which of course, should be done away. The power to do this resides in the representatives of the people; but they will scarce exert the power until the people call on them to do so; and that call will not be made while the people are ignorant of the law, and its defects. If we wish to improve our system then, the first step is to instruct the public as to its wants and abuses. It is true that a powerful and influential man in the legislature may do much by his individual exertions, but I believe it will be found that few important changes are ever made in a system until public attention is called to it.

The common law, all of us are more or less familiar with; it has been eulogized by some, and abused by others, without regard to candor or truth; for like most institutions, it has both excellencies and defects. It is usually said to be a collection of ancient customs and maxims, but I think we may trace it to three sources: 1st, the principles of natural justice or morality; 2d, arbitrary laws, enacted by a legislative power, and which in their origin may have been written or unwritten; and 3d, customs or usages, local or general, or often professional, and which never received the sanction of the legislature.

It is, for instance, a principle of the common law, that the father shall be the guardian of the child; which principle, though it may have been sanctioned by both statute and usage, is *grounded* on natural justice. Again, it is a principle of this law that the wife, upon her husband's death, shall receive an interest in one-third of his lands; now, though simple justice would suggest some provision for the wife, it would not fix the amount; and though usage may have suggested this amount to the lawgiver, there is little or no doubt that the rule of the common law was derived from a previous statute law. Again, it is a principle of the commercial common law that certain steps shall be taken when a bill of exchange is not paid by the acceptor, in order to bind the endorser; and this principle is based upon mere usage. Every part of the common law may be traced, I believe, to one of these three sources.

Now, although that part of the system which is based upon morality merely, is as applicable to us as to our forefathers; yet it must be evident to every one that much that was expedient

and proper five hundred years ago, would be improper now; and that as the laws that were made, and the usages that obtained then, were based upon a state of feeling and of society which no longer exists, that much of the common law growing from such usages and laws, is inapplicable to the present age. We accordingly find that the legislatures of this country, particularly of the new states, have abolished much of the English common law, by special statutes. But though the reform has been begun, it has not by any means been carried through; an immense work yet remains to be done, and it is a work of the very first importance. The great ends of the government, as all the world know, are to have good laws made, and to have them faithfully administered; but such laws will not be made while the people send men to the legislature who are ignorant of what is wanting, and unfit to supply the want; nor will the administration of justice be as it ought, while ignorant men are put on the bench by party means, and for party purposes; nor while the judges, be they ever so good, are forced to do ten times the work they should do, for one-half the proper compensation.

The common law as it exists in Ohio, differs widely from the same law as it exists in England, and is superior to it; but it still retains much that is useless and impedes justice, and some things that are opposed to all equity. As an example of the former, let us take the common action of ejectment, which is the action that one person brings against another, when he wishes to turn or *eject* him from a piece of land of which he is in possession, and which is the only action used in Ohio to obtain possession of land. A possesses and claims title to a certain estate; B claims title to the same, and wishes to put A out, and go in himself; and what does he do? He does not bring his action against A directly, and show to the court that he has a better right to the estate; in fact, B himself does not appear at all in the suit; the action is brought in the name of John Doe, a fictitious personage, who claims under a lease from B; and it is brought against another man of straw, Richard Roe; by whom John Doe says he was turned out of possession. But as the sheriff would be puzzled to find Richard Roe, Esq. there is upon the back of the notice which should bring said Roe into court, a *printed letter*, from Roe to his good friend A, who is in possession of the disputed land, advising him to go to court and defend his title. A accordingly, at the next term of the court, appears as defendant. Now, in order that Doe may recover, he must prove, 1st, a good title in B, under whose lease he claims; 2d, a lease from B; and 3d, that Roe turned him out of possession; but as he cannot prove the two last points, and as the first is the only

thing they wish to try, A admits the lease, and turning out by Roe; and then at last the simple question remains to be tried, has B a better right to the land than A?

Now what is the origin of all this solemn farce? Briefly this. The forms of action used during the feudal ages to recover possession of land were intricate and inconvenient, and the lawyers of Henry 7th's time, accordingly went to work to simplify the proceedings. They found among other actions in use, that of ejectment, which was then used only by tenants who had been turned out of possession of lands leased them, to recover such lands again, and damages for the wrong done them. In order to make this form of action serve the purpose of trying titles, A, who wished to get possession of an estate, made a lease of it to his friend C, who entered upon it as tenant; the person in possession, B, turned him off again, or if he did not, C engaged his friend D to do it in B's name; C, the tenant, then brought his action against D; D notified B to appear and defend his title, which B of course did. At the trial the chief question was as to the title of A, under whose lease C claimed; and the trial of this title was the desired object. But the *actual* lease, and *actual* turning out of possession was found inconvenient, and the next step was in the place of C, to substitute John Doe, and in the place of D, Richard Roe; and thus the action stands now.

All this fiction any one may see is useless, and in New York it has been abolished; the title to real, like that to personal property is there tried in an action between the two parties claiming adversely.

I have chosen the above instance of that being retained in our law, which is useless, because it is one with which I thought most would be interested, and its absurdity is evident. Many, very many things might be pointed out which are as useless, but not as harmless; but it would require a volume. And why, I would ask, is there no work extant on American law suited to popular use? A great deal of Blackstone's work is suited only to the profession; and a great deal is applicable only to England. Kent's commentaries are too bulky, and his style too diffuse for schools, or general readers; and I know of no other works as well suited even as these.

Much may be done toward instructing the public at lyceums and institutes; or I should rather say toward interesting them in what is generally thought the driest of studies; but much more might be done by a well written volume—clear, concise, and free from mere technicality; and I mistake the bent of the times if such a volume would not reward the writer of it.



To recapitulate; it appears to me that educated men out of the legal profession should know far more than they now do of the laws of their country; 1st, that they may thereby regulate their own conduct; and 2d, that they may influence the legislature to purge our system of what is bad, without sweeping away, in their ignorance, what is good also. In order that this general knowledge on the subject may be diffused, it appears to me a work fitted for the higher schools, and for popular use is wanted; and as an aid, I believe that lectures at lyceums, and *magazine articles* may do something.

L.

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 LETTERS FROM CUBA.

## NO. I.

Havana, —, 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I promised you that on arriving in Havana, I would give you some account of the strange things I should see there. I will endeavor to keep my word, though I do not know that I shall succeed in making my descriptions entertaining to you, not, indeed, from deficiency of matter, but unskilfulness of manner; for in truth, you know, I am but a novice in the business.

After rather a tedious sail of about twenty-four days, I was awakened early one morning by a bustle over my head—the trampling of feet—the jar of rubbing ropes—the cheerful heave-ho! cry of the sailors—and all those bustling sounds so cheering to the ear of the weary passenger, as announcing, if not the promise of a speedy termination of the voyage, at least the intelligence of a new movement towards it. I hurried to the deck. A welcome sight awaited me. We had been standing directly south all night, and we now found ourselves within a few miles of the northern shore of Cuba.

A low blue line skirted the whole extent of the northern horizon, scarcely distinguishable, indeed, to a landsman's eye, from the mass of ocean, except that directly in front of us, and high above the rest, rose a solid dome of blue. It could not be a cloud; besides that it was of a duskier color, it showed even in the far distance, the solidity, the fixedness, the unchangingness of *terra firma*.

‘What mountain is that,’ said I, inspired by curiosity and expectation, with a poet’s enthusiasm, ‘rearing its head aloft in the

distance, like some monarch of the skies, sitting in cloudy state, with his vapory retinue around him? This address was made to a fellow-passenger, a dry-looking merchant and an old bachelor. 'That?' said he, 'oh! that is the Pan, a hill behind the city of Matanzas, so called from its resemblance in shape to a loaf of bread.' What a fall! thought I.

The noise which had waked me, I found had been caused by tacking ship, and our course now lay southwesterly, towards the harbor of Havana. The day passed away on the wings of expectation, while a favorable breeze was wafting us gently onward; and the sun was just sinking in the western waves, as we glided into the mouth of the harbor. To a youth like myself, born and bred in a republic, accustomed only to the solid and simple neatness, and economical elegance of an American city—untraveller, unused to the luxurious magnificence of kings and kingdoms—to such, I say, the entrance to Havana is very imposing. On the left, based on a precipitous rock, rising forty or fifty feet out of the water, breasting the full tide of the ocean, stands the royal Moro castle, the proud flag of Spain waving from its threatening towers. It looked like a real old feudal castle, with its gray massive walls, towers, and battlements, just such as you see in picture. On the opposite side, though retreating a little, stands the other pillar of the city, the Punta castle. With these two strong holds, the entrance to the harbor seems to be completely defended. But in case an enemy's ship should by a miracle break through this chain of shot, as it were, without foundering, she must run the gauntlet for a quarter of a mile, or more, under the guns of the Cavanis fortress, a line of works reaching from the Moro, on the ridge of the precipitous bank on the left, a long distance inward. Indeed, were this the only approach to the town, it might be considered impregnable. But notwithstanding all this show of strength, I should think that the city might be taken without uncommon difficulty, if the attack were made from the land side. It is indeed protected by walls, which are about thirty feet in height, and massive, with a moat some one hundred feet broad, and ten or fifteen feet deep. There are also one or two inconsiderable forts, on the land side. The city is garrisoned with about six thousand Spanish soldiers, besides several regiments of free blacks. But what are these to a resolute army? The forts would be soon silenced. And what are walls in these times? Before the roar of cannon, they would fall almost as promptly as did those of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets of Israel. No wall can stand before the fury of modern warfare, other than the Spartan wall, built of the breasts of men.

But to return from this digression—which is somewhat excusable, since, after frightening you with the frowning terrors of the Moro, it seemed to be my duty to show you that they are only frowns. However, we were soon informed that it had a voice, as well as brow. Just as we glided by the foot of the rock, a hoarse trumpet-call thundered from the castle walls, demanding our name and port. Our captain roared out his answer like a freeman, at the same time raising his eye to the glorious canopy of ‘stars and stripes’ floating above us.

While we moved on, just as sunk the last beam of the sun, a band of music struck up from the Cavanas on our left, which added much to the effect of the scene. We had not proceeded far, when we observed a long barge with a sheltered stern, making from the town which stands on the right shore, towards us. Soon as the boat drew alongside, we were boarded by a company of dark-looking men, who presented themselves, armed each with a flaming weapon, representative at once of the manners and the productions of their country, in the shape of a cigar. These cavaliers, having very civilly robbed us of our passports, and pocketed the contents of the letter-bag, (the Spanish government, by the way, make a very good trade in letters—they allow four cents each for them, and charge three reals, or thirty-seven and a half cents,) retired, leaving a little sneaking, short-jacketed Spaniard, attached to a monstrous broad-sword, to pass the night with us; for the purpose of preventing our going ashore, till a permit should be had from his excellency the governor-general, who could not be addressed in our behalf, until noon the next day.

After moving a little farther on, we dropped anchor just within the range of the Punta, and not far from the town. The water here is very deep; indeed it is so throughout the harbor, which is certainly a most remarkable one. It seems to have been dug out by nature, expressly to suit the purposes of men. I shall give you a clear idea of its figure, by making use of a homely simile—it is very much in the shape of a demijohn. It opens from the ocean by a narrow neck, not more than half a mile in width, which, extending in for the distance of nearly a mile, spreads at once into an ample bay. Here the largest ships may ride, secure from the attacks of man, or of the elements. There are commonly two or three Spanish men-of-war, lying here for the purpose of watching over, not so much the safety of the people, as the royal interests.

The ship being now at rest, I felt myself at leisure to contemplate the scene around me. It was most interesting. The day had already faded away, for the twilight in these latitudes

is very short, and night was fast creeping on; but darkness did not follow. By the way, I am just now going to be a little poetical. The stars had 'set their burning watch' in the sky, and the refulgent queen of night was rising in the east to assume her majestic sway. The lively flourish of military music from the Cavanas fortress, which had saluted us on entering the harbor, had ceased. It was succeeded for a time by the wild melodies of the poor children of slavery, refreshing themselves after the toils of the day, by a dance on the shore. But this sound, too, at length died away. And now, nought was heard of human voices, save from time to time, the sentinel cry of 'alerto,' which rung from post to post along the walls of the fortress, as ever and anon the bells of the city reverberated to the stroke of passing time. And all the while the vari-colored lights of the white towering lighthouse, which stood forth from a projection of the castle rock, slowly revolved about its head, appearing, disappearing, reappearing, in regular and graceful rotation. And as I gazed, the rich soft zephyr, laden with the luscious fragrance of the tropics, swept gently by, and breathed over the scene. It was enough — my bosom swelled with the mingled emotions, which thronged in through the conjoined channels of sight, and sound, and feeling; and as I deep meditated, memory softly whispered —

'Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine.'

It was late that night, when I retired to rest. \* \* \* \*  
The next day, as soon as I found myself at liberty, I hastened full of expectation to the shore.

So, you see, my dear friend, I have brought you at length, to the city gates; and here, for the present, I must leave you. When we meet again, if it please you, we will enter and look about a little. But stay; let me just warn you to provide yourself with boots; and in case we should venture out in the night, it would be well to bring along with you a stout cane.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE EMIGRANT; OR REFLECTIONS WHILE DESCENDING THE OHIO.  
Cincinnati: Alexander Flash.

It is not often we are called upon to notice a poem written and printed west of the mountains; for poetical talent is as yet but little developed here, as we are sorry to say the pages of our own magazine may bear witness. Nor is it often that we are called upon to notice a poem written and printed anywhere, from which we have derived as much pleasure as from the 'Emigrant:' not that we rank it in the first class even of American poetry, but because we think it contains proofs that the author may hereafter produce what will compare with the works of any of his countrymen.

'The Emigrant,' as its title page promises, consists of reflections called up in the mind of one descending the Ohio, by the scenes he passes, and his own situation. Many of these reflections we cannot but think in bad taste, and some we can scarce say we comprehend; but there are others, the justness, force, and beauty of which, show a capability which needs but to be trained to produce a work which shall do honor to its author, and to the literature of the west. The great fault in the poem now before us, is its vagueness; you may read a great part of it, and carry away no distinct image or impression. This proceeds, we believe, from an imitation—insensible we doubt not—but still an imitation of Byron's style and sentiments. There appears to be an attempt on the part of the author to drop his own natural feelings, and feel like a poet; the sentiments come stiffly, and as if by an effort. Where this is not the case; where the writer has apparently given way to the true, *bona fide* ideas that were uppermost in his mind, the indistinctness disappears; the thought and the language are alike clear, forcible, and intelligible; for instance, the forty-seventh stanza—

'And here, where once the Indian mother dwelt,  
Cradling her infant on the blast-rocked tree,  
Feeling the vengeance that her warrior felt,  
And teaching war to childhood on her knee—  
Now dwells the christian mother. O! her heart  
Has learned far better the maternal part—  
Yet in deep love, in passion for her child,  
Who has surpassed thine own, wild woman of the wild?

With the exception of the two words *thine own*, for which we would substitute *thymself*, we know few verses more just in sentiment, and strong in expression; and the same is true of many of the verses that follow, particularly those on eloquence—the fifty-third, fifty-fourth, and fifty-fifth. We will quote the last.

'Poor Logan had it, when he mourned that none  
Were left to mourn for him; 'twas his who swayed  
The Roman senate with a look or tone;  
'Twas the Athenian's, when his foes, dismayed,  
Shrunk from the earthquake of his trumpet-call;  
'Twas Chatham's, strong as either, or as all;  
'Twas Henry's, holiest, when his spirit woke  
Our patriot father's zeal to burst the British yoke.'

We are somewhat puzzled to know what is meant by 'Henry's holiest;' for if the import is, that eloquence was holiest in Henry, who was engaged in a holy cause, we

cannot but think it clumsily expressed; however, we—though we talk in the critical plural—are but *one*, and what is dim to us, may be clear to others.

We think then, that although this poem possesses no extraordinary merit, it shows powers of a more than common cast. That the author has committed faults in this, his first publication, is no reason for his being discouraged. The question with him should not be, ‘what have I done, and how have I succeeded this time?’ but, ‘what can I do, and how can I succeed another time?’ To this question, we believe all would answer, ‘if you but exert the powers that you possess, you may do far more, and succeed far better.’

The west is a new field for the poet, and a field filled with rich materials; but he that would use them must be a western poet; he must quit the leading-strings of the British masters, and walk abroad by himself. If he will do this; if he will cast the coloring of fancy and romance over our scenery, our history, and our customs—and it may be done—he may win himself a high standing in the literary world, and occupy a niche as yet unoccupied. Wherever the author of the *Emigrant* has forgotten Childe Harold, Fourth of July speeches, &c. and spoken of the scenes he passed, the beings that formerly lived there, or any thing of a descriptive kind, he has done himself credit.

He is fitted—we believe, well fitted—to feel strongly and express strongly the peculiar poetry of this land and its inhabitants; for we are not all prose in the west: spirits of beauty and wonder are lurking in every forest, and dell, and cavern in this blooming wilderness of ours; we need now only an enchanter, whose words of power shall call them forth, and make them walk visibly before us. May the author of the *Emigrant* see fit to be this enchanter; for if he *will*, we believe he *may* don the magic robe, and attain to the highest object of a poet’s ambition,

‘The memory of his fellow men,  
When the green sod covers him.’

#### TOM CRINGLE’S LOG. 2 vols.

THESE volumes consist of a series of sketches published originally in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. They are mostly of West India scenery and manners, and are admirably done. There is a degree of spirit, truth, and good humor about them that entitles them to more than ordinary attention. It matters but little, we think, whether they be fact or fiction; the object is to convey an idea of a particular country, and this may often be done in a clearer and more striking manner by imaginary than actual adventures. If it be useful to make men of one part of the world familiarly acquainted with those of another, these volumes are useful volumes, and are not to be despised as mere light reading.

#### ZOHRAB, THE HOSTAGE. 2 vols.

THIS work is by Mr. Morier, the author of *Haji Baba*, and is illustrative of Persian manners. Of this work, we make the same remark as of *Tom Cringle’s Log*; though a novel, it is by no means useless; on the contrary, we feel indebted, and think the world indebted to Mr. Morier for making them familiar with a people of whom they before knew but little.

## LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN JAY. 2 vols.

THE biography of American statesmen forms one of the best as well as most interesting of studies; and few biographies have more to recommend them than that of Mr. Jay. The account we now have of him, compiled as it is by his son, and illustrated by his own correspondence, is correct, lucid, and deeply interesting. We shall before long, have, through the industry of Mr. Sparks, the compiler of this work, and other gentlemen, nearly the whole correspondence of the great men of our early history; and what more valuable works to an American, can there be?

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## THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY, and the Rise of Iskander. By the author of Vivian Grey. 2 vols.

IT is the creed of MR. D'Israeli, that the time for versifying has passed; and he has accordingly written a poem in two volumes, which is neither blank-verse nor rhyme, but rather—as much of his last work was—prose run mad. We are somewhat of the same faith with him, as to the present unwillingness of the world to read poems built on the old model, not to mention our belief also in the inability of the poets of these times, to produce them; but we do not hold to the faith that the diction of poetry should be in part preserved, and in part abandoned. There is a mongrel cast in works like this tale of Alroy, which is foul, in spite of the talent displayed in it. The Rise of Iskander is a pleasanter fable than the first tale, but we hold the same objection to the style. We have poems daily put forth now in the shape of novels; that is to say, the matter which of old would have been fashioned into a drama or an epic, now doffs the jingle, and in a more natural, and to us, more pleasing form, is called a romance, or tale, or novel. Much of Scott's prose writing is poetry, if the *idea* alone constitute poetry, independent of the form of expression; which, by the way, is not the case, though we have been talking as if it were. Vivian Grey is a work of uncommon power, and in parts, of vast folly; the Young Duke is washy for D'Israeli, all save the unequalled May Dacre; Contarini Fleming is one of the mixed race, the mulattoes, produced by the union of the prose tale and the poem; and this work comes of the same family, though with more of extravagance in its blood. We cannot think it will add to the author's reputation; and we trust it will not tempt others to follow his plan. Write plain prose; or, if you feel the kicking of the muse within, and must talk strangely, prithee follow the ways of thy ancestors; count your fingers, buy your rhyming dictionary, take a fair start, and give us a veritable poem, in full dress, from the *head*, which is the *idea*, to the *feet*, which are—simply the *metre*.

THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1833.

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DANIEL WEBSTER.

As this distinguished statesman has lately visited the west, we have thought that a sketch of his life and principles would be acceptable to our readers.

Mr. Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the eighteenth of January, 1782. His father—a man of strong sense and principle—was, although a member of the state legislature and a judge of the court of Common Pleas, but a simple farmer; and a farmer upon what was then the frontier. Daniel was accordingly brought up, as all New England country-boys are, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. His mother, who appears to have been a woman of more than common excellence, foretold her son's future eminence; rather, however, from the impulses of a mother's partiality, than from a spirit of prophecy; for though he received the rudiments of knowledge at the common school which had found its way into the wilderness, he still continued until thirteen or fourteen years old, to follow the plough and wield the scythe, no one dreaming of the intellect that he possessed. There are those still living, who remember him as he drove his cart to market, distinguished from his comrades, only by the strong and strange countenance which has marked him through life. He had, however, in those days, what is called a low forehead, his hair growing down far toward his brow, and covering his broad temples with its black, shaggy masses. This has since changed, and he now presents a front, the height, and breadth, and beauty of which, form a rare treat to a disciple of Lavater or Spurzheim.



Of his pursuits and studies until he entered Dartmouth college, there is but little more known, than if he had lived some centuries ago. He is said to have been at Exeter academy—then and still under the superintendence of Dr. Abbot; and the doctor, it is also said, appreciated his talents. This may have been the case, though we do not remember to have heard Dr. Abbot speak of the fact, even when discussing Mr. Webster's talents, which we heard him do, after the contest on the tariff, in 1824. Nor do we know even in what year he entered college; for though he graduated in 1801, he very probably joined the sophomore class when admitted. But one fact we do know; that his extraordinary powers of reasoning and of expression, were understood at Dartmouth, by both masters and scholars. He was not very remarkable as a proficient in his class studies, though he by no means neglected them; but in general acquisitions, in originality and grasp of mind, and in that power of analysis that so strongly marks him still, he stood unrivalled. It has been asserted that at this period of his life, Mr. Webster was distinguished for his imagination; but we are told by one who has read the oration delivered by him during his collegiate course, and which is now preserved at Dartmouth as a treasure, that it is stamped with the characteristics of strength, clearness, and common sense, that have stamped his mature productions, though more adorned with the figures and flowers that usually mark the college exercise.

He spent a year after leaving college, in teaching school at Freyburgh, Maine, and then returned to his native village to study law. Having acquired that part of his profession which was to be learned in a country town, and being desirous of fitting himself for the higher branches of it, to which he already looked as to the field in which *he* was fitted to contend, he determined to go up to Boston, and enter an office there.

Upon his arrival, without friends or recommendation, he applied for admission into the office of a gentleman, then among the first members of the bar; but after some little conversation, thinking probably from his poverty, ignorance of city manners, and uncouth looks, that he would do his patron little honor, the barrister refused to admit him; but Daniel Webster was not a young man to be abashed or downcast by a refusal, which his own consciousness told him was owing to the gentleman's want of sagacity, and not *his* want of merit; and accordingly he made his next application to Christopher Gore, afterward the governor of the state. Mr. Gore was immediately struck with the appearance and conversation of

the young applicant, and received him with pleasure. Here Mr. Webster's powers developed themselves fast, and strikingly; so much so, that his friend and instructor hesitated not to foretell his future fame. 'Do you see that young man?' he said to colonel Eustis, now of South Carolina, as he entered the office one day, at the moment Mr. Webster was leaving it; 'mark me, I may not, and probably shall not live to see my prophecy fulfilled, but prophesy I do, that he will one day be the first man in the United States.' Mr. Gore died in 1827, when his pupil, though not first in the national councils, was fast advancing to the station—fast accomplishing his prophecy. This anecdote we have direct from colonel Eustis. When he introduced him to the court, at the time of his admission, Mr. Gore spoke of him not so strongly, but in the same spirit of confidence.

While in the office of Mr. Gore, his father wrote to him that he had an opportunity of procuring him the place of clerk in one of the New Hampshire courts, in which the old gentleman thought doubtless he might settle down for life, respectable and independent; but upon the plan being mentioned to Mr. Gore, he at once told his student to refuse the place, and continue in the practice of the law; he was made for something more, he said, than the clerk of a court.

Mr. Webster now retired to the vicinity of his native place, opened an office, and applied himself to his studies with such devotion as to endanger his health. It was while residing here, that he argued the cause of a man who was on trial for murder; and so great was the power which he exhibited, that his speech was the topic of conversation, the whole country round, for some time. Soon after this, he removed to Portsmouth, the commercial capital of the granite state. Here he was brought into contact with judge Smith, a gentleman whose excellence of head and heart made him respected by all who knew him; and Jeremiah Mason, the same gentleman that has been lately engaged in the defence of the Rev. Mr. Avery, and whose talents at the bar are equalled by few in the country. In contending with these men, and he was called at once to contend with them, Mr. Webster was obliged to rouse himself, and put forth all his strength; and much of the character which he has since displayed at the bar, he doubtless acquired in his continual struggles with superior age and skill, and almost equal power.

He had been admitted to the bar, in 1805; in 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, where he continued in practice until 1812, when he entered congress, a representative from his na-

tive state, where the election is by general ticket. He was at the time, not quite thirty. His reputation as a politician was very high, although he had not as yet been one hour in public life; and his conduct during the first and second campaigns at Washington, and they were trying ones, proved his reputation to be deserved. He opposed, and opposed with great power, the plan then before congress, for chartering a bank, which, with five millions of specie capital, was to loan government thirty millions of dollars, to pay its debts with; to meet which issue, there was to be no capital save the government securities; thus enabling the United States to pay its own doubted paper with the paper of an institution of necessity insolvent; in this plan, 'poverty,' was indeed, as Mr. Webster said, 'the main source of supply; and bankruptcy a mine of inexhaustible treasure.' He at the same time, 1815, brought forward certain resolutions relative to the establishment of a national bank, which, although cast out at the time, were in fact, the basis of the present bank, which was chartered the following year.

At the end of his second term, Mr. Webster found it necessary for his pecuniary interests, to leave congress, and devote himself again to his profession. Thinking that Boston offered him a finer field for the exercise of his legal powers than Portsmouth, he removed thither in 1817, and remained steadily employed as an advocate until the congress of 1823 and 1824, in which he represented the city of his adoption. In the meantime, however, he had risen to the very first rank among the great lawyers of the nation. His argument in the case of Dartmouth college, in 1818, before the Supreme Court of the United States, placed him at once with Wirt, and Pinckney, and Sargeant.

He had, moreover, distinguished himself in the convention which met in Boston, in 1820-21, to revise the constitution of Massachusetts; and as an orator, his discourse at Plymouth, in December, 1820, had proved him equal to any in the land. It was with no common reputation, therefore, that he took his seat for a second time in the house of representatives.

His first speech was upon the Greek question; on which occasion, many, it is said, anticipated an eloquent and pathetic *oration*; but he disappointed them grievously, by his plain, comprehensive, matter-of-fact way of treating the subject. This speech, which went more fully than any other he has delivered, into the politics of Europe, has been printed in nearly all the languages of that continent, including that of Greece itself, and has circulated very extensively through South America. We have not room to mention all, even of the

great efforts which have brought him so fully before the world within the ten years that have elapsed since that time; the greatest of which, in 1830, made in reply to Mr. Hayne, is familiar to every reading man in the nation. He has spoken upon the bank, the tariff, the claims of revolutionary soldiers, and almost every topic that has interested the country generally; and more than all, he has entered the arena, the sworn champion of the union, the sworn foe of nullification; and if we mistake not, he is now looked upon as the one in whose talent and integrity the country must chiefly rely. He is now, as all know, in the senate, to which he went in 1826.

The sketch which we have given of Mr. Webster's upward course is slight and imperfect; and it is so necessarily, from a want of materials. We are sorry that this is the case, for we think the progress of every public man should be before the public while he is yet living; it would aid the cause of justice and truth, by enabling all to judge of the worth and the ability which should be in every candidate for distinction; and would discourage the chicanery and demagoguism which disgraces so many of our public men.

Mr. Webster stands among the first, both as a lawyer, and a statesman. As a lawyer, he is distinguished not for his profound reading and intimate acquaintance with cases and technical rules, but for his reliance upon ultimate principles, his power of distinguishing that part of an argument which is mere talk and sophistry, from what is true argument; and above all, for his clearness of perception, his logical conciseness of expression, and a simplicity of style and of idea which enables all to understand him. In the examination of witnesses, he shows that power of eliciting truth, which a lawyer must have to succeed; though at times, we are sorry to say, that he uses his power to brow-beat and terrify—a practice but too common with advocates who know their own strength. Toward his fellow barristers, also, Mr. Webster's manners are not always what they should be; he can be as gentlemanly as any, but he can also be, and too often is, haughty and overbearing.

As a popular man, the most remarkable point about Mr. Webster, is his freedom from all the tricks of the demagogue. Through his whole course, he has preserved his dignity and self-respect. He has asked no favors of his constituents, he has made them no promises to win their votes; he has sought no public office, no government patronage; he has made use of no chicanery, no by-play, and has employed '*no scavengers*' for any purpose. All that he has done, has been open,



manly, and honest; he has offered his services to his townsmen and his state, but he has pledged himself to nothing, save honesty and his country's welfare. He early took his stand with reference to the great questions in American policy, and he has maintained the stand he then took, to this day. So far from being a flatterer of those below him by his attention, he is remarkably deficient in the sort of tact which enables many politicians to attach individuals to them, by touching their weak points. He has none of that much-talked-of knowledge of human nature, and human vanity, by means of which, the cunning and the unprincipled, compete with the fair and upright. He influences those around him; but his influence is all above-board—and we think it to his honor that it is so.

He is said to be cold, selfish, and ambitious. With his manners, the nation has nothing to do; and if he be selfish, we may rest assured, that he has too healthy a mind, too clear an intellect, not to perceive that his interest, and his country's interest, are one; that fame and power will fall to that man's share, who does his duty, and infamy and contempt cover the one that in his short-sightedness, seeks to advance what he thinks his own good, at the expense of what he knows to be the good of his fellow citizens. In one word, Mr. Webster is wise enough not only to acknowledge, but to act upon the maxim, that in public life, as elsewhere, 'honesty is the best policy.' For the charge of ambition, we have but the answer, that the man never lived that was without it; and if *diseased* ambition, *short-sighted* and *dishonest* ambition be meant, we have already said that Mr. Webster's whole life, his character of mind, and strength of intellect, all unite to show the charge groundless.

It has been said, and said in New England, by the very men whose representative he is, that he has not been consistent upon the tariff question. What are the facts brought to sustain this charge? In 1824, he spoke against *prohibition*, and protection, *when it operated as prohibition*; he acknowledged the constitutionality of the tariff, and its expediency also, to a certain extent, but advocated strongly and conclusively, the cause of the modern doctrine of free trade, against Mr. Clay, who was in favor of the old system of excessive protection; and he voted against the bill because it had more of bad than good in it. But the bill passed, and under it a large portion of New England capital was invested in manufacturing concerns. Then came the tariff of '28. The question now was, should he vote for it, and assist in preserving what had been built up against his wish and conviction, or vote against it, and assist

in ruining his constituents, for the sake of preserving what is most erroneously called consistency? He decided, and we think with reason, that having been forced—to use his own idea—to sea, against his will, it would have been the part of folly, not consistency, to jump overboard and lose his life, in a vain attempt to reach the shore he had been unwilling to quit. He is, and ever has been, then, a friend of the protective *principle*, but a foe to that principle when carried to the length of prohibition, or when applied to one branch of industry, at the expense of another; he is, and ever has been, a friend of the United States bank; he does, and ever has advocated union, and contended for the principle, that the general government received its powers from the people of the United States as one nation, and not from the people of the states, as separate, independent states.

Mr. Webster's strength as a statesman, however, does not lie in his *originating* power; in that, Mr. Clay, and many others, are before him; indeed, he has never been the prime mover of any great measure, unless we may consider his resolutions of 1815, as the origin of our present bank; he is no schemer; his mind is analytic, not synthetic. But as a defender of what he approves, as an opponent of what he dislikes, as a debater in a deliberative assembly, Mr. Webster has, at this day, no equal living. His frame, his countenance, his voice, all partake of the character of his mind, and all assist in producing that effect, of which we are sensible when we hear him, but are totally unable to account for when the spell is past.

'Who is that man?' said a friend to us one day, in Boston; 'Mr. Webster,' we answered; 'so I thought,' said he; 'I met him the other day, on the common—he was looking downward; but when he raised his head, and his eye met mine, *he looked me directly out of the path.*' And so it is—his broad, massive forehead; his heavy brow; his dark, stern, soul-searching eye; his strong mouth, and the shifting muscles of his cheek, would cause Mr. Webster to be remarked any where, and in any assembly. We have never seen a face, and never expect to see one, as a whole, so extraordinary.

His person is inclined to corpulency, though he is above the common height. His voice is of great power and compass, and though at times harsh, it is a voice that *will* be listened to. When he rises to speak, you attend to the words that come from him so slowly, and as if with an effort, because you feel the man's power from his looks and his tone. At first he merely *talks* to the meeting; there is no oratory, nor gesture, nor at-

tempt to make an impression; but presently comes a right-down motion of the clenched hand, such as a blacksmith makes at his forge, and then a heave of the whole body, which drives his words home; and as he warms to the subject, if he does warm—and if he does not, he is but a dull speaker—he loses his slow, heavy speech and stiff movement, his eye lights up, his face is working with expression throughout, he pushes back the dark hair from his forehead, his voice, ‘that cunning instrument,’ now startles you with its deep energy, and now sinks almost to music; you feel, you feel as something new, each word that he utters; his logic is as convincing as a mathematical demonstration; his unadorned descriptions bring tears into your eyes; he casts defiance into the teeth of his adversary, and you think he might wage war with the universe; he turns upon him with a simple retort, and a simple sneer, and your blood curdles, and you turn away with a shudder, that a fellow being should be so humbled as you know that adversary must be; he speaks of our common country, our common fathers, our struggle, our interests, our union; he speaks of the fight that has been fought, and of that which is yet to be fought—and your cheek burns, and your teeth are set, and your fingers are hard-clenched; you feel that you could charge up to the cannon’s mouth, and wrest the musket from the soldier’s hand; he ceases—and the flush is past, the feelings return into their usual channel, you wonder at your own heroism, and are as much a coward, as much a man of the world, as cold and calculating as ever.

In private life, Mr. Webster is simple and dignified, though by no means elegant. He is wanting in cordiality of manner, and though he has the power of pleasing, is but little of a talker, save with his intimate friends. In his dress, he is rather careless; and he walks slow and with the step of a man of importance. He is fond of simple pleasures—loves to lie upon the grass, and listen to the birds, and watch the clouds; he is fond also of fishing and shooting; enjoys a solitary ramble; and is withal, a steadfast friend of well cooked meats and good wines. He has but little quicksilver in his composition; is not easily roused, and being roused, not easily quieted again.

What his future destiny will be, we cannot, of course, even guess. Many think him better fitted than any other man in the nation, for the office of chief justice of the Supreme Court—the first, and probably the most responsible office under the federal government. But let him be what he will, we believe he will ever be a benefactor and an honor to his country.

## LEAVES.

THE leaves of plants are regarded by the vulgar eye as a very unimportant part of the vegetable creation. The fruit is pleasant to all tastes, the flower is beautiful to every eye; but the common green leaves pass unobserved, except by him who is acquainted with the beautiful workings of nature.

All do not know that without the aid of these despised leaves, there would be no fruit, there would be no flower. The functions which the leaves perform, are necessary to the very existence of the plant. The sap which supplies it with nourishment, would be of little use without their labors—of no more use to the vegetable system than the unchanged chyle to the animal.

The sap is merely water, holding in solution various particles of nutritive matter, such as lime, magnesia, potash, etc. sucked up by very small holes, at the extremity of the roots, called *spongioles*. This sap passes up without undergoing any change, into the leaves. These seem to be to the plant, what the lungs are to the body. It is necessary that the sap should, by passing through the leaves, come in contact with the air, before it is in a fit state to nourish the vegetable system. Two distinct operations are performed upon the sap, while in the leaf. The first is the evaporation of the watery portion of the sap; the other is a chemical change. The leaves are furnished with little pores, called *stomas* (mouths). Through these, about two-thirds of the water, which, having answered its purpose as a vehicle to convey the nutritive particles into the plant, is no longer needed, are evaporated. The remaining portion of the water, now trebly stored with riches, returns through the plant, supplying each organ as it goes. It is a curious fact, that this evaporation is effected, not by heat, but by light. Without light, no evaporation will take place, and it will even be inconsiderable, unless the sun's rays fall upon the plant. Thus plants which are raised in the house, are liable to become dropsical, owing to the insufficiency of evaporation, caused by the want of light.

The leaf too, serves as a laboratory, in which a chemical operation is carried on in the sap, by its contact with the air. The principal effect of this operation seems to be the absorption of carbon, which is very necessary to the plant. It is by this absorption of carbon, that plants purify the air, which is continually undergoing contamination by receiving the quantities of that substance exhaled from the lungs of animals. A man exhales in breathing, no less than eleven ounces of carbon,



per day; and plants purify the atmosphere by absorbing these currents of deleterious matter.

But it is not by the absorption of carbon, alone, that plants have a beneficial effect upon the atmosphere. They also exhale oxygen, and thus pour forth a constant supply of that substance, which is necessary to the life of animals. It is to be remarked, however, that during the night, the operation is reversed, and plants absorb oxygen from the air. It is on this account dangerous to sleep in a room where there are plants, as they take away that portion of the air which is requisite for breathing. It is for the same reason that fire is dangerous in a sleeping room, because oxygen being necessary to combustion, it is constantly drawing that substance from the air. The cause of the different operations taking place in the day and in the night, is thus explained. Plants draw carbon not only from the atmosphere, but also from the earth; and this in two ways: first, in the form of carbonic acid—that is, carbon combined with oxygen; and it also comes combined with many of the solid substances, which are dissolved in the water of the sap. The carbonic acid, as soon as, entering into the leaf, it touches the air, is decomposed, and the oxygen flies off into the atmosphere, while the carbon remains in the plant. Now it appears to be a law of nature, that the plant shall not receive carbon, until it has first taken the form of carbonic acid. Consequently, the carbon, which comes in the other form, in order to become an acid, must absorb oxygen from the atmosphere. This, as if ashamed of being thus brought under the law, it always does in the dark. But this oxygen is all returned again to the atmosphere, the next day, by the decomposition of the acid again. Thus we see that the leaves are, in fact, the breathing organs of the plant, and as essential to its existence, as the lungs to the life of animals.

It is much to be regretted that the subjects of botany and chemistry receive so little attention from the mass of the people. The formidable barrier of *name*, which has been flung around them, has, we believe, kept out many who were inclined to enter; the terror inspired by the stamp, has prevented many from breaking the seal. But if, disregarding this barrier, you will only throw yourself at once into the heart of the subject; if without stopping to look at the impression, you will treat the matter as you would a letter from a friend, and tear open the seal, and enter at once upon the contents, you will find yourself rewarded.

What is chemistry? It is merely a store of information, collected by the observation and reflection of men like yourselves—not supernatural beings, as some in their distant terror are

inclined to believe—with regard to the common things that are all around you; nay, your very selves. ‘What are we made of?—I should like to know,’ thought the first chemist. ‘And what is that tree made of? and that water? and this stone, I have in my hand? and how is it that that water becomes hard in cold weather, so that common people can walk on the waves? And look there! see how that fire crackles away, when you put a stick of wood on; and yet put on a stone, and it wont burn. How is this?—still, those black stones which they call coal, will burn; what is the difference between them?’ These, and ten thousand more such questions, which every one may have occasion to ask, each step he takes, did the chemist put to himself. And finding many others in the same state of unsatisfied curiosity, he conjoins them with himself; and all apply themselves to the observation of the motions and habits, as it were—for things as well as animals, have their habits—of every thing around them. And in time, the results of these observations and reflections made upon them, are brought together, and certain general conclusions drawn. Such is the manner of the origin and progress of all the natural sciences. Like other things, they are small at first, and grow by degrees. They do not suddenly rise up from the earth in their full stature, and stalk abroad at once, astounding and terrifying the nation; nor do they, like the goddess of old, come forth perfect from the brain of the deity, to teach men wisdom. Science is no mysterious scroll, thrown down from heaven, for men to gaze and wonder at, and read who can. No; a science is nothing more than a collection of observations, with the general conclusions drawn from reflections on those observations. Or at least we may proudly say, such is science since a Bacon came into the world to dissipate the darkness of the Aristotelian mysteries, and spread abroad the glorious light of experimental philosophy. Thank God, we are able now to see the ground we tread upon; that we can know where we are. Bacon planted the foot of science in the right path, and set her forward; and her step, however slow, is now firm, and sure, and direct—‘onward, right onward.’ The path behind is all clear; we can trace her steps from where she left the hand of the ‘father of philosophy,’ right down to her present place.

Fear not, then, that you will be lost in the mazes of a labyrinth if you enter the temple of science. The path is clear, and easy, and beautiful. And regard not the learned titles emblazoned over the doors of the several halls you will find there—enough that they are all in the temple of wisdom. They are all connected together, and whichever you enter first, you will glide imperceptibly into the others.

## ON THE FORMATION OF A NATIONAL CHARACTER.

EDUCATION is the corner-stone of the social edifice. It is the rock on whose firm foundation is erected that glorious fabric of liberty and law, which is our best inheritance, and proudest boast. It is that which distinguishes civilized from savage man; which draws the broad line of separation between the free, the intelligent, the useful citizen of our country, and

‘ — the poor Indian, whose untutor’d mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.’

It is that which elevates the child of poverty and labor, to usefulness and honor; which cultivates his talents, developes the resources of his mind, awakens the latent fire of his ambition, and enables him to start in the race of life on equal terms with the more favored sons of affluence.

It is impossible to treat this subject with the seriousness which it demands, without referring to its effect on national character, and to the benign results which it has already produced to our republic. More than half a century has rolled away since our country was declared to be independent; and its prosperity has been steadily advancing, from that period, to the present. Thirteen states have been increased to twenty-four, a population of three millions has swelled to thirteen millions, and the boundaries of our empire have been enlarged until they extend from ocean to ocean. But that which constitutes our highest pride as a nation, is the unexampled and indeed unexpected success, which has attended the trial of a republican government. Every previous attempt to maintain a free government upon a large scale had failed; but here the most sanguine of the friends of liberty have found their anticipations more than realized, and the world has seen for the first time, combined in an extensive empire, national prosperity and individual freedom; a government respected abroad, and a people thriving, happy, contented, and free at home.

We have been accustomed to attribute all this prosperity to the *bravery* and *patriotism* of our forefathers. Undoubtedly we owe a debt of lasting gratitude and honor, to those pure and heroic men who in the hour of peril braved the frowns of power, and the horrors of the battle-field. And so long as there is a heart among us, alive to generous feelings, we shall glory in their martial achievements and emulate their stern republican purity. But it is too often forgotten that we owe far more to the peaceful virtues of those exemplary men, than to their martial deeds, or their political energy. The latter

resulted naturally from the former. Their noble and heroic conduct in public life, accorded strictly with the principles which regulated their ordinary intercourse with society. If they were the wisest in council, and foremost in the field, they were also bright examples of moral worth; they were the enterprising, the industrious, the intelligent men of those times. The most of them were men of highly polished intellect, and spotless lives. They appealed not to the passions, but to the reason of their countrymen; they appealed to an intelligent people, and only vindicated by the sword, in the last resort, that victory which was already gained by the force of argument. In this respect, our revolution differed essentially from all others. With all the additional lights that we now possess, we still look back with surprise, not only to the talent and learning which were arrayed in the political controversies of that day, but to the remarkable spirit of moderation which pervaded all ranks, and characterised all the important public acts of that period.

If we revert to the days that preceded the revolution, in search of the causes that led to our success in a contest with the most powerful nation of Europe, we behold no military preparations. Our ancestors had no wealth, no magazines stored with the munitions of war, no military schools, no camps in which to train their youth to martial exercises. They had an engine more powerful than all these, in the intelligence of the people. Education had awakened their faculties. They could read, reflect, and reason upon their rights. They had been taught to think. The colleges and public schools of that day, were the nurseries of our freedom.

The same remark will apply with equal truth to a later period of our history—to that which has elapsed between the revolution and this time. In the administration of the government, there has always been evinced a high degree of political sagacity; and our character for military prowess has been gallantly sustained by land and sea. But we must resort to some other cause in order to account for the rapid advance of our country to prosperity and greatness. It has not been by the instrumentality of the sword, nor in consequence of the successful schemes of any great political magician, that our commerce has been extended throughout the world; that our land abounds with useful inventions; that vast regions have been reclaimed from the sterile solitude of nature, and peopled with industrious men; that our laws are mild and salutary; that peace, order, and religion, are in our country; security and abundance in our dwellings. We owe all this prosperity, under Providence,



to the intelligence that planted, to the intelligence that maintains our republican institutions. We owe it to education.

More than once has a solemn crisis occurred in our history, when the patriot has trembled for the union; but the ship of state has weathered every tempest. Volumes have been written and spoken to disclose the great secrets of our escape from the dangers which have been fatal to other republics. The hidden mysteries of political economy have been ostentatiously displayed, and theories have been plentifully created in explanation of every past event, and in anticipation of every future emergency. The simple truth is, that we are a conscientious and an intelligent people. The virtue of the people has heretofore saved our country; and if we would perpetuate its freedom, we must cherish religion, cultivate sound morals, and disseminate knowledge.

If we look back upon the republics of ancient times, we shall find that they were prosperous just so long as the people were virtuous and united; and that union and virtue resulted in every instance from some public system of education. Their notions of education differed, it is true, from ours; but it was a *discipline*—a discipline that trained up the youth of the country for the service of the public. The Roman empire was founded by a few herdsmen and hunters, men of hardy frames and abstemious habits. They were temperate in their enjoyments, strictly disciplined, and ardently devoted to their country. Their youth were carefully trained up to the service of the public. The Roman mother, with the first accents of parental affection, mingled those noble precepts which taught the Roman youth to stifle every selfish feeling, to banish every sensual enjoyment, to smother every interested motive, which might, by impairing his own usefulness, endanger the liberties of his country. By the practice of these virtues, they became a great nation; but when they had acquired glory and power, they grew idle and luxurious; their effeminate youth, no longer disciplined in the camp, nor in the schools of philosophy, rallied not around the standard of their country's honor, and Rome became a prey to the gold of the usurper, and the sword of the barbarian.

The Spartans who occupied a little barren state of Greece, scarcely larger than one or two of our counties, became a renowned people. At first, they were poor, and few in number. They trained their youth with the most rigid care. All were assembled at a public table. All their physical energies, every mental faculty, every thought and affection of their bosoms, were moulded into a noble subserviency to their

country's interest. The whole lesson of childhood, and all the study of maturer years, was how to live, and how to die, for their country. The Spartan mother sent her son to battle with a smile of pride, conjuring him to return a victor, or remain a corpse; and even the tender wife dropped no tear upon the grave of her long-loved warrior, except when a hard fate compelled her to weep the unwilling tear of shame upon a coward's tomb. But when the Spartans, enriched by the spoil of conquered nations, departed from the simple habits of their fathers, suffered the wise laws of Lycurgus to fall into disrepute, and abandoned his rigid system of education, they became an easy prey to their enemies; the invader pillaged their fields, and the tyrant trampled on their liberties.

My object in these remarks is, to show that correct habits and principles are as requisite to the welfare of a nation, as to that of an individual. To produce these, it is necessary that the child should be trained up to the duties of the man, and the young citizen taught that his honor and interest are inseparably connected with the interest and honor of his country. The ancients had no idea of education in the sense in which that term is now employed; our systems of education are all of modern invention. I quote the examples of Rome and Sparta, to show that their systems of training their youth, however defective, were still the real causes of their greatness. I see little to applaud in the philosophy of their schools; little to admire in the management of their children. But their mode of instruction was suited to the times and the circumstances; and, bad as it was, it raised them far above those who neglected the important duty of rearing up citizens for the service of the state.

If these remarks are true in the abstract, they are especially true when applied to ourselves. We live under republican institutions, where the whole power of the government is in the hands of the people, and where every act of sovereignty is but an emanation of the public will. No mighty monarch graciously assumes the burthen of conducting our affairs; no hereditary parliament kindly relieves us from the difficult task of enacting our laws; no established church in charitable consideration of our weakness, deigns to accept the tithe of the produce of our labors, in return for the amiable office of directing our consciences in this world, and selling us the right of admission to a better existence. In government, in religion, in social life, we think our own thoughts, and act at our own pleasure.

The people of such a country, are its strength. It is they

who make the laws. It is true that they exercise this high function through their representatives; but these are but their agents. We elect whom we please to represent us; and every year affords new evidence that whenever a representative disobeys the will of his constituents, their confidence is withdrawn. The man whose sentiments are acceptable to the people, is elected to office, and so long as his acts conform with their opinions, he is permitted to serve them in a public station. It follows that laws are nothing more than expressions of popular opinion; and the policy of the government will be enlightened in the precise proportion that the people are intelligent.

The people are the strength of the country in another sense. The few, the very few, who by the gifts of fortune are rendered, in some measure, independent of their fellow citizens, are not those who give tone to public sentiment, or vigor to public industry. The farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the laborer, make every thing that is consumed or exported. The man who *works*, no matter how, with his hands or with his mind, is always producing something that supplies the wants of other men, that gives activity to business, that aids or stimulates others to exertion, and that yields money to himself, or to the public. But as all the mechanic arts, and every department of industry, is aided by the discoveries and inventions of science, and as many of the liberal arts and useful professions cannot be advantageously pursued by ignorant persons, it is clear that the energies of a people can never be fully developed without the aid of education. A nation buried in ignorance resembles a sleeping giant; awakened to the light of knowledge, it displays the giant, strong in the possession of all his faculties.

The people are the strength of the country. Who are they that meet our enemies in the field, and drive back the tide of battle? Not the idler, nor the brawling demagogue. A few of these may repair to the posts of honor; but the dependence of the country, in the hour of peril, is upon the sons of industry and labor; the men whose frames have been hardened by exposure, and whose muscles have been strengthened by fatigue—upon the men of cool heads and hard hands, the thinking and the working men of the republic.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on these self-evident propositions. But it is important that they should be frequently presented to the reflecting men of our country, and earnestly pressed upon their attention. If it be true, that we depend upon the intelligence of the people for the wisdom and purity of our laws, upon their valor for our defence, upon their industry for our prosperity, upon their morality for all the virtues that sweeten

the intercourse of social life, and hallow the enjoyments of the fireside, then is it equally true that the first, the highest duty of a free government is to educate the people.

I shall endeavor to apply these remarks to the condition of this region—our endeared home, the country of our affections. I shall urge them in the spirit of kindness, not in the accents of rebuke. I address the western people, not as an alien to their country, a stranger to their wants, their habits, or their opinions. I address those among whom I have long lived and acted. It is not for me to reproach my fellow citizens with the want of those institutions, whose absence I have felt and lamented in common with themselves. I know too well the history of their wants; I am too intimately acquainted with the story of their struggles. If the literary institutions which have diffused rich blessings to more favored portions of the union, have been tardily introduced into the west, and are totally wanting throughout the greater part of this valley, reasons may be assigned for their absence, which reflect no stain upon the public spirit of the people.

The emigrants to this country came to a wilderness, fertile it is true, beautiful to the eye, and abounding in all the richest gifts of nature, but destitute of most of the conveniences of organized societies. They left behind them, literature and art, and all the civil institutions, which had been erected by the pious care of their fathers. They were poor; the wealthy do not emigrate. Many of them came encumbered with large families, and few brought any other wealth than active frames and enterprising spirits. They had to begin the world in a new country—to build houses, to open farms, to make roads, to erect civil institutions, to provide every requisite for protection and sustenance; and their days were spent in toil, exposure, and privation. Those who come to our country now, enjoy all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of travelling; elegant boats convey them to their places of destination, and comfortable dwellings shelter them. Such was not the case but a few years ago. The pioneers encountered both inconvenience and danger; and in addition to all other evils, disease of the most distressing character, universally afflicted the first settlements. Thus dreary was the pilgrimage and rugged the lot of the first adventurers to these sunny plains; and is it strange that the gentler arts and elegant refinements of life, should linger in the rear? The tide of emigration brings not, like an oriental river, golden sands upon its bosom; and those social comforts, and liberal arts, which flourish only in the sunshine of wealth, are seldom the companions of the hardy pioneer, in



his lonesome journey, or the inmates of the cabin in the wilderness.

So far then from deserving any reproach, for having done so little for literature and science, I venture to assert that we deserve great credit for even that little; especially when it is recollected how much we have accomplished in other departments of improvement. But how long shall this apology avail us? Is there no limit to the days of our infancy and weakness? Has not the time arrived when honor, policy, and conscience, alike forbid a further delay in the performance of a sacred duty—a duty to ourselves, and our country—a duty to those who are dearer to us than self or country, the children of our affections? The western states are no longer the feeblest of the sister republics. They have acquired strength and character. Some of them have population, wealth, commerce; why should they not have education, literature, and refinement?

A vigorous and combined effort in favor of education, is absolutely necessary, to enable us to keep pace with the spread of knowledge in other countries. An intense interest has been awakened on the subject of education, throughout the civilized world. In Great Britain, the illustrious statesman, who has been most instrumental in the work of political reform, is diligently exerting the powers of his great mind to disseminate intelligence among the people. In France, the most important result of the first revolution, has been a noble system of instruction, which is now rapidly changing the character of that powerful nation. Throughout the states of the German empire, education is dispensing its blessings, and has kindled up already, a love of liberty, and a knowledge of the worth of freedom, which is shaking the hereditary institutions of that country to their centre. Even the Russian monarch has been forced by public sentiment, to patronise seminaries of learning. All Europe is becoming enlightened by public schools. They have even found their way into the dark regions of Asia; and there is now in Egypt, an university, in successful operation, in which the higher branches of learning are taught to the youth of that barbarous people.

In our own country, the friends of education are active. There are now in the United States, *sixty* colleges, and a still larger number of academies and high schools. Several states have adopted systems of common schools, to which, all the children of the state have the right of access. Lyceums are becoming popular and useful. Societies have been established, in which some of the most enlightened men of the nation par-

ticipate, for the purpose of collecting and distributing information in reference to systems of instruction. There is a general excitement in the whole civilized world, in favor of education; and before many years shall have passed, it will be considered as necessary to every regularly organized government, to have a system of instruction, as to have civil officers, and a code of law. It is necessary, therefore, for us to act in self-defence. We must act promptly, or we shall be thrown far in the shade by foreign countries, and by our sister states.

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## MISS LESLIE'S PENCIL SKETCHES.

To describe what is every day seen, to narrate events constantly recurring, seems, at first, the most natural and ready of talents. Who can find difficulty in telling what he has just heard, or describing what he has just seen? Yet, who, if he has ever attempted it himself, or listened to a witness in the hall of justice, or attempted to obtain a just account of other persons and events, has failed to perceive how very difficult it is to be, at once, accurate and concise—to be true and graphic? In truth, the faculty of narrating and describing justly, is one of the rarest and most difficult of human attainments. It gives an inestimable value, when possessed, to the page of the historian, and a glow which no coloring can impart, to the portraits of the poet and the moralist. What more than this, gave a charm to the writings of Xenophon and Tacitus, Addison and Shakspeare? Not that we can personally verify the accuracy of the historian of men and manners; but, that such is the detail of circumstances, the probability of narration, the portraiture of human nature, every where the same, that we cannot doubt the fidelity of the likeness, or hesitate to believe that such things, if they have not, *might* have existed. Rare as is this talent, it is peculiarly so in the United States. We have excellent writers upon divinity, politics, and law; a few poets, some novelists, and many story-tellers. But where is there an historian, a biographer, a satirist, a describer of manners, who has been able to fix public attention, and communicate a picture of the times to other generations? Antiquity has not, indeed, made the history of our country interesting by its obscurity, or cast its gray mists over its yet vivid and glorious story; nor have its heroes or statesmen been magnified into more than human proportions; or its manners been corrupted into such deformity of vice, that any dauber in colors, a modern Juvenal, can draw its

hideous features. Yet there have been enacted some scenes in this young and green land, which, one would have thought, would have inspired genius, and been recorded in all its true and graceful lines. There have been some men whose lives and characters would have formed a study for a moral Canova; there are peculiarities of manners in every quarter of the country, enough to have moved the pens of many an Addison. One, indeed, seizing the opportunity, has exhibited in the grace of his satire, and the richness of his humor, a splendor of result, which only rich and abundant materials could produce. Nor was it merely the talent of the writer; for when transferred to *foreign* objects, how diminished his fire, how feeble his wit!

These observations have been excited by a perusal of Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches. This little book has, as she would say, *no pretensions*. It makes no display of the wild and terrible—a second Alroy; nor even describes the enviable adventures of a highwayman, or a dandy, such as Mr. Bulwer kindly furnishes us; but speaks to us in a quiet, pleasant way, a little satirical, perhaps, of things and events, we have all seen in our own charming land, and about our own dear homes. It is a part of our lives, recorded by one of the actors, and criticised by conscience in that little court, which it holds in every heart. Now this is just the sort of narrative writing we want. This is an age of *realities*, and we need a portrait of the 'living manners as they rise.' To do this, we have already remarked, is not easy, and Miss Leslie is the better qualified for the task, for the reason that she has not a particle of *creative talent*. Her talents are those of *observation* and *description*. Had she a vivid creating imagination, she would throw its rich coloring, beautiful, but certainly inaccurate, over pictures, which are valuable only for their similitude to the reality.

The everyday domestic scenes of American life have never been drawn, probably because they were supposed to want that *spice*, and that glare, which distance, and antiquity, and fashion throw around even the worst forms of vice, and voluptuousness. We may be grateful that there is so little of the striking, and marvellous, and antique, about the life, and manners, and habits of our yet uncorrupted society. Miss Sedgwick has, however, given an interest to the social scenery of America, and Miss Leslie is now adding to the stock, and pointing the way to future genius.

Of these Sketches, the most accurate are, 'Sociable Visiting,' 'Country Lodgings,' 'Pic Nic Parties,' and 'Mrs. Washington Potts;' but all are well told.

*Sociable* visiting is doubtless a most charming and excellent

thing among intimate friends; but among mere acquaintances, we apprehend, however hospitable the visited may be, that it seldom *takes* well without some previous intimation. Such is the pride of American housewives to appear well, and such is the common difficulty on account of *help*, that a *visitation*, without notice, rarely fails of mortifying one of the parties. To illustrate this, is the object of Miss Leslie's sketch, and it is done to admiration, in the adventures which befall a certain young lady, in her attempts to accept the invitation of her friends, to 'visit them sociably.'

'Country Lodgings' has some *vraisemblance*, but is rather a caricature. The author has, doubtless, seen something like it; but we can say from experience, that country lodgings are generally better than she represents them. It must be recollected, however, that the lodgings she describes, are those in the immediate neighborhood of a large city, where some poverty-stricken adventurers set up their sign of 'boarding and lodgings,' to catch the money of the rich citizen. Of them, she has probably given an accurate account.

'Pic Nic Parties' are famous things 'down east,' and not unknown in the 'wild west.' They generally begin and end as Miss Leslie describes them, with obstreperous joy—when we set out, that we are going *to be* so happy, and equal raptures on our return, that we have *escaped so well*. The truth is, jaunting and travelling with one's own horse, and carriage, and pleasant little wife, through a well ordered country, is a comfortable thing. It is refreshing to the spirits, healthy to the body, and good to the soul. But if you add to this the wives, children, and baggage of all your neighbors; guns, nets, and tackle; dogs, cats, and monkeys, you make it the labor of Hercules, a thing horrible either to be endured or related.

Of 'Mrs. Washington Potts,' so much has been said, that nothing need be added. We will say, however, that though a prize tale, and quite good, it is by no means the best in the volume.

Miss Leslie has, in these Sketches, began a career well worthy to be followed by herself, and others, on a more extended and ambitious scale. Our country presents, in its domestic manners and natural scenery, all that a writer of the narrative and dramatic can desire, to make the subject of his efforts, or the permanent monument of his fame. What have Greece and Rome, thousands of years gone by, or modern Europe, thousands of miles over the Atlantic, to do with the literature of a young and vigorous nation, in a new continent, under a new system, and in peculiar times?



## AMERICAN SEAMEN.

I WAS pleased with the admission in Tom Cringle's Log—which, by the way, is an excellent work of its kind,—that the English tars, though they beat all the rest of the world, have found a match in 'the d——d Yankees;' and as this respectful term is applied by John Bull to all Americans, we need not get up our western backs about it, though, in truth, few of our brethren probably float upon the big waters. I have never been able to come to a very satisfactory conclusion as to the peculiarities of sailors; nor do I know any good reason, why the Dutch, English, and Americans, make the best mariners, unless it be, that they are descended from the Northmen, who were, in the olden time, most notable pirates and cut-throats.

A sailor differs as much from a landsman, in mind and morals, as a fish from a quadruped. He has no idea of economy or worldly wisdom, and precious little care for any moment, but the present; open, frank, and careless, he follows impulse and inclination with a strange recklessness of consequences; he is ready to share his last dollar with a friend, will risk his life for a stranger, and throw it away, to be revenged on a foe. He deals not with your 'sirs,' and your 'mistress;' it's 'how are ye, my hearty?' He cares little for religion, and less for morality. With much of the chivalry and generosity of the olden time, he has all its grossness. His life at sea, is made up of hard bodily work, and on shore of mere bodily enjoyment. His mind is troubled with no speculations as to how he shall support his family, for it is not often he has one; he is content to 'haul taut and belay;' to eat his salt pork, drink his grog, smoke his pipe; and when he comes ashore, spree it till his pocket is empty, and then ship again for a new cruise. He knows pain, want, fatigue, suffering—but *care* he never knows. He lives—I am sorry to say it,—a degraded, sensual being; and dies—and is followed to the grave by half a dozen fellow tars of six months' acquaintance, and his last sweetheart—and in a month, is forgotten by all but his creditors.

Much has been done to improve the character of seamen; much to cultivate the peculiar excellencies of their temper, and make them more like men and christians. The reverend Mr. Taylor, settled, I believe, in Boston, has been very active in this good work. He was once a sailor, himself; he knows their wants; he knows how to address them; he is liberal, honest, and powerful; and I am told his influence upon

the character of the mariners of that port, is already visible. I once heard him preach to them; he represented us as on board a ship in a tempest; with really wonderful power, he painted the coming on of the storm—the sky is hid; the ocean awakes; all is made fast; but the tempest becomes every moment more violent; the sails are torn from the yards; the masts are cut away; the ship settles down, as the waves break over her; ‘and now,’ he said, in that low, calm, distinct tone, that goes more home to the soul, than any other, ‘now, my friends, that our canvass is gone; not a spar left for a jury-mast, and the leak gaining upon us, what shall we do? Hark! Do you not hear the waters, as they rush in below? Do you not see her settle by the head? Do you not feel her tremble?’ And now he leaned forward, and gradually raised his voice, till it seemed almost to bespeak agony; ‘a moment more, fellow sailors, and this good ship of ours will sink into the deep; a moment more, and we, that have laughed, and sung, and made merry within the hour, will be struggling with the eternal waves; but we shall swim and struggle in vain; we must die, we must die if there be no help at hand; and is there none? is there no way, no way of escape? Save yourselves, save yourselves if you can.’ It was enough—I saw twenty arms thrown up, as if to catch at a rope, and an old gray-headed sinner, by my side, hung onto the banisters, and trembled more by half, than he would have done, had he been indeed wrecked. After a moment’s pause, in a low distinct tone, the preacher continued: ‘yes, fellow mariners, you may be saved; you may escape; there is a life-boat at hand; seize upon it, in the name of God, seize upon it, and make it yours, and live—that life-boat is Jesus Christ.’

But all this is foreign to the purpose I had in view, when I began this very erudite paper; which was, to illustrate the fearlessness which we claim for American seamen, by an anecdote or two.

Their skill and courage in the way of their profession is acknowledged by all. A few years since, when crossing the Atlantic in a British ship, we one morning espied a vessel to windward. It was blowing hard; we were running under reefed topsails. When the captain had taken a look at the ship in sight, through his glass, he turned to me with a sneer, and said, he’d wager a hat that was a Yankee, ‘for he was carrying sail as though he had a mind to part with his rigging, or run hull under;’ and before noon we found it was, in truth, an American. The same captain told me he believed the Yankee skippers were either wizards or devils; ‘for,’ said he, ‘they

run about among the West India banks and shoals, taking the sun's height, with a bit of shingle, and *guessing* at their headway by throwing a chip over the bow, and seeing how long it takes to get astern, yet they never touch; while we, for all our quadrants and logs, stick fast every other time we try the passage.' And this is their character, the world over—that of skilful and bold navigators.

But in other respects they show a degree of courage, that we find in no other nation, unless it be the English. A friend of mine, master of a small Baltimore schooner, arrived some few years since, at Manilla, in the East Indies, at a time when a British ship was lying there whose crew had rebelled. The mutineers having forced their officers on shore, proceeded to assume the command of all the other vessels in port, by going on board of them, and obliging the masters to *treat* them to whatever they saw fit to ask for. The morning after the schooner arrived, the captain being on shore, four men from the British ship rowed over to lunch on board the American. The mate, who was on deck, was surprised at the demand made upon him to furnish grog *instantly*, and bidding them wait a moment, went below and got his pistols. When he came up again, he very quietly told them, to trundle back into their boat without delay; this they refused to do, and showed fight, until the mate pitched one of them over the bulwarks, into the sea, which induced them to sound a retreat, finding they had caught a Tartar. When the captain came back, and was made acquainted with this invasion, he went at once on shore again, and obtained a written permit from the British commander, and the public authorities, to bring these mutineers to order. He then mustered all his men, armed them, took a cat-o'-nine-tails, and rowed to the English ship. The sailors were carousing in the cabin. The American, pistol in hand, took his station by the companion-way, and called upon the rebels to come up one by one. The first one that came forth, was a man of great strength and brutal courage; he came as a champion, and at once made a set-to at the American captain, who was quite small and slight; but a well aimed blow with the pistol-but, brought him senseless to the deck, and for a time, he was thrown aside. Those below, concluded this was no joke, and after some consultation, determined to face up, and take what the Yankees chose to give them. So one by one they came forth; one by one they were seized up to the mast, and with the American flag flying over their heads, and, I believe, a drummer beating Yankee-doodle, took fifty lashes a piece on their bare backs. The next day the

captain came on board, and took command again, and the islanders acquired a great respect for the stars and stripes; holding that the latter were not assumed by the Americans without reason.

There was a story appeared some years since, in one of the eastern papers, illustrative of the determination of a seaman, with whom the narrator was sailing, which I do not think ever came westward. The story, as told, was somewhat fictional, I think, as I have reason to believe I know the person, and the facts. They were these. Captain N. who is a man of great energy and presence of mind, strict with his sailors, and just also, arrived off Buenos Ayres, or rather the river La Plata, when blockaded by the Brazilians. His object was to run the gauntlet; but the enemy were too sharp-sighted for him, and toward evening, he was hailed by a man-of-war, and ordered to come to; which he accordingly did. He knew that a boat would be sent to board him, and he knew, moreover, that his papers would send him into a Brazilian port, to nap for a time, and he acted accordingly. His men were at their posts, for he had not come to an anchor, but was standing off and on; and bidding them, through his mate—for he never spoke to a sailor himself—be ready to about ship in an instant, he went aft, and took the helm into his own hands. It was now quite dark, and the man-of-war was scarce visible. Presently the armed boat, filled with men, was seen to leeward; the American stood on, and tacked, as for the purpose of meeting her; but when the Brazilians expected the vessel to come up into the wind, that they might board her, they heard the cry to ‘let all run;’ the helm was put hard up, and in an instant, the bow of the ship was upon their broadside; before they could strike an oar, or mutter a prayer, the dark hull passed over them, pressing down boat and crew into the boiling waters. The American then stood off to sea again; the captain gave the wheel to the seaman whose watch it was, and went below to his quiet slumbers. I will not justify such an act, but the spirit that prompted it, might have done nobly in a noble cause.

This same commander, coming once from the east, was pursued by a pirate schooner, who fast gained upon him. In this predicament, he hoisted the British ensign, tied all the old clothes he could muster, in the rigging, about ship, and after the pirate with all sail set. The schooner took him for an English cruiser, and made tracks at once.

I might relate a dozen stories of the same sort; stories that prove us to possess the material for the best navy in the world;



and we may, if we but choose, have it. Our flag is respected now by all nations; but if disunion takes place, and civil war, what will become of our navy, our flag, and our national character? They will go to Davy Jones' locker. N. S.

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#### WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN LAW.

WRITTEN or *statute law* comprises not only the constitution of the state, and all the acts of the state legislature; but also, the constitution of the United States, and all the acts of congress. Unlike other governments, we have two legislatures, to the acts of which we owe allegiance; two immense factories, I might say, in which laws are fabricated in vast quantities, and sent off to the courts to be administered. For nothing can exceed our legislative productiveness. Our workmen in this department, seem determined to earn their wages, and they keep making laws, whether we need them or not. Excessive legislation is the greatest political evil under which we labor. If no new subject offers itself, the laws already made, must be taken to pieces and repaired, with additions and alterations. The idea seems to be, that laws, like governments, become the worse for the wear; and that novelty and variety should be the aim of the manufacturers. Now it would be more correct to compare laws to wine, which improves by age. Certainty and stability are qualities essential to a good system of laws; but these can never be realized, where every important statute, by the time it becomes well understood, and its construction settled, is made to give place to a new one, differing just enough from the old, to render the learning connected with it useless. These remarks apply with especial force to the legislation of Ohio, in which nothing has been constant but change. Our whole body of statute law has been revised four or five times in the short period of thirty years, to say nothing of the alterations made in certain portions every year. I know not whether this constant fluctuation is to be ascribed to a love of originality, or to a restless ambition, in our legislators, or to some other equally exalted motive; but it requires no sagacity to perceive that however it may suit the purposes of the legislators for the time being, the consequences must be extensively deleterious to the interests of the public at large. I am almost inclined to believe that it would be a blessing to the state, if, except upon some particular emergency, or for some local purpose, we could not have another law made for the next ten years. But this cannot be. As things are now

organized, every successive assembly will turn out its volume of enactments, rich with the spoils of extensive innovation; thus rendering it exceedingly difficult for lawyers, and quite impossible for other classes of men, to be familiar with the written laws of the land.

*Unwritten or common law* embraces the decisions of the English courts, from the earliest times, down to the period of our revolution, and of all the American courts since that period. We call this law unwritten, because there is no existing record of its enactment. The theory sometimes put forth, is, that its principles must have been once enacted by the proper authority, but that the record of such enactment has been lost by length of time. This, however, is mere theory. The fact is, that the common law has been made by the successive judges, and the only record ever made of it, is to be sought in the reports of their decisions. The whole mass is the result of *judicial legislation*. To explain the process of its formation, I will suppose that a question arose in the time of Alfred, for example, concerning which the written laws contained no provision. In this case, what was the judge to do? He must either dismiss the matter at once, and so let an injury go unredressed, or else he must make a law to meet the case. Expediency manifestly pointed to the latter. The judge accordingly made up an opinion upon the best lights he had. If an analogous case had been decided, he would be guided by the principles there settled, so far as they would apply; and for the rest, he would consult public policy, and the abstract principles of right and wrong. In this way, every adjudication of the common law is made. And each adjudication thus made, becomes a precedent for all subsequent cases involving the same facts. Thus it may happen, that the rights of an individual, at this day, will be concluded by principles discussed and settled five hundred years ago. For if a question now arises, concerning which the statute law is silent, we at once have recourse to the reports. If the reports of our own state have no case in point, we consult those of other states. If we can find nothing in any of the American reports to settle the question, we have recourse to the English reports, and we search back to the earliest times. The English decisions prior to the revolution, are of as much authority as our own; for to that part of the common law, we succeeded by the revolution. And even to those subsequent to this event, we are in the habit of referring with great confidence, on account of the exalted reputation of English judges for profound wisdom and learning.

Such is the vast extent of surface over which the common

law is diffused. Compared with it, the statute law is a mere primer. Already the reports which a lawyer of high pretensions may have occasion to consult, amount to a thousand volumes; and the number is rapidly increasing every year. No wonder, then, that twenty years have been fixed upon, by common consent, as the shortest period within which the most devoted student can become a thorough lawyer. With the results of legislation, excessive and fluctuating though it be, he may soon become familiar. But this, I repeat, forms but a mere fraction of the whole body of law. Indeed, were we to take all the cases in all the books, which were new when they were decided, and for which, consequently, the judges made the law, and place them by the side of all the enactments made by all the legislatures where the common law has prevailed, the excess of the former over the latter, would, at first view, be astounding. For until the fact becomes incontrovertibly evident, we are hardly willing to believe that judges have been our chief legislators. This certainly is not the theory of our government. We profess to choose one set of men to make, another to interpret, and a third to execute our laws. And in what I have said, I had reference rather to what has been the fact, in past times, than to the state of things at present. For it is very evident that the field of judicial discretion under the common law, must have been constantly diminishing, down to the present moment, and must as constantly continue to diminish hereafter. Because, just in proportion as precedents are multiplied, the number of unprecedented cases is diminished; and consequently the occasions when judges are called upon to make the law, must every year become less and less frequent. Still they occur even now, and in this country, so fruitful in legislation, with sufficient frequency to justify the assertion, that the rights of our citizens, particularly such as relate to property, are greatly dependent upon the discretion of our judges. It is well, perhaps, that none but lawyers can be fully aware of the extent of this dependence. Otherwise, the cheerful acquiescence of the people of this country, in judicial decisions, which is so highly honorable to their character, might not be as universal as it now is.

It has been maintained by many able men, that a *perfect code of written laws* might be framed, so as to render a resort to the common law, entirely unnecessary. I am not so sanguine as to believe this. I should fear to have the common law abolished altogether; for in the endless relations, diversities, and ramifications of property, I am persuaded that no code, however faithfully elaborated, could provide for all the questions which should

arise. Where is the set of men, to whom it would be safe to commit the high trust of providing a substitute for the wisdom, the caution, the deep research, of all the judges who have adorned the bench? No; I would not annihilate the common law; but I would innovate upon it with an unsparing hand. Let it stand to determine questions not provided for by legislative enactments. Until man is perfect, a perfect code is an unattainable thing. But all codes will go on improving with the progress of improvement in all other things; and precisely in the same proportion, the common law will become less essential to our well-being.

Let it be borne in mind, that, from the nature of judicial proceedings, every principle of the common law must have been subjected to the severest possible scrutiny. Statute laws may be passed without much examination; but legal adjudications must be made upon a cautious survey of all the bearings. The issue is made up by contending parties. Interest, the most powerful of all motives, prompts each to contest the point with strenuous pertinacity. The ablest counsel are employed and put against each other. Authorities are cited, analogies urged, reasons adduced, on both sides. The whole universe of argument is explored, and all the magazines of logic are exhausted. Thus, when the judge makes up his opinion, he does it with all the conceivable means of coming to a correct conclusion. His judgment must be miserably obtuse or perverted, if his decision be not absolutely right. But should he, from being unqualified or corrupt, sanction an erroneous principle, in most cases his decision can be reviewed in a higher court, for which provision is made in all judiciary systems. And finally, should the highest court in any jurisdiction, from any cause whatever, give its sanction to a wrong principle, let it be remembered that this decision is liable to be reviewed in all the courts of common law throughout the world; in some one of which, its incorrectness must be detected and exposed. When such are the safeguards thrown around all the principles of the common law, the dangers to be apprehended from its existence, dwindle almost into insignificance. But this is not all. We have legislatures in session every year, to correct whatever is objectionable, and to provide for all deficiencies in the existing laws. Their power is transcendent over all common law decisions. And whenever an evil in the common law requires correction, whenever public policy requires a change in the principles or modes of proceeding in these courts, the remedy can be applied at once. And there is one important particular in which a legislative enactment has altogether the advantage of a judicial decision. When



a legislature establishes a new principle, it can make its operation commence from a future time, so as not to interfere with vested rights. But when a court establishes a new principle, it operates immediately, not only in the case before the court, but in all similar existing cases which can be brought before the same court. The community is taken by surprise. No warning is given them to prepare for a change. Such a law, therefore, is essentially *retroactive* in its operation. And for this reason, all great changes must be effected by the legislature. In fact, judges would be going beyond their appropriate sphere, who should undertake to introduce important changes. There is a manifest difference between making a decision in an entirely new case, and overruling an existing decision. To the former, judicial discretion is adapted, but not to the latter. Judges can properly settle new principles for new cases, but not for old cases.

Still the question arises, what security have we that judges will adhere to precedents, where precedents exist? Do they not feel themselves at liberty, for reasons which appear to them sufficient, to overrule prior decisions, not only of other courts, but of their own court? Certainly they do. The cases of decisions overruled, would fill volumes. We find them in our own courts, and in all other courts. But they are the exceptions, and not the rule. The rule is, that judges are bound by precedent. From this rule they depart in strong cases. The expediency of such occasional departures will appear manifest, if we reflect how the common law has become what it is. Its foundation was laid in a barbarous age. Many of its principles, which were suited to the times when they were settled, are totally unsuited to the present times. Yet, unless some latitude were allowed to judicial discretion, these principles, however at variance with the spirit of our institutions, would of necessity, be binding, supposing the legislature not to have declared the contrary. Here then we have a choice of evils. Shall our judges be bound as with an iron chain, to the strict letter of precedent, in all cases; and thus inevitably entail upon us the errors and abuses of past times? or shall they be allowed to exercise their discretion, and thus expose us to the risk of having that discretion sometimes abused? The latter alternative has been universally adopted; and the instances of a perversion, or abuse of judicial discretion, are exceedingly rare. One of the parties, when a precedent has been overruled, will of course be disappointed, and will complain; but hardly an overruling case can be found in the books, in which, disinterested persons would not unanimously agree, that the princi-

ple substituted is better than that overruled. In this respect, the purity of the ermine has been wonderfully preserved. If all other public functionaries had been as honest and upright as the oracles of the law, human nature would have abundant cause for exultation. In fact, we have manifold and abundant security for judicial fidelity and integrity. The person who is injured, cannot, it is true, maintain an action for damages, against a judge, for an erroneous decision; because if this were allowed, no man would take the office. But on the other hand, we have the judge's official oath, which binds his conscience to the final Judge of all. We have his liability to impeachment for every species of official misconduct, which binds him to good behavior by all the motives which connect themselves with his attachment to his office, and his sense of reputation. And, finally, we have that peculiar responsibility to the great tribunal of public opinion, which grows out of the ever present conviction of a judge, that his decisions are liable to be sifted and scrutinized by all the lawyers and judges of a hundred other courts, and criticised by the lynx-eyed sagacity of a host of commentators. Every judge knows and feels that his decisions are to be public property; and for this reason, he feels more strictly accountable to public opinion, than any other public officer. On the whole, then, our judiciary system in this respect, seems to be as little exceptionable, as we could hope to make it.

This power of judges to make the law for new cases not otherwise provided for, is confined entirely to *civil* matters. In *criminal* cases, it does not exist. At least, such is the fact in Ohio. In this respect, we have gone further, perhaps, than any other people. We recognize *no part of the common law in regard to crimes*. No citizen of this state can be punished for a crime which is not expressly defined in our statute book. The importance of this principle, as one of the great safeguards of personal rights, can hardly be appreciated, unless we advert to one of the universal maxims in the administration of justice, namely, that ignorance of the law forms no excuse. The absolute necessity of this maxim is perceived at once; for if you allow the offender to plead ignorance, how few criminals could be convicted. In most cases it would be impossible to prove that the culprit knew the law he was violating; and yet this burthen, being the affirmative, would fall upon the prosecutor. The consequence would be, that the majority of villains would escape. Accordingly, criminal tribunals proceed upon the ground that every man is acquainted with the criminal laws to which he is amenable. Now, where all these laws are com-

prised, as in Ohio, on a few pages of the statute book, this presumption is as reasonable as it is necessary. Every citizen may, in a few hours, acquaint himself with every crime which can be committed, and if he fails to do this, it is his own fault. But where the criminal part of the common law prevails, as it does in England, and in many of the states, this maxim, though equally necessary, becomes in the last decree cruel. To presume that men in general, can be acquainted with the results of the adjudications of a thousand years, is, to presume a moral impossibility; for even the most acute lawyer is often left in doubt, after the most laborious examination, as to what this common law really is. This can never be the case with us. And although, by thus abolishing this portion of the common law, we may have many acts committed which cannot be punished, however much they deserve it, because we have no express provision for the case; yet this evil is not to be named in connection with the good of having all crimes defined by our legislature, with the utmost certainty and precision. Others may grope about among obscure records, and rake up from oblivion, forgotten decisions, to find a precedent for sacrificing an individual, when particular circumstances excite vindictive feelings; but, thanks to the doctrine adopted in Ohio, this can never be done here. Judges and prosecutors are tied down to the strict letter of the statute, when the life or liberty of a citizen is in question; although, as we have seen, in civil matters between man and man, we adopt the common law in its fullest extent, and open wide the door to judicial legislation.

W.

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FELLENBERG.

## NO. II.

IN our last article upon the school at Hofwyl, we mentioned that the founder considered the mind and body so intimately connected, that the latter could not suffer without unfitting the former for its duties. In accordance with this view, he not only does all in his power to preserve the health of his pupils, but, believing that much that is generally looked upon as mental, is, in truth, physical disease, he applies physical remedies, where others would attempt to influence the mind. For instance, if a boy be lazy, peevish, or ill-tempered, in place of punishment, or confinement, he gives him a cold bath, or puts a spade in his hand, and carries him to the garden; and only

attempts to influence him by reward or its opposite, when experience has shown the evil to result from bad habits or obstinacy, and not from debility and disease. This view of the matter, is undoubtedly the true one, and deserves to be considered, not only by those having the care of youth, but by all parents, and indeed, all persons. There are hundreds in the world, who suffer themselves, and make all around them suffer, from petulance and selfishness, which might be easily got rid of by attention to their health; for the stomach has a vast influence upon the temper, as most know by experience.

But the great excellence of Fellenberg's system, is, the attention bestowed upon *moral education*. He considers, and we think with reason, that the training of the body and the mind, is subservient to that of the character. The net produce of all knowledge, in his view, is its influence in fashioning the character.

The great principle of his system of moral education, is, to act upon his pupils, as much as possible, in the manner that God acts upon men. This, he considers the true principle for parents to act upon, and therefore, considers his a *parental* system.

He accordingly, in the *first* place, surrounds his boys by a moral atmosphere, so to speak, suited to their strength; one that will oblige them to resist temptation, and exercise their judgment and will, without leading them into vice, or shaking their principles. In the *second* place, he makes this influence, as far as possible, continual. And in the *third* place, he seeks to make reward or punishment the certain, but consequential result of good or bad acts, and not a direct and arbitrary result. We shall proceed to point out the mode in which he produces, or attempts to produce, these three things.

And *first*, in order to surround his pupils with the moral influence which he thinks suitable to them, he rejects, or if once admitted, turns away again, all children whose characters or habits are radically bad; for though he would wish them to be reformed, he feels it to be unwise to introduce them into a community which they will perhaps corrupt, without being cured themselves. Such children should be sent to a house of correction, intended to reform the vicious, not to a school which is fitted only to lead into the right way, minds as yet without fixed habits, and to preserve them in it. Such a house of correction he has himself instituted, of which, at some future time, we may give an account.

Another part of his plan, calculated with reference to this moral influence, is this; he divides his assistants into educators



and instructors, the latter of which have no connection with the pupils, save as mere teachers in the various branches of knowledge; whereas, the former are with them continually, and are chosen with reference, not to their acquirements, but to their temper, their manners, and capability of influencing and interesting children. Fellenberg wishes these educators to be the companions and confidants of his pupils; he relies upon their patience to bear with childish faults; upon their perseverance to repeat again, and again, and again, the precepts and rules which the children are to obey; anger, or punishment bestowed in anger, he wishes to be studiously avoided, as having the very worst influence upon the young mind. The educators are to acquire the confidence of the pupils, so that when the reason of an order cannot be explained, the child may be willing to act in the faith that it is for his good, because given by one that seeks only his good, and understands it.

The *second* point of which we spoke, the continual presence of the due moral influence, he brings about principally, by the continual connection between the pupils and educators; they are together through the day, and sleep in the same apartment. Another mode made use of to produce the same end, is, to admit but few pupils at a time, into his little community, so that the new-comer finds himself surrounded by those whose habits and modes of thought are fixed; and an influence, imperceptible, but yet powerful, is upon him, every day, and hour, and moment.

The *third* point, in which Fellenberg attempts to follow the course of Providence, is, in his systems of rewards and punishments. Every educator of youth has two classes of faults to punish; those that are faults in any one, such as lying, stealing, bad temper, etc. and those that are faults, only because they are made so by the rules which are imposed by him upon his scholars. At Hofwyl the plan is to correct those of the first class rather by their natural consequences, than by any punishment peculiar to that institution; if a boy, for instance, steals, or lies, he is left to suffer the distrust and scorn, produced by such an action, in all around him, and as he soon learns that this is a natural and inevitable consequence of his act, and as it is a most disagreeable one, he feels at once, that for his own comfort, he must act otherwise in future; whereas, had he been whipped for this fault, his fellows would have felt a degree of sympathy for him as a sufferer; in his own mind would have been generated the sentiment of fear, or even hate, rather than love, toward his instructor; and not perceiving any natural connection between the fault and the punishment,

he would afterward attempt rather to conceal a like offence from the person having the power to punish, than to cure the disposition. 'I am whipped because I speak an untruth,' he says; 'but when I leave school there will be no one to whip me.' But on Fellenberg's plan, he feels that the consequence of his fault is certain, whether at school, or at home, or among strangers; and that there is no way but to reform.

Corporal punishment is sometimes resorted to, but only in desperate cases, and then, sometime after the offence is committed, so that all appearance of anger or revenge, on the part of the educator, may be prevented; and when inflicted, the child is told that he is pained in order to enable him, when next tempted to commit the fault, to remember how wrong it is, and thus induce him to resist the tempter; and so efficient has this system proved, that in many instances children have come forward, and confessed their wrong-doing, and requested punishment that they might be induced to do better the next time.

On the same principle, if a boy be bad tempered, the dislike which is sure to follow his anger or petulance, is found sufficient in most cases, to effect a cure. And wherever a child is sensible of his fault, and attempts to cure himself, the instructor or educator, is to assist and encourage him, and not blame or correct him, because he does not at once throw off an evil habit of perhaps long standing. In some instances, habits become formed which the pupil finds it impossible to break through. In such a case, Fellenberg attempts to render the commission of the fault impossible. For instance, he places those who are inclined to turn continually from their work to mere conversation, under a threshing-floor, where they cannot converse if they would.

With respect to the arbitrary rules of the school, he is of course obliged to punish their infraction arbitrarily, also; but he always inflicts the pain when the fault is committed, without regard to promises of amendment, or former good behavior; so as to leave no inducement to commit the fault, under the impression of escaping its consequence.

With regard to rewards, he pursues the same plan; he gives no direct rewards, no medals nor prizes. If the boy does well, the confidence of his fellows and his superiors, he is taught to consider a sufficient recompense. The only symbol of approbation, he gives his pupils, is his esteem; the only praise he bestows, is the assurance that they have done right.

The result of Fellenberg's system, as those that have visited the institution, say, is, that the children regard him as a father,

and the school as a home. They learn to love application, and love those that instruct them; for, toward them, the chief thing shown, is love; and it is human nature to return affection with its like. The great difficulty in education generally, is, to make the pupil believe and feel that he is loved; that the treatment he experiences is for his good; and that he must co-operate with his teacher, if he wishes to be happy. To make him believe this, requires an educator of rather remarkable powers; and such educators we cannot expect to have in this country, while so little attention is paid to the moral qualities of those to whom is confided the care of the young. There are but few *parents* even, who are aware of the true mode of bringing up their children; few, who can so temper decision with love, as to exact from them obedience, and yet retain their full confidence and affection.

In that part of moral education which concerns the relation between man and his Maker, in other words, in religious education, Fellenberg takes great pains to present the Deity in the character of a Father. This, we have heard objected to, as being a partial view of the matter, and therefore, one that ought not to be presented to children. God, it is said, is just, as well as merciful. This objection is valid, provided the child's idea of a father, is of a person all indulgence; but otherwise, it amounts to nothing. If the child is first made acquainted with the parental character, as it should be, God may be represented to him as a parent; for, in truth, the standard to which the parent should refer as a guide, is that character of the Deity, revealed to us by his word and works. Himself a firm believer in the truth of christianity, he instils into his pupils the precepts of the bible, showing, as he goes, their correspondence with the precepts of natural morality; and establishing in early life, a perception of the analogy between natural and revealed religion. In this respect also, we think he has improved upon the common practice, which is, to give the scripture to children as a task, before they can understand either its object or importance, thereby creating a distaste to it in after life. His plan of interesting his pupils early in the study of nature, and of leading them to see in every thing, proofs of a Deity, we think also worthy of imitation. He teaches no sectarian doctrines, and does not attempt to influence his pupils on matters of faith, respecting which they can have no ideas; he thinks it useless to accustom them to repeat phrases, of which they do not understand, in any degree, the meaning; such points he leaves for after life, and their own parents, or clergymen chosen by their parents.



To prevent the necessity of reward and punishment, Fellenberg finds continual employment the best assistant. Industry, he says—and all acknowledge the truth of his observation,—is the great moraliser of the world. For the purpose of affording this continued employment to his pupils, he allows no one occupation to go on so long as to produce weariness, and distaste to it. From one kind of study he turns to another; from study to exercise; from exercise to quiet enjoyment, such as is afforded by music; and from this, back again to study. By this continual change, he prevents any employment from tiring. Every literary man knows, if he has tried it, the advantage of such a plan. The mind, or more probably, the organ of the mind—the brain—becomes fatigued, not generally, but in part; after a close attention to music or painting, mathematics afford amusement, and *vice versa*. After study, exercise is pleasant; and after exercise, we go to our mental work again with new zest.

To make bodily exercise pleasant, and prevent it from being a mere task, Fellenberg encourages not only the usual sports of boys, with whom exertion is an instinct, but he also gives them gardens to cultivate, and acquaints them with the use of mechanical instruments, in which every child finds much pleasure. He also takes them upon pedestrian tours through the magnificent country in the midst of which his school is situated.

That Fellenberg's views of education are not mere theoretical crudities, the success of his own establishment has proved. Hundreds of travellers have visited it, and from personal observation, say that so well regulated a collection of boys, they have never seen. Commissioners also have been appointed, who have investigated all points connected with the institution, and they have made reports to the same effect. All that we have stated respecting Hofwyl, is taken from a series of letters published in the American Annals of Education. These letters were written from Hofwyl, by a visitor, and are entitled to full credence.

In this country, no institution has yet gone into operation, based entirely upon the system of Fellenberg. In 1823, Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, both of whom had, we believe, visited Hofwyl, established a school at Northampton, Massachusetts, which, in some respects, resembled the Swiss school, but differed from it in many important particulars. At first, this Round Hill school—as it was called from its situation upon a hill of that name—was eminently successful; and, though the price of instruction was high for New England, there were always more applications than were desirable. Within a few



years, however, this school has lost much of its reputation, and many of its scholars.

It resembled Hofwyl, in the disuse of corporal punishment on common occasions; in the adoption of a system of physical education; in the great variety of occupation provided for the scholars; and in the general plan for the improvement of the intellect. The points of difference were, that there was no regular agricultural employment provided; all exercise was in the way of amusement. But the connection of regular labor with regular study, we think to be one of the best parts of Fellenberg's institution; and we are glad to perceive that the opinion is spreading in this country, that a boy may be fitted at the same time for a ploughman, and a citizen; for in our land, every citizen, to do his duty, must be a man of no little information. Another defect in the Round Hill school, was, that the scholar was taken twice a year from the hands of the teacher. This, Fellenberg does not allow. He wishes the child, when once given to him, to remain with him, lest in three weeks, the work of six months be undone—as it may be. A third mistake made by Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, was, to admit too many scholars at once; in consequence of which, they lost that powerful influence which is exerted upon a child by those among whom he comes. A fourth, was, having too many scholars for the number of educators. A fifth error, or rather difficulty, and it was the great one, was, the want of suitable educators. In consequence of this want, the scholars were left to themselves when playing—in their rooms, and often, in school. Owing to these causes, particularly the three last-mentioned, that continual supervision of a friend and superior, which forms one of the most marked features in Fellenberg's system, was wanting at Round Hill; and, we believe, caused the change of public opinion, by disappointing public expectation. However, deficient as it was, we still think it one of the best schools we have ever known.

Since its establishment, many others on the same plan have gone into operation with greater advantages; they have profited by the experience of their predecessor; and as the system has taken root in America, we hope to see it extend rapidly; when it does so, let not those that benefit by it, be forgetful of the patriotic individuals who first introduced it among us. They did it for the country's good, and at their own risk; and as it has proved, we fear, with great loss to themselves.

The difficulty experienced at Round Hill, of finding educators—not instructors—will always be experienced, until men are more respected and better paid for school-keeping, and an

institution is started for the preparation of teachers. On this point we might say something, did not time forbid.

For the details of Hofwyl, we would refer to the letters from which, as we said before, this very imperfect abstract has been made.

P.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

‘I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the *great anniversary festival*. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to the Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomps, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time for ever.’—*John Adams’ Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.*

SUCH was the prophetic and ardent language of one of the patriots, before the declaration of independence was publicly announced, and when his mind was yet glowing from the great debate, of which he had been confessedly the leader. During the memorable months of May and June, ’76, as a defender of American independence, in the opinion of the illustrious author of the declaration himself, Mr. Adams had no equal upon the floor of congress. For a deep and passionate sense of the wrongs of his country; for solidity and extent of political wisdom; for true independence of mind, genuine honesty of purpose, and a strength-inspiring eloquence, he was the Marcellus of the house. It is true that we do not owe the act of independence to him alone. He was upheld by a thousand powerful minds; by the voice of his country; by the spirit of liberty which breathed every where. He became the leading defender of that memorable act, because he concentrated that spirit, and spoke that voice. He thoroughly comprehended the whole ground, felt an intense conviction of the truths he uttered, and spoke the feelings of his heart without fear. His, therefore, was genuine eloquence. Could the thousand orators who declaim annually upon the return of that great day, know what he knew, and feel what he felt, their audiences might catch the spirit of that glorious time, with something of its original life and fire.

But the dark and trying hour has gone by, and with it the high intellectual excitement, the self-denying and lofty patriotism, and the virtue ever watchful, ever incorruptible. Like the penitence of a sick man, who, when his night of fear and suffering has passed, feels the happy sunshine return, we forget that we are still in the hands of the living God, who will

remember our broken resolves, at the great reckoning against us. What gave to the fourth of July its glory, and sent the pulse of reviving health into the American nation, was the *private virtue and intelligence* of the patriots of '76; and if that virtue and intelligence be not kept up, the sacrifices of our fathers were nothing; our own expectations absurd. There is no side road to national greatness. Popular ignorance and dissoluteness will never be neutralized by the excellence of any constitution, or the uprightness of any body of citizens. To build up a republic upon any thing but universal knowledge and goodness, is to waste time and thought. Much is boastfully said of the astonishing improvements we have made in half a century. But the truth is, we have gone backward. The vast accession of territory has given rise to a scattered and demibarbarous border-population. The great and uninterrupted flow of emigration to our shores, has introduced countless myriads, fresh from corrupt and despotic countries, unaccustomed to our forms of government, uneducated, and unfit for a republic. Our institutions are becoming daily more democratic, while the people are not increasing in intelligence or morality. And above all, the multiplication of public offices, and of applicants for them, has led to a degree of political corruption almost, to use a strong expression, European. These are a few of the causes which justify the assertion that the people are less fit for their own institutions now, than they were at the close of the revolution. Mr. Jefferson's principles are beginning to be felt, and felt to the injury of all true ideas of government. None but a perfect people is fit for a pure democracy, because nothing but intellectual and moral habits will teach men the proper government of themselves. The return of the fourth of July, affords a fine opportunity for enforcing these and similar truths. The orator may dwell with peculiar force upon our political responsibilities, because the mind is by the most powerful associations, carried back to the day of our trials and sufferings. He may explain the causes which led to, and the principles which conducted the revolution. He may dwell upon the private virtues and exalted minds of those patriots, who won the day when every thing but hope and courage was against them; and by whose self-discipline, toil, sacrifice, and final death, we are free. He may remind us that what cost so much toil to achieve, cannot be preserved without watchfulness; and that we shall not be worthy of such ancestors, or true to ourselves, if we do not cultivate the only springs of national prosperity and glory—personal virtue and intelligence.

Observed with such feelings, the great anniversary festival

may be made most propitious to national glory. It may tend to make men both know and love each other, and their country. It may contribute to strengthen the union of the states, preserve the recollection of our historical experience, keep alive a sense of our political responsibilities, a respect for the constitution, and veneration for the worth and greatness of its founders. Too often is the fourth of July made the occasion of empty declamation, or of that which is worse, party harangue. Too often is it made the scene of riot and drunkenness. Yet its recurrence as the great national Sabbath, will always be marked by the development of right feelings. Let it be reverentially and decently passed; yet with joy and festivity. Let it be 'commemorated by acts of devotion to Almighty God,' and improved by the best talent and eloquence of the country, and it will become next to the Sabbath of our Lord, a day of inestimable value to America.

That we are yet far from this desirable point, is no proof that this fine occasion is wholly lost. But we are at an awful distance from having our best talents put in requisition. We appear to have forgotten that the object of having orations on that day, is not a mere formality, nor a means of idle amusement alone, but to teach us our political obligations. The office is trusted to our youngest and most florid declaimers, who go through their parts more like schoolboys than men.

We have had the ineffable misery of hearing about fifteen fourth of July orations, and can say with truth, that not one of them has been even respectably adequate to the greatness and fertility of the subject. They are proverbially empty and childish. The very mention of a fourth of July speech, excites a smile; and it excites nothing more, for they are generally held below criticism. We have often known persons refuse to attend them, saying, they knew what sort of *stuff* to expect; that they had heard it a hundred times before; that all fourth of July orators copied each other, and that they could tell us beforehand, what the oration would be, without pausing to inquire who the orator was. The fact cannot be denied, strange as it may appear, that with the whole volume of political wisdom before them; the whole flood of human sympathies to appeal to; the highest examples of moral sublimity to illustrate; the most splendid prospects to dwell upon, that the world has ever yet beheld, our fourth of July orators, one and all, produce the most stale, flat, and unprofitable speeches that are to be found on record.

The truth is, that as a nation, and as individuals, we are shamefully ignorant of our own history. We know not what rich treasures it contains; how many bright examples; how



many heroic actions; how much philosophy, common sense, wisdom, purity, chivalry, splendor—every thing that can adorn character, and confer solid reputation. We are not aware of the danger into which our self-sufficient vanity and over-careless security are leading us. We have established a government fit only for a highly virtuous and instructed people, yet more than fifty years have elapsed, and no vigorous measures have been taken by the government to educate the mass of the commonalty. That commonalty is every day grasping more and more power, but it is not growing more able to use it. The people are behind their own institutions. Here, a crowd-flatterer, one of those actors of patriotism, who would at any moment barter his soul for an office under the president or the people, will tell us that we are now insulting the majority—a crime of such magnitude, in his eyes, that he expects the earth doubtless to open and swallow up him who commits it. We think ourselves perfect enough. We are a great people. We have Abraham for our father. It is enough. Providence will see for us, hear for us, act for us. We have no enemies to repel, therefore we have no duties to perform. All is safe; the watchmen are dismissed; the wolf is dead; the shepherd may sleep. We have beaten the British—we are invulnerable.

But an arrow in our heel may awaken us to pain and agony. A viper in our bosom may sting us in our sleep. A sudden bolt may strike terror into our noonday repose. If we forget that our independence was the triumph of those noble private qualities which must be cultivated if we wish to preserve it, we deserve to be trodden down by the present generation, and despised by all hereafter, as a race of voluntary slaves, whose natural sphere is below the ass and the mule, and for whose blind perverseness no punishment can be inflicted too severe on the body, and galling to the spirit.

There wants the voice of eloquence, the voice of wisdom, the authority of something more than boyish declamation, to enforce these truths. They are truths upon which not only the prosperity at home and the glory abroad, but the safety, nay, the very existence of the American nation, must rest. In the preceding remarks we do not speak of any particular oration, but of the general tenor and stamp of them all. We wish, for the honor of the west in particular, that they were more manly, more full of the fire of ancient times, more adapted to the genius of a great and liberal nation.

## THIRTY DAYS IN MY BERTH.

A LIVERPOOL packet is a palace or a dungeon, according to the state of a man's stomach—to me, it was the blackhole of Calcutta, seven times blackened.

We set sail from New York, soon after the great northeast snow-storm that destroyed so many eggs, in January, '31; and a most nipping and eager air it was, that wafted us from New Amsterdam. It reduced the captain's whiskers one-half, and made the old bottle-nosed storm-stemmer look like a frost-bitten cabbage; and the gray-headed pilot too, though he had drifted, twixt sea and shore in his cockle-shell for half a century, stamped about like a first-chop tragedian, with his arms knee-deep, as they say, in Hibernia, in the bags of his monkey jacket. As for my own self, being a new hand in salt-water matters, and feeling an instinctive antipathy to a cabin, where every thing was on the full swing, I kept on deck too; and looked up at the sails, and down at the sea, and forward where the bows were beginning to rise and fall on the long swell; and thrashed my arms and legs about, and tried to keep warm, and feel wonderful contented; but it would not do; and when the pilot got into his little Water-Witch, I came within an ace of straddling the bulwark with him; but then I remembered my trunk and sweatmeats, and holding fast to a rope, I breathed upon the tip of my nose, to keep the life in, and became sentimental—

‘ Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.’

The last trace of America disappeared; the ship rolled more, and more, and more; the steward called me to tea. I staggered into the close, hot, mahogany cabin; took a seat to windward, and accepted a cup of that nondescript, called by sailors *tea*; but when I went further, and put this same compound of tar and hot water to my mouth, my stomach gave a groan, and threw itself upon its reserved rights; and as there was no denying that this same tar-tea was opposed to the constitution of my federal system, and fearing that the complainant might nullify at an improper moment, I made a dive for my stateroom door, amid the congratulations of the captain, who was renovating his countenance with a bottle of porter, and a cut of cold roast beef, supported by fried potatoes.

I reached my room, pulled off my coat and cravat, kicked my shoes under the berth, and stepped into the solitary chair

for the purpose of gaining my bed; when a sudden lurch of the ship capsized the chair, and sent me headforemost into the cabin, where I landed safe on my back under the captain's stool. 'Good God!' said he, dropping a large slice of fried potato into my face, 'what's the matter?' I had but little breath to spare, and so the steward dragged me out by the legs, and stowed me safe under the counterpane, breeches and all; while his superior looked on, and inquired through his mouthful of beef, if I would not take a little porter after my fall. Bah!

For the next forty-eight hours I was insensible; once or twice they brought me near enough to the land of the living, to make me swallow a little cold water, but otherwise, I was collapsed. On the third day, my mind opened its eyes again. It was a beautiful, warm forenoon they told me, and so the steward took me up fore and aft, carried me on deck, and stowed me away in the long-boat, among some old sails. Here I found one of my two fellow passengers, and a more forlorn figure never crossed my vision.

Mr. Bibb was a Montreal merchant; he had a body five feet five inches high, and that might weigh, feet and all, eighty pounds; and a mind nearly half as large as its dwelling-house. He was enveloped in a white surtout, and cow-hide boots; from above the collar of his surtout sprouted a fungus-like head, defended from the winds and rains of heaven by twenty-five or thirty long, colorless hairs, seemingly made of a spider's web; to assist which, he had called in the aid of an immense otter-skin cap, calculated for the wear of some Canadian hunter, across the mouth of which had been rigged up a sort of net-work of red and green twine, such as we tie up quills with, to prevent this formidable friend from slipping down and extinguishing him. His eyes were undoubtedly eyes, but they seemed to be all white, with only a little aperture in the centre to look through; and for his nose, I will not describe it otherwise than by referring you to a plough-share, mottled white and blue. But his mouth—it was the mouth that marked the man; the lower part of his face appeared to have passed through a rolling mill, and his teeth and tongue inhabited an open country, having six inches perhaps, of frontier, and extending back to an unknown distance; he had thirty-five teeth at least.

Mr. Bibb, not such as I have described him, but in the state such a man would be in, when sea-sick, with an invisible beard half an inch long, and a sky-blue tippet about his neck, was soliloquising upon a roast potato and a bit of cod-fish, in the stern sheets of the long-boat, when the steward threw me in

beside him. 'By the by,' said Mr. Bibb, 'how are you to-day?' I could only answer by dropping my under jaw. The Canadian comprehended me, and offered me the skin of his potato.

It was in truth, a beautiful day; though in the middle of January, the air was warm and pleasant; the sea was comparatively calm, though the pitching of the ship made me dizzy, as the remembrance of it does now. We were going merrily on our way, under a sufficiency of sail, and the men were at work repairing the fore-yard, which had been injured two nights before in a squall. I began to think I might like the ocean yet, and intimated as much to my fellow sufferer. 'Ah,' said he, 'by the by, so I thought myself.' But hope is as notable a huzzy at sea as on shore, and when I had eaten two plates of rice tinctured with molasses, and drank a tumbler of wine and water, I found it advisable to call all hands and take to my berth again.

Why is it that nobody will sympathize with a person when suffering under the two most purgatorial troubles of this world—sea-sickness, and disappointed love? Let a man have a headache, or a twinge of rheumatics, and who thinks of laughing at him? But let him be cast into a state of mind and body when life is a burden; food, rank poison; hope, energy, and every thing else gone, and he is fair game. It is a disgrace to civilized man. And just so when a poor fellow embarks in chase of a wife; let but the jade play him foul, cut the throat of his affections, and strip the skin from his heart, and he is sure to be attacked by every other member of the community. I say again, it is a disgrace to civilized man; and so I said to myself, as I lay grinding my teeth, and heard the captain discuss me with the one sound passenger, by name Mr. Stone, over a roast turkey and cranberry sauce.

This Mr. Stone, as I afterward discovered, was quite a character. He was a revolutionist to the back-bone, a deist, a linguist, a chemist, and in short, a rank heretic on every subject but the excellence of brandy. He was a man of talent, but self-educated, conceited, and a bigot. He began his life in a pottery; but finding *that* within him which aspired to something above the fashioning of clay, he ran away, and went to sea, and became at last a cabin-boy in a man-of-war; this he liked very well, but one day while in port, he unluckily drank more grog than came to his share, and in the course of the capers whereby he let off the super-excitement, he broke the cabin mirror, and being of opinion that desertion was the only true kind of valor, at any rate in cabin-boys, he dropped from



the window at midnight, and swam ashore, carrying in his pocket a roll of money which he took from the captain's locker, thinking doubtless, in the hurry and darkness, that he was taking a shirt out of his own empty chest.

He next turned the face of his multiform genius to making up pills, and compounding nameless doses in the back shop of what is called in England, a chemist and druggist, i. e. an apothecary. From his worthy master in this line, he imbibed the spirit of reform that was fairly devouring him; from him came his ideas of government, of professional men, upon whom he looked down with great contempt, and of various other important matters.

And Mr. Stone was no mere talker; he had done all in his power to overthrow the British monarchy; and failing in that, he had moved to America, where he intended to bring about a reform that should be felt through every department of the government, and every section of the country. He meant to reduce the price of soda powders one-half. He had moreover made some progress in a new dictionary of our language, the first word of which was to be 'truth,' the second 'knowledge,' and the third 'belief;' the fourth he had not quite fixed upon; the plan was philosophical, and he meant to make the study of his dictionary the best means of attaining all knowledge. 'I will define truth, sir,' said he, 'show the relation between truth and knowledge, and between knowledge and belief, and so go on to all that man's mind has elaborated, that in this one work every thing shall be stated, not separately, but in such connections, and so illustrated that we shall need no libraries, and no encyclopedias.' Mr. Stone was fifty, probably, and had advanced three words toward accomplishing this small work. He had moreover a system of laws on the stocks; and a plan of society which should dispense with all professions. His idea was to educate every child in law, medicine, and boxing; the rest was mere luxury. He was a man of considerable reading, and untiring industry; in his pocket he carried his ink-horn, pen, and note-book, and not an idle moment chequered his existence; from mental, he went to bodily exercise, from bodily back to mental; and if the chance offered, would crack an argument with great relish.

I was in my berth the whole passage, sick as any could wish his worst foe, with now and then a lucid interval of half an hour; on these occasions the reformer used to fasten upon me with infinite satisfaction; and he gave me an insight into one of the strangest minds I have ever wrestled with.

The main-spring of all his heterodox notions was, not bad

feeling or insanity, either of head or heart, but simple vanity; and this is the case, I believe, with nine out of ten of such men; they are too conceited to see an error, into which conceit perhaps first led them, and die in their unbelief. But he had more uncommon qualities than vanity; he had a mixture of good and bad principle, of wisdom and folly, of clearness and confusedness, that I never saw equalled. As I lay in my state-room, I used to hear him at times rubbing up the Canadian.

‘Pray,’ said he to him one day, ‘pray, Mr. Bibb, who do you think wrote the new testament?’ Mr. Bibb, totally unsuspecting of any trick, and too much of a merchant to appear ignorant, answered promptly, ‘Doubtless, sir, it was Peter.’ ‘And did Peter, think you, Mr. Bibb, write Paul’s epistles?’ The Canadian was dumb-founded; but feeling himself in a marsh, he concluded it best not to go too deep; and so opening his mouth, very much as a clam opens his shell when the tide is coming in, he sent forth a long-spun ‘why-y-y,’ to cover his retreat, and observed, by the by, he thought Paul *did* live about that time. ‘And pray, sir,’ said the apothecary, ‘was it Paul or Peter, that wrote St. John’s gospel?’ Mr. Bibb was a quiet man and a coward, but like many four-legged cowards, force him into a corner, and he would fight with the energy of despair; in such a corner he was at present, and turning upon his persecutor, with a boldness little expected by the man of salts, he said calmly, ‘You speak of the new testament, Mr. Stone. St. John’s gospel is not in that work.’ This was a poser; there was no argument left to Mr. Stone, but to produce the book; but not a testament was to be found; the captain was asleep; I was so to, in appearance at least, and Mr. Bibb triumphed. His opponent took the only revenge in his power, he entered the Canadian in his note-book, and went on deck, to jump rope.

Thirty days on one’s back is no joke; at least to a man whose bones are prominent; my shoulder-blades had cut through the sacking before we had been out a fortnight. At last we entered the channel; the sea was smooth, and as I stood on deck, and eat Newtown pippins and watched the gulls, I felt really heavenly; and when dinner came, and the roast turkey and cranberry, it was tenfold Elysium. We passed the blue heights of Dungarven, the green shores of Wexford; the lights of the Mixen-head, and the Wicklow-head; in due time doubled the Holy-head isle, and with the Welsh mountains on our right, the heaving sea on our left, and a thousand small fry all about us, before a snorting breeze we sped on to Liverpool, the American city of Old England.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, *alias* KNICKERBACKER. Vol. ii. No. 1.

THIS Magazine has disappointed public expectation. It was puffed too soon and too strongly. The flourishing of trumpets at its birth, made us look for a giant; and lo, a middle-sized man only is forthcoming. It was established to redeem the literary character of New York. It has had two editors in six months, and at length, strange to say, a western writer has been called upon 'to efface the stigma' that rested on the commercial capital of America. In the hands of this gentleman, we have no doubt the Knickerbocker will succeed, provided always he keeps away from the natural sciences, and other matters of which he is ignorant. We hope it may be so. We hope he will concentrate the mass of literary talent now lying fallow in New York.

We know not under whose eye this number has been prepared. We presume not under that of the new editor; for it is as dull as its predecessors. It opens with a conversation between the editor and Saint Diedrich, upon American literature and other important matters. Our national literature, according to the Dutch sage, is to be based upon 'stupendous mountains,' magnificent rivers, interminable plains, 'a sun palaced in a sky without a shadow, and without a cloud;' thunder, lightning, whirlwinds; and in short, the sublime and beautiful of nature. This we do not think. Even if there be more of the sublime and beautiful in America than elsewhere, it differs only in quantity, not in kind, from that of other lands; and the poets and writers of past times, have occupied, as it seems to us, the whole ground of natural description; for their portraitures are sufficiently caricatured to cover our reality; and if we go beyond them, we are absurd. Our national literature will rest upon our national character—upon our peculiar history, cultivation, and *moral* scenery, if such an expression is intelligible. But after all, a national literature is not a thing of half the importance we sometimes think it, and so we will say no more on the subject.

The vision of things a thousand years hence, contained in another part of this converse, shows a want of original conception, to say the least; and by the way, the vamping about the immortality of the Knickerbocker, is in bad taste, after the quarrel with American writers for following the English; being a mere repetition of the affected conceit of Blackwood and Frazer. With the other articles of this number, we have not room to cope at length. Some of the verse is very pretty; and the essay on Greek may be excellent, but it is out of place.

The editor of the Portland Advertiser says in one of his letters, that the western literati are forming a solemn league and compact to beat their eastern rivals. This is undoubtedly the case. A caucus of writers took place lately at Columbus, to arrange the plan of the first campaign. Such being the fact, it behooves the Atlantic gentry to shake off their literary lethargy, or we shall beat them out and out. We have an immense mass of lead, and a wonderful deal of talent lying idle here, affording material for both manuscript and type, and books will soon flow in this land with as much more force than at the east, as the Missouri is bigger than the Hudson. A sense of this, probably, induced the Knickerbocker to install a western editor into office; they want some one that understands bush-fighting to conduct their armies; they are wise, but it will not prevent the catastrophe, though it may postpone it. 'Westward the star,' etc.



THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1833.

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THE CAPTIVES.

‘And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,  
Beyond the dwarfing city’s pale abortions,  
Because their thoughts had never been the prey  
Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions;  
No sinking spirits told them they grew gray,  
No fashions made them apes of her distortions;  
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,  
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.’

*Byron.*

Thus sung the greatest of modern poets, of Daniel Boon and his ‘sylvan tribe,’ as he was pleased to call those who accompanied that singular man into that portion of the western wilderness known among the people of that day, as the ‘dark and bloody ground.’ It is not our purpose to make Daniel Boon the hero of the following story, though he was the chief actor in some of its most important scenes. Enough is already known, as is sufficiently evidenced by the notice from which we have taken a stanza, to make *his* character familiar on either side of the Atlantic; and that *notice* will be seen and read when a monument (should such be erected) of more substantial materials, shall have crumbled into dust. But there are many stories connected with his migration and settlement in this country, which possess a strong and lively interest, and we know none which has a higher claim to a place upon the records of our western world, than that which relates the capture of three females at an early period in the history of the ‘land of blood.’ We heard it, many years since, from an individual who was intimately acquainted with the facts, and have since heard it repeated by several, who, though they



were not immediately present, may be relied upon as legitimate sources of information. True it is, that the memory of man is frail, and so great a length of time having elapsed, it is possible the story, in some of its details, may be apart from the actual facts, but in its more important bearings, it is substantially correct.

The summer of 1778, soon after Boon had erected, on the south bank of the Kentucky river, a rude sort of fort, is the period of our story.

It must have required all the fortitude which she could call to her assistance, to enable a female to venture into this country at so early a date; but the wife and daughters of Daniel Boon, and those of his intrepid followers, were not among those who had to receive a second hint ere they prepared themselves to quit a quiet and peaceful home for a habitation in the wilderness.

It was a beautiful evening in June; the sun was fast descending from his high place in the heavens; the south wind blew a gentle breeze; the whole feathered forest seemed to be alive and in motion, whirling in circles through the air, and caroling their evening songs as if in praise to Him who made the 'waters and the land;' the river, with its rugged banks, lay below, and now and then could be seen a dozen of the 'finny tribe,' throwing themselves above its surface, and glittering, as they met the rays of the descending sun, like so many pieces of burnished silver. The whole surrounding country was highly picturesque and beautiful, and presented at one view, to an admirer of nature's works, a scene of the most inviting loveliness. The hunters were one by one returning from the woods, and disposing themselves under the broad-spreading branches of a tree in the immediate vicinity of the fort, where their hardy and adventurous leader had often reposed, many days before the deep stillness of the forest had been broken by the sound of the woodman's axe. The elder females of the fort were settling themselves amongst the hunters, and listening with increasing interest to the narration of their respective discoveries. Unobserved by their more cautious friends, three of the younger females glided down to the margin of the river, where lay, safely moored, a rough canoe, hewn from one of those giant trees which so generally abounded in the neighborhood, and called, in the homely language of the times, a '*dug-out*.' In this they placed themselves, and in a moment more were moving swiftly over the slightly ruffled bosom of the water. A peal of girlish merriment echoed along the river as they plied the oar with the skill of experienced rowers. Ever and anon as they would

cease their labors, after describing various semi-circles, and running to and fro in every direction, and throwing the water, which before was only slightly rippled, into a greater commotion, their rough-hewn boat would move heavily along for a moment, and then lie in sullen stillness, as if enjoying the disturbance it had made. The opposite bank of the river was covered with a profusion of the sweet-william, the wild-rose, and the honey-suckle; some, decorating spots of earth and moss-covered stone which were not occupied by a stronger growth; others, clinging with tenaciousness to the shrubbery in its neighborhood; whilst a wild-rose of immense growth had wound itself about the trunk and branches of a leaning tree which overhung the margin of the stream, and occasionally swinging gracefully from its support, let fall its stems almost to the water's surface, decorated with its prettiest ornaments, which seemed, like more rational things, to be viewing their beauties in the glassy mirror beneath. They were attracted by the allurements thus held out to them, not thinking for a moment that *that* might be the chosen bower of the rattlesnake, the panther, or an enemy of a more dangerous character; and forgetting that the cup from which we expect draughts of pleasure and enjoyment frequently contains, intermingled with its inviting contents, the bitterness of 'gall and wormwood.' With one effort they shot their little boat upon the point of a clean, white sand-bank, covered with a variety of shells common to the river, and carelessly fastening it, bounded with the agility of mountain nymphs up the rugged ascent. They separated immediately upon leaving the canoe, each taking different directions, as their fancies prompted them to choose this rather than that particular flower. A moment of time had scarcely elapsed before the triumphant yell of a savage broke upon their ear, like a knell of death, and startled them from their dream of childish enjoyment. Miss Boon was in the immediate presence of the savage. To resist was impossible; to attempt a flight was worse than vain; and uttering a wild shriek, she was borne away in the arms of the dusky warrior, a prisoner. When the first alarm was given, the other two females made an attempt to gain the canoe, but upon arriving at the place where they had left it, they saw it moving slowly towards the centre of the stream, as if unwilling to leave its charge in so forlorn a predicament, until it reached the current, and then moved off at a more rapid pace. They had not time to think of an expedient before they were in the same situation with their unfortunate friend—Indian prisoners.

The first yell of the Indian had attracted the attention of those upon the opposite side of the river, and the less expe-

rienced of the hunters were in favor of immediate pursuit. But Boon checked their impetuosity. His experience taught him to know too well what would be the fate of the unhappy captives, were he to indulge them in their mad project. He plainly foresaw that the scalping-knife would do its dread office upon the first intimation of pursuit, and wisely determined to conceal, if possible, from the captors, *his* knowledge of their deed. The remainder of the hunters waived their opinions upon all occasions when they came in contact with that of their eccentric leader—never infringing a rule or violating a command. Not that he was a tyrant, and held an empire over their *bodies* by an exercise of despotism, but because they knew he always acted upon the wisest policy, dictated by long experience and the ripest judgment.

The sun had almost sunk behind the western hills, and he deferred a pursuit until morning. He took his rifle and crossed the river unattended, for the sole purpose of ascertaining the direction the Indians had taken. Nothing more was done that night, except to prepare for the morning's march.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning, before Boon and half a dozen chosen men were ready to march. Crossing the river, and taking the *trail*, they followed it but a short distance before Boon called a halt, and informed his men (for they had placed themselves under his command), that it was not his intention to pursue by keeping immediately in the rear. He knew from long acquaintance with Indian habits, that they could not be pursued successfully, but by eluding any that might be loitering behind, to inform those having possession of the prisoners of any approaching danger. They, however, had not gone far before they discovered the smoke arising from the fire by which the Indians had encamped the preceding night. Determined upon their course, they struck off at right angles, leaving the *trail* upon their left, and travelling for some miles in the direction which they knew the Indians must pursue, they recrossed the trail, and travelled upon the opposite side in the same manner—thus continuing the pursuit, crossing and recrossing whenever it might suit their convenience. The only difficulty which presented itself, was their ignorance of the number of the savages. Could they have followed immediately upon the trail, something might have been found which would have led to a discovery of that important fact; but their only hope now was to learn by some other means, the information so important to the successful issue of their enterprise. They were not left long in suspense, for they were now fast approaching the trail for the third time, and discovering a small, clear



spring a short distance in front, they hastened towards it. Upon approaching the spring, they found the Indians had been there, and must have left their general course to have reached it. It was not unwelcome, however, to the pursuers, to find they had done so—for Boon well understood that if they had been apprehensive of pursuit, they would have continued their onward direction, and that too with unremitting exertions. The pursuers remained at the spring only so long as was necessary to quench their thirst by a draught from its cool and invigorating waters, and then continued their march. Whilst waiting for the last man to drink, the keen eye of Boon discovered suspended from the twig of a shrub, a white string about a span in length, and upon a nearer approach found it to be tied in half a dozen knots. This was no mystery to him. It was what he had been long expecting, or rather hoping to find; for it at once relieved his mind of every doubt as to the number of the savages. He had formed his own opinion before, but had never intimated it to any of the company. He now found he had not been far mistaken in his conjectures—seven being the most he expected to find, and six the actual number.

The day was now far in the wane, and from the direction and the distance they had travelled, they knew they could not be far from the upper Blue Licks. It was Boon's opinion from the first, that the Indians intended crossing Licking river at that point, and proceeding to their towns upon the Scioto. And should they once reach their towns with the prisoners, almost all hope of a rescue would be cut off; besides, they would be liable to a retaliation, should the whites, in attempting to render them assistance, unfortunately kill any of their captors.

What a change has been effected in the last half century, not only in Kentucky and Ohio, but in the whole valley of the Mississippi! The natural justice of the intrusion of the whites upon the homes and hunting grounds of these savage men, has been heretofore sufficiently discussed; and whether it has or not, we will not stop here to give it a farther discussion.

We have often sat for hours and heard from those who were eye-witnesses, the relation of scenes that 'made our hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' And perhaps nowhere in our western world have there been greater changes effected than in the country to which our unhappy prisoners were destined. Near the spot where, but a few years since, might be heard the wild war-song, and seen the dance around the fire which was to consume some unhappy victim of their revenge, which resembled far more the revellings of so many fiends incarnate, than the 'doings' of men made in the image of



their God, now stands the flourishing town of Chillicothe. And instead of the song and the dance of savage men, is a busy scene of civilization, and the christian worship of our Savior. 'There stands the messenger of truth,' and there the sober matron and the gayer maiden mingle their voices, and in 'strains as sweet as angels use,' sing hymns of praise to the true and everlasting God.

But we have digressed. Boon and his company had found a convenient camping ground for the night, and having eaten a spare and hasty supper, prepared for their repose. Placing sentries at a convenient distance, and smothering the fire sufficiently to avoid discovery, those who were not upon duty, wrapt themselves in their dark blankets, and sought a resting-place upon the ground among the bushes. It was near midnight. The moon rode high in the heavens, now and then stealing out from behind a fleecy cloud which intercepted its rays, though it did not entirely obscure its light, when the clear, sharp crack of the rifle of one of the elder hunters was heard. In an instant every man had his gun cocked and ready for the worst. None moved from their place of concealment, but watched with vigilance, aided by the faint light of the moon, for any danger that might be lurking in their presence. A whistle from the sentinel who had fired, announced that all again was quiet. Nothing further transpired to disturb them; but as day made its appearance each was eager to learn the cause of alarm during the night. The sentinel pointed his finger, as he stood, to what in the dim morning light, at that distance, seemed to be a huge bear, and made no other reply. A nearer approach to the object discovered, to the utter astonishment of the inexperienced woodsmen, the grim visage of a dead Indian, who had wrapt himself in the skin of one of those sable sons of the forest, and attempted in that disguise to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. But one false step betrayed him. The practised eye of James McMillan could not be so easily deceived, and unfortunately for the bear's skin, this corporal transmigration of the Indian occasioned it a second death.

All were again in motion by the time they could distinguish an object at the distance of a few paces. They had not travelled far before they discovered the pursued had fallen into a large buffalo trace, which led to the upper Blue Licks. Boon was now more than ever convinced that they had had no intimation of their pursuit. The Indians soon, however, left the trace, and again struck into the woods. The whites followed cautiously along the trail for about half a mile, and ascending a steep point, McMillan discovered the Indians at about sixty

yards' distance, upon the other side. As fortune favored them, the female prisoners had placed themselves at the root of a majestic wild poplar about thirty paces from the fire, and were now immediately between their savage captors and their friends. Two of the Indians were cooking, and the others were smoking their pipes in the most unsuspecting repose. Boon and McMillan 'whipt' (in hunter's phrase) their rifles to their faces, and in an instant more would have fired, but one of the company, in his awkwardness, let his gun off by accident. No time was now to be lost. Two of the Indians had already raised their tomahawks, and were making rapid strides towards the prisoners, intending, at the evident risk of their *own*, to have *their* scalps. Boon, with unerring aim, gave the foremost a fatal shot in the abdomen, who, reeling under the force of the ball, staggered into an adjacent cane-brake. McMillan fired, but a twig intercepted his bullet. He did not hesitate, but threw himself immediately between the Indian and the prisoners. By a successful effort, he succeeded in disarming the savage of his tomahawk, and then grappling him with a giant's strength, a long, fierce, and doubtful struggle ensued. Powerful as he was, his adversary was almost a full match for him, and it was not without the utmost exertion of physical power, that he was able to wrest from the other's hand a huge scalping-knife, which he had drawn from its scabbard. No assistance could be rendered him, for so sudden were their movements that it was impossible to strike a blow without endangering McMillan's life. There was a moment's cessation in their conflict. They looked upon each other with a fiendish fierceness, and recommenced their deadly warfare. A gruff exclamation from the Indian announced his fate—the knife had reached his vitals.

The prisoners were restored to their friends at the fort, unharmed; and we have a personal knowledge of the son of one of them, who is now 'acting well his part' in a high and responsible station in the judicial department of this commonwealth.\*

*Mount Sterling, Ky.*

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## HISTORY OF OHIO.

### CHAPTER IV.

NEW ENGLAND is justly proud of her pilgrim ancestors, who broke all the ties that bound them to their native land, and, braving the perils of the ocean, planted themselves in an inhospitable

\* The truth of this narrative is vouched for by James W. Morrow, Esq. of Mount Sterling, to whose kindness we are indebted for it.—E.

pitiable wilderness, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience, and worship the God in whom they believed and trusted, according to its dictates alone. Pennsylvania has a right to boast of the mild virtues of her founder, of the government of peace and justice which he established, and of the honesty and fair dealing which characterized the acquisition of her territory from its aboriginal possessors. The daring adventures of captain Smith have invested the early history of Virginia with an interest surpassing that of romance. But the citizens of Ohio have as much reason to be proud of her origin and her founders, as those of New England, or Pennsylvania, or Virginia have to boast of theirs. The pioneers of her forests were those noble patriots, who perilled their lives and shed their blood in the war of the revolution, for the liberty and independence of their country, and when the contest was terminated, found that country too poor to reward them for their services, or even to repay them for the sacrifices they had made. Some of them, after wasting the prime and vigor of manhood in the war, found themselves without a home, and without the means to acquire one. Some of them had devoted the avails of their property to the cause of liberty, and when that cause had triumphed, instead of being remunerated, received, in return for their advances, a poor pittance in a depreciated currency. These were the men who were compelled to look to a new country for a home.

Their eyes had been turned to Ohio once before. At one of those gloomy periods in the revolutionary war, when the country was reduced to the extremity of distress, and the best and most ardent patriots could hardly resist despair, the question was solemnly discussed at Washington's table—'What shall we do, if Britain succeeds in establishing and maintaining her dominion in this country? Submission is out of the question; but whither shall we fly?' 'Behind yonder mountains,' said Washington. 'There we can be free. The valley of the Ohio, fertile as ancient Egypt, will afford us all we require. With the mountains for a barrier, we can defend ourselves there, and be happy.' This was told by the officers to their men, and by them to their friends and families, so that the idea of a refuge behind the mountains, in the last resort, was pretty seriously entertained. When those gloomy prospects passed away—when peace returned, and the independence of the country was acknowledged, many of those who had merely looked towards the west, as a refuge, in case England should prevail in the subjugation of the colonies, now began to view it as presenting almost the only means of retrieving their ruined



fortunes, and securing homes and subsistence for their growing families. The project of a settlement in the west offered many powerful inducements to men in their situation, many of whom had hardly any other resource, and was at last adopted and carried into effect, by the formation of the Ohio company.

The proposition of Virginia, ceding to the United States her territory on the north side of the Ohio, with the exception of some reservations in favor of her own troops, had been formally accepted by congress, by an ordinance passed on the 13th of September, 1783. The first treaty made between the United States and the Indians, with respect to the occupation of the country within the present boundaries of this state, was concluded at Fort M'Intosh, on the Ohio, below Pittsburg, on the 21st day of January, 1785, by George Clark, Richard Butler, and Arthur Lee, commissioners on the part of the United States, with the chiefs and warriors of the Wyandot, Delaware, Chippewa and Ottawa tribes. It commenced by declaring that the United States 'gave peace' to the Indian nations named in the treaty; and established the boundary line between the parties, from the mouth of the Cuyahoga river up to the portage, and then down the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum, to the forks, near the place at which general M'Intosh erected a fort in the autumn of 1778, which was abandoned the next year, and from thence to the Great Miami, which it struck about Loramies. This treaty was considered in force at the time the Ohio company was formed. Another one was made on the 31st of January, 1786, at the mouth of the Great Miami, between the United States' commissioners, George Clark, Richard Butler, and Samuel H. Parsons, and the Shawnee nation, which recognized the same boundaries.

On the 25th of January, 1786, the first movement was made towards the formation of the Ohio company, by generals Putnam and Tupper, who inserted in the newspapers an address to the officers and soldiers entitled by act of congress to a grant of land in the territory northwest of the Ohio, and to others who might be induced to become settlers, proposing an association by the name of the Ohio company, and that those by whom it should be composed, should unite in a petition to congress for a location of their lands. In pursuance of the notice, a general meeting of delegates, from several counties in Massachusetts, was held in Boston, on the first of March, 1786, when the proposed association was formed, and officers appointed to manage their business. It was resolved that a fund of one million of dollars in continental certificates should be raised, and application having been made to congress for the purchase



of lands, a contract was executed on the 27th of November, 1787, by which congress agreed to give the company a million and a half of acres of land for a million of dollars, one half of which was to be paid down, and the patent was to be issued on the payment of the residue. The district purchased adjoined the Ohio river, being sixty miles in length from east to west, including the mouths of the Muskingum and Hockhocking, and extended northward to make up the requisite quantity. The government reserved four sections in each township for future disposition, and granted two others as donations; one for the support of schools, and the other for religious purposes. In consequence of a rise which afterwards took place in the value of continental certificates, the company were unable to procure the full amount of one million of dollars, according to their contract, and a patent was afterwards issued for the land actually paid for, amounting to about a million of acres.

As soon as the contract for the purchase of the lands was concluded with the government, arrangements were made for commencing the settlement of the country without delay, by sending forward surveyors and workmen, to provide for the reception of such as were about to remove. Accordingly, one party assembled at Danvers, in Massachusetts, and commenced their march in the month of December, 1787; and another started from Hartford, in Connecticut, on the 1st of January, 1788. Having all reached Sumrill's ferry, on the Yohiogany river, thirty miles above Pittsburg, they built boats, and started on the 1st of April, for the mouth of the Muskingum, where they arrived on the 7th, and pitched their camp on the ground now occupied by the town of Marietta. The whole party consisted of forty-seven men, and were under the command of general Rufus Putnam. In the year 1829, seven of the number were yet living; viz: Peletiah White, Amos Porter, Phineas Coburn, Allen Duval, and Benjamin Shaw, of Washington county, Ohio; Hezekiah Flint, of Cincinnati; and Jervase Cutler, of Nashville.

When the party landed at Marietta, they had got beyond the boundaries of any established jurisdiction, and were entirely independent of any municipal regulations. Previous to the arrival of the governor and judges of the territory, whom congress had invested with legislative power, the law of nature was the only one to which they were amenable; for they were really in the situation so often fancied by writers speculating on the origin of human laws, in which the first step towards society and government was yet to be made, by the formation of an original compact, restraining individual liberty by regulations

made for the common safety and advantage of the whole. Under these circumstances, the little community agreed among themselves upon a code of laws for their temporary government, which were written upon a single sheet of paper, and stuck upon a tree at Marietta point; and it was settled that, in case any article of the code should be infringed, the matter should be submitted to the decision of Return Jonathan Meigs, the father of the late governor of the state, of that name. From the time at which the code was adopted, until the arrival of the governor and judges, but one single violation of any of its articles occurred. It was a case of assault; and when the matter was brought before Mr. Meigs, fearing that if he attempted to enforce the penalty, the laws might be brought into contempt, he avoided the risk by making up the quarrel between the parties, so that the one who conceived himself injured, withdrew his complaint.

In July, 1787, when the Ohio company were in treaty for the purchase of their lands from the general government, and while the attention of the public was becoming more and more fixed upon the prospects held out in the western country, rendering it probable that settlements would soon commence there, congress passed an ordinance for the government of the north-western territory. It was not the sole object of the ordinance, however, merely to provide for the temporary regulation of the affairs of the territory; but its framers looked to the future, considering that they were laying the foundations of a mighty empire, and therefore endeavored to adapt it to the changes which they anticipated would take place in the population and resources of the country. With this view, provision was made for the organization of different grades of government, to succeed each other, as the situation and increase of population should render the change proper.

The first grade of territorial government was to continue, until the whole country between the Ohio and Mississippi, now comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, should contain five thousand free male inhabitants. Under this grade, the people of the territory had no voice in their own government. Congress was to appoint a governor, who was to reside in the territory, and have a freehold estate within it in one thousand acres of land, and hold his appointment three years, unless sooner revoked by congress. Three judges were also to be appointed, to hold their offices during good behavior, who were also to possess the qualification of a freehold estate in five hundred acres of land in the territory. The governor and judges, or a majority of them, had the entire legislative power; but

their authority was limited to the adoption and publication of such laws, civil or criminal, as were in force at the time in some one of the original states, and were, in their opinion, necessary and suitable to the circumstances of the territory. They could not frame original laws. The governor had the appointment of all officers of the militia under the rank of general, and of all magistrates and such other civil officers as he might deem necessary for the preservation of peace and good order. The power of dividing the territory into counties and townships was also given to him. The laws adopted by the governor and judges were to remain in force until superseded by acts of the territorial legislature, under the second grade of government, unless disapproved by congress.

The second grade of territorial government was to commence whenever the free male inhabitants should amount to five thousand. A general assembly or legislature was then to be organized, consisting of the governor, house of representatives, and legislative council. The qualifications necessary to render a person eligible as a representative, were three years residence in the territory, or three years citizenship in one of the states, residence in the district at the time of election, and an estate in fee simple of two hundred acres of land in the territory. The representatives were to be elected for two years, by electors having a freehold qualification of not less than fifty acres of land. The legislative council was to consist of five persons appointed by congress, out of a list of ten persons nominated for that purpose by the governor and house of representatives, who were to be residents of the territory, and each to have a freehold estate in five hundred acres of land in the territory. The legislative power was to be vested in the governor, house of representatives, and legislative council, and the concurrence of each was necessary, before any law could be passed.

Finally, it was provided that the territory should be subdivided, and that each of the several parts, whenever its population should become sufficiently numerous, should be admitted into the union on an equal footing with the original states, and be at liberty to form a permanent constitution and state government.

In addition to the provisions for the establishment of the different successive grades of government, the ordinance contained several articles, which it ordained and declared should be considered as articles of compact between the original states and the people of the territory, and the states which should be formed within it, to remain forever unalterable, unless by common consent. Their object was declared to be, to extend the



fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty which formed the basis upon which the states, with their constitutions and laws, were erected, and to fix and establish those principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions, and governments, which forever should be formed within the territory. These articles of compact, as far as their provisions extend, are the supreme law of the land—paramount even to the state constitution; which the people cannot alter, so as to make it conflict with the compact, without disregarding their obligations to the other states, or being released from them by common consent.

Among the most important principles established by those articles, are, the security given to every person against any molestation on account of his religious sentiments or mode of worship; the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, representation in the legislature, and judicial proceedings under the common law; and the glorious declaration, that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude within the territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes of which the party shall have been duly convicted.

In pursuance of the ordinance, congress appointed general Arthur St. Clair, governor, and commander-in-chief of the territory. On the 9th of July, 1788, he arrived at Marietta, accompanied by Samuel H. Parsons and James M. Varnum, two of the judges, and on the 15th of the same month civil government was proclaimed in form, by publishing the ordinance, and exhibiting their commissions; upon which occasion the governor addressed the people in a speech. On the 26th, the first county was established and named Washington. It comprehended all the south part of the state between Pennsylvania and the Scioto river, and the northeast part as far west as the Cuyahoga. The militia of the county was soon afterwards organized and divided into classes, and the officers were appointed. Generals Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper were appointed justices of the peace, and in conjunction with some other justices associated with them for that purpose, were empowered to hold courts of quarter sessions. During the latter part of the year, the settlement was strengthened by the arrival of about twenty families, together with a number of young men, the most of whom also became permanent residents of the country.

In October, 1788, John Cleves Symmes made a contract with the government, for the purchase of one million of acres of land between the Miami rivers, for which he had been in treaty for some months. Some time afterwards, he sold the site of Cincinnati to Matthias Denman, with whom Israel Lud-



low and Robert Patterson subsequently became connected as joint proprietors of the land, which they laid out in lots. Before the laying out of the town, however, major Doughty, with one hundred and forty soldiers, arrived on the ground, and built four blockhouses. This was in the beginning of June, 1789; and before the end of the year, fort Washington was built, and general Harmer, with three hundred soldiers, arrived and established their quarters in it, and a few settlers with their families had erected dwellings. During the winter, Mr. Ludlow laid out the lots, marking the corners and courses of the streets upon the trees, and called the place Losantiville; but it did not long retain that name, which was changed by governor St. Clair to Cincinnati. Columbia has generally been called the oldest settlement in the Miami country, but its claim is rather a slender one. The settlement was commenced there on the 16th of November, 1789, which was some months after the detachment under major Doughty took their station at fort Washington; and if there were no settlers exclusive of the military, at Cincinnati at that time, that could have been the case for a few days only; for six weeks afterwards, at the commencement of the year 1790, there were two small hewed-log houses and several cabins occupied by families.

On the 2d of January, 1790, governor St. Clair arrived at Losantiville, and issued his proclamation establishing the county of Hamilton, which at that time included all the country between the Miami rivers. In the following spring, several stations were established in the surrounding country: Dunlap's, at Colerain, on the Great Miami; White's and Ludlow's, on Mill creek; and Garard's, and one at the Roundbottom, on the Little Miami. At each of these posts, a few soldiers were generally stationed, to assist in their defence.

About the last of March, three men, ascending the Ohio in a canoe, were killed by the Indians, near the mouth of the Scioto. A few days afterwards, a boat was descending the river from the mouth of the Kenhawa, on board of which were Mr. John May, a surveyor of Kentucky lands, a young man in his employ, named Johnston, Jacob Skyles, who was taking a stock of goods to Lexington, a man named Flinn, and two sisters named Fleming. One morning at daylight, near the mouth of the Scioto, a smoke was seen at some distance down the river, upon the Ohio shore, and the boat was directed towards the opposite side of the river. Just at that time, two white men ran down the bank, and begged to be taken on board, declaring that they had been taken prisoners a few days before, and had just escaped, and that they would be overtaken and killed by their cap-

tors, if they were not admitted on board. Those in the boat suspecting treachery, refused to land, and kept down the stream; but the cries of the men on the shore caused them at length to put faith in their declarations, and Flinn proposed that the boat should be turned to the bank, and that he would jump out, and if any Indians should appear, he should be left to his fate, and the boat could be got out of danger before it could be stopped by the enemy. The proposal was assented to, and the boat was turned to the bank, and Flinn jumped ashore, when he was instantly seized by several Indians, who ran out of the woods, and a fire was commenced upon the boat. Those on board immediately attempted to regain the current, but they got entangled among some trees and were unable to extricate themselves. Other Indians continued to arrive, and the crew threw themselves upon their faces in the bottom of the boat; but the enemy made no attempt to board, contenting themselves with keeping up a fire, by which the horses in the boat were soon all killed, and at length one of the girls was shot dead, and Mr. Skyles was wounded. Mr. May then made a signal of surrender, but was instantly shot dead, on showing his head above the side of the boat. At last the Indians swam to the boat and took possession of her, without any resistance, and plundered her. The two men who had decoyed the boat ashore, had really been taken prisoners a few days before, and had been ordered by the Indians to do what they did; but one of them had performed his part with much alacrity, in the hope of finding favor among his captors, while the other acted with reluctance, and only joined in the deceit to save his own life. During the course of the day, the prisoners were divided among the Indians, and were ordered to prepare new oars for the boat, which the Indians determined to use in attacking other boats. On the next morning, six men were seen ascending the river, in a canoe, on the Kentucky side. The prisoners were compelled to go down to the water's edge and decoy them over, as they themselves had been deceived, by a tale of distress. Johnston endeavored to make them suspect the treachery, but without success; and they came across the river and were all killed. Soon afterwards, three boats appeared in sight, descending the river, with a good many horses and dry goods on board, but weakly manned. The Indians embarked in May's boat, and placing the prisoners at the oars, compelled them to bear down upon the others as they passed, and opened a heavy fire upon them. They soon approached pretty near the hindmost boat, which was steered by captain Marshall, of Virginia, and being weakly manned at the oars, was in danger of falling into their hands. The crew,

however, without regarding the balls that were showering around them, did not relax in their exertions, and while the Indians lost some ground by getting out of the current, they were enabled to come up with the middle boat, on which they abandoned the other, with the property on board; and joining their forces, overtook the foremost, which received them all aboard, and by hard rowing, with their combined strength at the oars, they escaped with the sacrifice of their two boats and cargoes. Johnston, Skyles, and the surviving female, were afterwards carried out towards the lake, and after various adventures all were restored to their homes; but Flinn was put to death on arriving at the Indian towns.

When it became known that the enemy were infesting the river and attacking boats, it was determined that they should be driven off. Accordingly general Scott raised two hundred and thirty volunteers in Kentucky, and marched to Limestone, where he was joined by general Harmar with about one hundred regulars, and some militia from the Miami country, under captain Israel Ludlow. They then directed their march to the Scioto; but the Indians, probably knowing of their approach, had abandoned their camp, and the only effect of the expedition was to relieve the boats upon the river from danger for a short time. Four Indians were surprised and killed in camp, by a small detachment, and no others were seen during the whole march.

In the month of August, the enemy again began to lay in wait for boats passing up and down the river. On the 8th, they attacked a boat a few miles above the mouth of the Scioto, and killed one man and wounded several others; but five other boats fortunately hove in sight and prevented them from capturing the one first attacked, although the whole five were also assailed with so much vigor, that it was found necessary to abandon one of them to save the rest. A few days before, a detachment of twenty men under captain M'Curdy, going up from Cincinnati to Limestone in a boat, were fired upon by some Indians from the bank, and had one man killed and four wounded. They returned the fire so promptly, however, that the Indians were forced to fly.

During the summer, overtures were made to the Indians, and a wish was expressed to treat with them; but they rejected all the terms that could be conceded, and it was at length determined that hostilities should be carried into their own country. It was concerted that two expeditions should be sent against them at the same time; the first of which was to march from Cincinnati, under the command of general Josiah Harmar, and



proceed against the Miami town at the forks of the Maumee, where fort Wayne now stands, while the other was to march from Vincennes, under the command of major Hamtramck, and attack the towns on the Wabash. Major Hamtramck's inroad was attended with considerable success, and several towns were destroyed. General Harmar marched from Cincinnati, on the 26th of September, with about fourteen hundred and fifty men, of whom three hundred and twenty were of the regular army, and the residue were militia from Kentucky and the western part of Pennsylvania. The army reached the vicinity of the St. Marys river about the 14th of October, where an Indian was taken prisoner. In consequence of some information obtained through him, the general despatched colonel Hardin of the Kentucky militia, with a command of six hundred men, to the town which was the object of attack, where he arrived on the 15th, and found the cabins in flames. On the 17th, the rest of the army arrived, and an Indian trail having been observed, colonel Trotter was sent on the 18th, with three hundred men, to endeavor to overtake the party. In the course of the day two straggling Indians were killed, and a party was discovered to be following in their rear; but the detachment was recalled in the evening, by a signal given by firing cannon at the camp, and returned without being molested.

On the 19th, colonel Hardin was sent out with about one hundred and fifty militia and sixty regular troops, towards a town a few miles up the St. Josephs river. In the evening the detachment was passing where the road ran through a narrow prairie, when they were suddenly attacked by the enemy, who were concealed in the woods on one side and in the edge of a morass which skirted the road on the other. The militia gave way and fled, and their officers found it impossible to rally them; but the regulars stood their ground until they were nearly all destroyed. Only seven or eight of them escaped, among whom were captain John Armstrong and ensign Hartshorn. Captain Armstrong broke through the enemy and plunged into the morass, where he continued through the night, with his body wholly under water and his head covered by a tussock of grass, and witnessed the yelling and dancing of the victors over the dead bodies of his men. Towards day, it having become very dark, and the enemy becoming quiet, he extricated himself from the swamp, and attempted to find the camp. He was so much chilled and benumbed, by remaining so long in the water, that he had not proceeded far until he found himself almost unable to move his limbs. Having got into a hollow, he scraped



some dry leaves together, and, possessing materials for striking fire, which were constructed water-tight, and had not been wet, he kindled the leaves and some small sticks, and rested upon his hands and knees, with his body over the blaze, until warmth and power of motion were restored, when he again started, and succeeded in reaching the camp. Ensign Hartshorn, in running to escape from the enemy, stumbled over a log, when the thought struck him, to lie still, which he did, without being seen, until dark, when he was also fortunate enough to reach the camp.

On the next day, the corn and vegetables about the village were destroyed, and on the 21st, the army commenced their return homeward. After proceeding a few miles, the general received information, that the enemy had already returned to their village, upon which he determined to endeavor to change the fortune of the campaign. In the evening, colonel Hardin was ordered to take sixty regulars under the command of major Wyllys, and about five hundred militia, and return and attack the Indians at the town. They did not arrive at the village until about sunrise, when a few Indians were discovered and fired on, and fled in different directions, pursued by the militia, who thus fell into disorder. They were then attacked, impetuously, by the Indians, who, in many cases, fought at close quarters, with the tomahawk against the bayonet, making their most strenuous efforts against the body of regular troops, who preserved their order for some time, but were finally overpowered by numbers, and all killed, except a captain, ensign, and seven men. Major Wyllys was killed. It was not until the regulars had been cut off, that the militia could be recalled from their pursuit. Colonel Hardin at length brought them into regular order, and the contest was continued until past noon, when a retreat was ordered; and the Indians did not pursue. Upwards of one hundred and thirty men were killed in the action; and it was supposed that the enemy must have suffered severely also, as they permitted the army to return to Cincinnati without further molestation. The expedition reached fort Washington on the 3d of November, with all their artillery and baggage. General Harmar claimed the victory in the last battle, in his official despatch, but public opinion has not sustained the claim. The loss suffered by the army, and the fact that the Indians remained masters of the field of battle, contradicted it so palpably, that the campaign has always been characterized as disastrous, and the battle as a defeat. Instead of security to the settlers, which the expedition was expected to give them, they suffered more than they had before; the enemy being flushed

with their success in contending with their invaders, and inflamed by the destruction of their towns and the loss of their provisions.

J.

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INDIAN HATING.

THE violent animosity which exists between the people of our frontier and the Indians, has long been a subject of remark. In the early periods of the history of our country, it was easily accounted for, on the ground of mutual aggression. The whites were continually encroaching upon the aborigines, and the latter avenging their wrongs by violent and sudden hostilities. The philanthropist is surprised, however, that such feelings should prevail now, when these atrocious wars have ceased, and when no immediate cause of enmity remains; at least upon our side. Yet the fact is, that the dweller upon the frontier continues to regard the Indian with a degree of terror and hatred, similar to that which he feels towards the rattlesnake or panther, and which can neither be removed by argument, nor appeased by any thing but the destruction of its object.

In order to understand the cause and the operation of these feelings, it is necessary to recollect that the backwoodsmen are a peculiar race. We allude to the pioneers, who, keeping continually in advance of civilization, precede the denser population of our country in its progress westward, and live always upon the frontier. They are the descendants of a people whose habits were identically the same as their own. Their fathers were pioneers. A passion for hunting, and a love for sylvan sports, have induced them to recede continually before the tide of emigration, and have kept them a separate people, whose habits, prejudices, and modes of life have been transmitted from father to son with but little change. From generation to generation they have lived in contact with the Indians. The ancestor met the red men in battle upon the shores of the Atlantic, and his descendants have pursued the footsteps of the retreating tribes, from year to year, throughout a whole century, and from the eastern limits of our great continent to the wide prairies of the west.

America was settled in an age when certain rights, called those of *discovery* and *conquest*, were universally acknowledged; and when the possession of a country was readily conceded to the strongest. When more accurate notions of moral right began, with the spread of knowledge, and the dissemination of religious truth, to prevail in public opinion, and regulate the public acts of our government, the pioneers were but slightly

affected by the wholesome contagion of such opinions. Novel precepts in morals were not apt to reach men who mingled so little with society in its more refined state, and who shunned the restraints, while they despised the luxuries of social life.

The pioneers, who thus dwelt ever upon the borders of the Indian hunting grounds, forming a barrier between savage and civilized men, have received but few accessions to their numbers by emigration. The great tide of emigration, as it rolls forward, beats upon them and rolls them onward, without either swallowing them up in its mass, or mingling its elements with theirs. They accumulate by natural increase; a few of them return occasionally to the bosom of society, but the great mass moves on.

It is not from a desire of conquest, or thirst of blood, or with any premeditated hostility against the savage, that the pioneer continues to follow him from forest to forest, ever disputing with him the right to the soil, and the privilege of hunting game. It is simply because he shuns a crowded population, delights to rove uncontrolled in the woods, and does not believe that an Indian, or any other man, has a right to monopolize the hunting grounds, which he considers free to all. When the Indian disputes the propriety of this invasion upon his ancient heritage, the white man feels himself injured, and stands, as the southern folks say, upon his reserved rights.

The history of the borderers of England and Scotland, and of all dwellers upon frontiers, who come often into hostile collision, shows, that between such parties an intense hatred is created. It is national antipathy, with the addition of private feud and personal injury. The warfare is carried on by a few individuals, who become known to each other, and a few prominent actors on each side soon become distinguished for their prowess or ferocity. When a state of public war ostensibly ceases, acts of violence continue to be perpetrated from motives of mere mischief, or for pillage or revenge.

Our pioneers have, as we have said, been born and reared on the frontier, and have, from generation to generation, by successive removals, remained in the same relative situation in respect to the Indians and to our own government. Every child thus reared, learns to hate an Indian, because he always hears him spoken of as an enemy. From the cradle, he listens continually to horrid tales of savage violence, and becomes familiar with narratives of aboriginal cunning and ferocity. Every family can number some of its members or relatives among the victims of a midnight massacre, or can tell of some acquaintance who has suffered a dreadful death at the stake. Tradi-



tions of horses stolen, and cattle driven off, and cabins burned, are numberless; are told with great minuteness, and listened to with intense interest. With persons thus reared, hatred towards an Indian becomes a part of their nature, and revenge an instinctive principle. Nor does the evil end here. Although the backwoodsmen, properly so called, retire before that tide of emigration which forms the more stationary population, and eventually fills the country with inhabitants, they usually remain for a time in contact with the first of those who, eventually, succeed them, and impress their own sentiments upon the latter. In the formation of each of the western territories and states, the backwoodsmen have, for awhile; formed the majority of the population, and given the tone to public opinion.

If we attempt to reason on this subject, we must reason with due regard to facts, and to the known principles of human nature. Is it to be wondered at, that a man should fear and detest an Indian, who has been always accustomed to hear him described only as a midnight prowler, watching to murder the mother as she bends over her helpless children, and tearing, with hellish malignity, the babe from the maternal breast? Is it strange, that he whose mother has fallen under the savage tomahawk, or whose father has died a lingering death at the stake, surrounded by yelling fiends in human shape, should indulge the passion of revenge towards the perpetrators of such atrocities? They know the story only as it was told to them. They have only heard one side, and that with all the exaggerations of fear, sorrow, indignation and resentment. They have heard it from the tongue of a father, or from the lips of a mother, or a sister, accompanied with all the particularity which the tale could receive from the vivid impressions of an eyewitness, and with all the eloquence of deeply awakened feeling. They have heard it perhaps at a time when the war-whoop still sounded in the distance, when the rifle still was kept in preparation, and the cabin door was carefully secured with each returning night.

Such are some of the feelings, and of the facts, which operate upon the inhabitants of our frontiers. The impressions which we have described are handed down from generation to generation, and remain in full force long after all danger from the savages has ceased, and all intercourse with them been discontinued.

Besides that general antipathy which pervades the whole community under such circumstances, there have been many instances of individuals who, in consequence of some personal wrong, have vowed eternal hatred to the whole Indian race,



and have devoted nearly all of their lives to the fulfilment of a vast scheme of vengeance. A familiar instance is before us in the life of a gentleman, who was known to the writer of this article, and whose history we have often heard repeated by those who were intimately conversant with all the events. We allude to the late colonel John Moredock, who was a member of the territorial legislature of Illinois, a distinguished militia officer, and a man universally known and respected by the early settlers of that region. We are surprised that the writer of a sketch of the early history of Illinois, which we published some months ago, should have omitted the name of this gentleman, and some others, who were famed for deeds of hardihood, while he has dwelt upon the actions of persons who were comparatively insignificant.

John Moredock was the son of a woman who was married several times, and was as often widowed by the tomahawk of the savage. Her husbands had been pioneers, and with them she had wandered from one territory to another, living always on the frontier. She was at last left a widow, at Vincennes, with a large family of children, and was induced to join a party about to remove to Illinois, to which region a few American families had then recently removed. On the eastern side of Illinois there were no settlements of whites; on the shore of the Mississippi a few spots were occupied by the French; and it was now that our own backwoodsmen began to turn their eyes to this delightful country, and determined to settle in the vicinity of the French villages. Mrs. Moredock and her friends embarked at Vincennes in boats with the intention of descending the Wabash and Ohio rivers, and ascending the Mississippi. They proceeded in safety until they reached the Grand Tower on the Mississippi, where, owing to the difficulty of the navigation for ascending boats, it became necessary for the boatmen to land, and drag their vessels round a rocky point, which was swept by a violent current. Here a party of Indians, lying in wait, rushed upon them, and murdered the whole party. Mrs. Moredock was among the victims, and *all* her children, except John, who was proceeding with another party.

John Moredock was just entering upon the years of manhood, when he was thus left in a strange land, the sole survivor of his race. He resolved upon executing vengeance, and immediately took measures to discover the actual perpetrators of the massacre. It was ascertained that the outrage was committed by a party of twenty or thirty Indians, belonging to different tribes, who had formed themselves into a lawless predatory band. Moredock watched the motions of this band for

more than a year, before an opportunity suitable for his purpose occurred. At length he learned, that they were hunting on the Missouri side of the river, nearly opposite to the recent settlements of the Americans. He raised a party of young men and pursued them; but that time they escaped. Shortly after, he sought them at the head of another party, and had the good fortune to discover them one evening, on an island, whither they had retired to encamp the more securely for the night. Moredock and his friends, about equal in numbers to the Indians, waited until the dead of night, and then landed upon the island, turning adrift their own canoes and those of the enemy, and determined to sacrifice their own lives, or to exterminate the savage band. They were completely successful. Three only of the Indians escaped, by throwing themselves into the river; the rest were slain, while the whites lost not a man.

But Moredock was not satisfied while one of the murderers of his mother remained. He had learned to recognize the names and persons of the three that had escaped, and these he pursued with secret, but untiring diligence, until they all fell by his own hand. Nor was he yet satisfied. He had now become a hunter and a warrior. He was a square-built, muscular man, of remarkable strength and activity. In athletic sports he had few equals; few men would willingly have encountered him in single combat. He was a man of determined courage, and great coolness and steadiness of purpose. He was expert in the use of the rifle, and other weapons; and was complete master of those wonderful and numberless expedients by which the woodsman subsists in the forest, pursues the footsteps of an enemy with unerring sagacity, or conceals himself and his design from the discovery of a watchful foe. He had resolved never to spare an Indian, and though he made no boast of this determination, and seldom avowed it, it became the ruling passion of his life. He thought it praiseworthy to kill an Indian; and would roam through the forest silently and alone, for days and weeks, with this single purpose. A solitary red man, who was so unfortunate as to meet him in the woods, was sure to become his victim; if he encountered a party of the enemy, he would either secretly pursue their footsteps until an opportunity for striking a blow occurred, or, if discovered, would elude them by his superior skill. He died about four years ago, an old man, and it is supposed never in his life failed to embrace an opportunity to kill a savage.

The reader must not infer from this description, that colonel Moredock was unsocial, ferocious, or by nature cruel. On the contrary, he was a man of warm feelings, and excellent dispo-

sition. At home he was like other men, conducting a large farm with industry and success, and gaining the good will of all his neighbors by his popular manners and benevolent deportment. He was cheerful, convivial, and hospitable; and no man in the territory was more generally known or more universally respected. He was an officer in the ranging service during the war of 1813-14, and acquitted himself with credit; and was afterwards elected to the command of the militia of his county, at a time when such an office was honorable, because it imposed responsibility, and required the exertion of military skill. Colonel Moredock was a member of the legislative council of the territory of Illinois, and at the formation of the state government, was spoken of as a candidate for the office of governor, but refused to permit his name to be used.

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## LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

## NO. I.

MR. EDITOR—I have just returned from a delightful voyage. I have explored a portion of the exquisitely beautiful shores of the upper Mississippi, and am ready to confess that until now, I had little idea of the extent, the grandeur, or the resources of the west. The world cannot produce such another country as this great valley of ours. Yet to understand its value, one must ascend the Mississippi and the Illinois, and see the noble prairies of the two states which are destined to eclipse all others. I cannot convey to you in adequate language, my admiration of this attractive region. The traveller who visits the western country, and fancies he has acquired *any* knowledge of it—I say *any*, by simply tracing the meanders of the Ohio, or spending weeks, or years, if you please, at Cincinnati or Louisville, is very much mistaken. There is much to admire in western Pennsylvania and Virginia; Kentucky and Ohio are full of attraction; but the man who is really an admirer of nature, and would witness the most splendid exhibitions of the creative power, must go to Illinois and Missouri.

I visited this region for the first time four years ago, while the Sacs and Foxes were at peace with the whites, and before Black Hawk had got to be a great man. They were friendly and well-disposed, and the white people residing near them, would almost as soon have distrusted or disturbed each other, as those peaceful red men. I took great interest in noticing their dwellings, and remarking their deportment, as it was the first



occasion I had ever enjoyed of seeing the savage in his own wild home. I had embarked on board a steamboat at St. Louis, intending to take a pleasant excursion to the falls of St. Anthony. The weather was very delightful, only a little too warm; and the river was unfortunately so low, that on arriving at the *Des Moines* rapids, we found it difficult to ascend them, and above that point, our progress was continually impeded by the difficulty of the navigation. This circumstance, though vexatious to such of the passengers as had business ahead, or families at home, was not disagreeable to one who, like myself, travelled only for amusement, as it afforded opportunities of exploring the romantic shores. We spent a day at the Lower Rapids, and I have seldom seen a more attractive country. The land is high on both sides, and rises gradually in beautiful swells. I saw hundreds of acres covered with the buckeye, or horse-chestnut, the most beautiful tree of the forest—if, indeed, any can be entitled to that distinction among so great a variety of noble and majestic trees. Beneath, was a rich undergrowth of wild gooseberry bushes. Add to these the beautiful creeper, and the wild honeysuckle, which were occasionally seen, and it is impossible to imagine a vegetation more splendidly luxuriant and ornamental. The whole country is based on rock, and the springs which burst out from the hill sides are clear as crystal and delightfully cold. The shores of the river are plentifully strewn with crystalizations and petrifications. We picked up some fine specimens of cornelian, and saw a vast number of geodes of every size, from one inch in diameter to fifteen.

It was Sunday. Have you ever experienced the singular and pleasing associations connected with a sabbath passed in the wilderness? I have often enjoyed these feelings, but never felt them with such force as on this day. It was calm and sultry. The brilliant sunbeams were brightly reflected from the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and the deep green outline of the forest was splendidly illumined, while the deep shadows underneath the foliage afforded an attractive appearance of coolness and seclusion. The passengers and crew were scattered about singly or in small parties, so that when I wandered but a small distance from the vessel, and seated myself on a hill which commanded a view of the river and its banks, I found myself perfectly alone. Not a living object was visible, not a sound was heard, not a leaf nor a limb stirred. How different from the streets of a city upon a sabbath morn, when crowds of well-dressed persons are seen moving in every direction; when the cheerful bells are sounding, and the beautiful smiling children are hurrying in troops to Sunday school! Here I was in



solitude. I saw not the laborer resting from toil, nor the smile of infancy, nor the christian bowing before his God; but Nature proclaimed a sabbath by the silence that reigned abroad, and the splendor with which she had adorned her works.

It is natural that these recollections of my first visit to the frontier should mingle with the observations made in my recent tour through the same scenes; I shall therefore not attempt to separate the remarks made on either occasion, but give you some of the results of both voyages.

I can scarcely describe the sensations with which I first saw the solitary lodge of an Indian hunter, on the shore of the Mississippi. In my childhood, I had read with thrilling interest, the tales of border warfare; but I had not learned to hate an Indian with mortal hatred. I verily believe they have souls. People may think differently in certain places, which shall be nameless, but I cannot be persuaded to the contrary. You cannot imagine any thing more frail than an Indian wigwam—a mere shelter of poles and mats, so small, so apparently inadequate to any purpose of security or comfort, that it is hardly possible to believe it to be intended for the residence of human beings. In such habitations reside the Indian warrior, whose name is a terror to his enemies; and the dark maiden, whose story supplies the poet with rich materials, with which to embellish the page of fiction. In such wretched hovels reside the aboriginal lords of the soil.

I am not among the sentimentalists, who have a tear ever ready when the name of the Indian is pronounced; who love a negro or red man better than their own flesh and blood—or who affect such love out of mere sectional spite, or a fanaticism compounded out of party feelings and original depravity. But *I have* seen in this region, evidences of persecution perpetrated by our people upon this unhappy race, such as the American people would scarcely believe; and I am satisfied that if the events of a late war could be traced to their true source, every real philanthropist in the nation would blush for his country.

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I could relate many anecdotes, to show the friendly feelings entertained towards our government and people by the Sacs—feelings which, whether of fear or of kindness, have rendered them wholly submissive, and which nothing but the most unprovoked aggression on our side, could have kindled into hostility. I will only, at this time, repeat one, which occurred during my first voyage, reserving others for a future letter.

One day, when the boat stopped to take in wood, some of us strolled up to the house of a Mr. D., a respectable farmer from

Pennsylvania. He had been living here several years, at a spot distant from any settlements, and without a single neighbor. Upon our inquiring whether he felt no alarm in residing thus alone in the vicinity of the Indians, he replied that his family had formerly experienced much uneasiness, but that they had long since become satisfied that there was no ground for apprehension. He was convinced that the Sacs, their nearest neighbors, so far from being disposed to injure the whites, were cautious and timid of giving offence. In support of this opinion, he related the following anecdote.

His house stands on a high bank of the Mississippi, and the family were one day much alarmed by discovering a large number of Indians passing up the river in canoes. They passed along in the most disorderly manner, some paddling their little vessels, and others strolling along the shore, but the majority evidently intoxicated. It was the latter circumstance which caused alarm. The Indians had been to St. Louis to receive their annuities, and had procured a sufficient supply of whisky to render them unsafe visitors. They continued, however, straggling along in larger or smaller parties all day, without stopping. At night, one of them, a young warrior of prepossessing appearance, came to the house, and in the most respectful manner, asked permission to sleep upon the floor of the cabin. Mr. D., although by no means pleased with his guest, knew not how to refuse. The Indian warrior was invited to supper. A plentiful meal, such as composed the ordinary repast of the family, was placed before him, and having satisfied his hunger, he wrapped himself in his blanket, threw himself on the floor before the fire, and went to sleep. In the course of the night, Mr. D. happening to go out, discovered some Indians lying in the bushes not far from the house; without disturbing them, he proceeded in a different direction, where he found another party; they were strewed, in short, entirely around his dwelling. The fact of being thus surrounded, the concealment, and the silence of the Indians, all conspired to awaken suspicion, and he passed the night in no small degree of uneasiness. He rose early in the morning; his Indian guest also started up, gathered his blanket around him, and took leave; first, however, explaining to Mr. D. that he belonged to a party of Sacs who were returning from St. Louis, and that many of them being intoxicated, it had been thought proper to station a guard round Mr. D.'s house, to protect him and his property from injury. He added, that if any depredation should be discovered to have been committed by the Indians, the chiefs would pay Mr. D. the full amount. Such an example of the care taken by the chiefs of this tribe to avoid

giving umbrage to the whites, affords the highest testimony, either of their friendship for our people, or their respect for our power.

The Sac and Fox tribes inhabited, at that time, a beautiful tract of country in Illinois, upon the borders of Rock river. These two tribes are usually mentioned in conjunction, because the Foxes, many years ago, having been nearly exterminated in a war with some of their neighbors, the remnant of the nation, too feeble to exist as a separate tribe, sought refuge in the Sac villages, and have remained ever since incorporated with the latter people. They are a fine looking race of people, and are well disposed towards the whites. They have long been divided, however, into two parties, one of which is friendly to our government, while the other, called the *British band*, is under the influence of the British traders. It has always been the policy of the latter, to keep the Indians upon the western frontier in a state of disaffection towards the American people, and by these means, to secure to themselves an undue proportion of the fur trade. So long as it should remain difficult upon our part to gain access to the tribes, and our intercourse with them be liable to interruption, jealousy, and distrust, so long would the British trader possess an advantage over us in relation to this traffic. The British fur companies, whose agents are numerous, intelligent, and enterprising, have always acted upon this policy, and the English officers in Canada, both civil and military, have given it their sanction. Almost all the atrocities which have been committed on our frontiers by the Indians, within the last fifty years, have been directly or indirectly incited by the incendiary agents of that mercenary government. The *British band* of the Sacs and Foxes have been in the habit of visiting Malden annually, and receiving valuable presents—presents, which being made to a disaffected portion of a tribe residing not only within the United States, but within the limits of a state, could be viewed in no other light than as bribes—the wages of disaffection. Black Hawk, though not a chief, is one of the most influential individuals of the *British band*.

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#### LETTERS FROM CUBA.

##### NO. II.

Havana, May, 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—After giving you a short account of my arrival at Havana, and of the impression made upon me by the scene, viewed first in the false gilding of the setting sun, and



then in the misty and mysterious beauty of the moonlight, I left you to retire to my bed, still upon the waters. I am now to show you the scene in the truer, though not so fascinating colors of day-light, and to allow you the opportunity of more minute observation, by conducting you *in medias res*.

After spending a night, in which thought and expectation supplied the place of sleep, or only yielded at last to busy dreams, I was aroused from my unquiet slumbers by a commotion upon deck. Suddenly recollecting where I was, and bringing back, at the same time, all the train of interesting associations, which had so much occupied my mind, I started up, and hastened upon deck. The scene was the same, yet how different—just the difference that shows between the placid face, reposing in sleep, and the same features animated with thought and motion.

On the left, indeed, the white walls of the Cavanas, stretching along the verge of the precipitous bank, rose in the same motionless strength and majesty into the clear morning sun-light, which falling full upon them, showed clearly now the whole extent of outline—which in the night had been lost in the misty distance—with all its rounded towers and massive angles. On the bay, at a short distance before us, lay the black hull of a Spanish war's-man, dismantled and roofed, resting, like the castle above, in quiet, gloomy strength, as if watching the moving world about it. All around, the surface of the water teemed with moving boats, some crossing from side to side, some passing up and down, and some sweeping round from vessel to vessel, laden with pine-apples, bananas, oranges, mangoes, plantains, and all the rich variety of tropical fruits. On the right was the quay, stretching about half a mile inward, all alive with men, some standing in groups, some promenading, some at work, loading or unloading the vessels, which lay crowded together, with their bows instead of their broadsides towards the quay. From their clustering masts waved, mingling, the flags of various nations, meeting thus harmoniously on common ground, in pursuit of the common wants of man. It is pleasant to see the Christian and the Arab, bowing down to drink at the same well. It reminds us, that though so differing in externals, we are, indeed, all of the same race—all creatures of the same God; the various streams of humanity which intersect this earthly existence, in truth, spring from the same fountain, and are yet again to mingle their waters in the great ocean of eternity.

The instant I found myself at liberty, I hastened, full of expectation, to the shore. No sooner did I place my foot on the



quay, than I was attacked by half a dozen strapping negroes with petitions to carry my baggage. I chose one of them; but was at a loss to know what the fellow would do with the trunk, for he had no carriage of any description. But I soon found that none was needed: the sturdy African mounted the trunk, which was, by the way, a very large and heavy one, directly upon his scull-cap, which was nothing more than a folded handkerchief, and marched off in triumph.

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Havana is a dirty city. The streets—or rather lanes, for they are scarcely wide enough for carriages to pass each other—are seldom or ever cleaned, unless it be on some saint's day, and then only those through which the procession is to pass. There is generally a delicious stream, or rather, not a stream, but a narrow pool, standing all along the middle of the street. This liquid mass is commonly of a beautiful blue color, quite interesting to the eye; and not only the eye, but other senses, such as the smell, and even the taste may share in its sweets. And then after a rain, when the lake overflows its banks, as it were, and nearly fills the streets, collecting, as it spreads, and softening and combining into one mass, all the various ingredients of which the layer of dirt is composed, the walking is fine I assure you. You must know that there are no sidewalks in Havana; for such, street room cannot be spared. In the place of them, there is a row of flag-stones, which are just broad enough for one person; so that the whole population stream along in single file. Now what is to be done in case of meeting? Why, one must step into the street; and if you are a polite man, you will invariably be the one; for each here looks out for himself. And then suppose a carriage comes along, if you would get clear of its splatterings, you must squeeze yourself into the stone wall, which it is laughable to observe every one in the critical moment trying to do.

This, I confess, is rather a caricature. But in truth, I sometimes wonder that Havana is not scourged with a constant pestilence, such a cloud of unwholesome scents and vapors fills the atmosphere. Indeed, Spanish towns are proverbial for their peculiarity in this respect; and it is a fact, that travelling in Cuba by night, I have often discovered myself to be in a village by the noisome smells which filled the air, before I had observed it otherwise.

The houses in Havana are very high, and commonly covered with plastering, either of an orange color, or white, and frequently figured with blue or green paint, so that while the covering is fresh, there is an appearance of splendor about

them. But in so moist a climate as that of Cuba, the colors very soon fade, and with the splendor, neatness and cleanliness pass away too; so that the buildings have a very shabby, time-worn appearance. Indeed, there is a total want of neatness and care about every thing. All mechanical work is rude and unskilful. The windows are mostly grated with iron bars, for security against assassins and thieves. The door is a monstrous uncouth portal, about as high and wide as that of a church. Indeed, I have often seen a volante, or carriage, standing in the front entry, while the horse was kept in the yard, or square within, around which the house is built. The apartments are commonly very high, for the purpose of freer circulation of the air, and often without ceiling, exposing all the beams and rafters of the roof, like a barn. The floors are laid with tiles or composed of soft stone, beaten to dust, and then plastered and polished.

Every thing here appears strange enough; but what at first sight struck me most, was the appearance of a *calisero*, or postillion. This strange animal was one of the first objects that greeted my eyes on entering the city. He wore a scarlet jacket, corded all over, reaching but a little way below his arm-pits. His person, from the 'hem of his jacket' down to his knees, was covered with striped small clothes, as they may without contradiction be called, since they did not invade the province of pantaloons by reaching lower than the knee; at least so far as could be discoverable to the eye. Thence downward, the limbs were cased in a pair of jack-boots, or buskins, or leather gaiters, or whatever term you may apply to them, for they have no appropriated English name, since there is no such English idea. It sets close to the leg, from the instep up as far as the knee; then the stiffened leather, suddenly stands forth and bristles up around the front of the knee like a bishop's mitre. From the heel protrudes a monstrous spur, the wheel of which is about an inch in diameter. The foot is covered with a thin shoe or slipper; and the head is surmounted with a vari-colored palm leaf hat, full a foot and a half in height. Such is a *calisero*, as he stands. But when you see him mounted, in company with the rest of his equipage, the sight is really curious. Imagine to yourself a broad, old fashioned chaise body, slung between two monstrous wheels, so large as to rise above the top of it, and about four feet off, a rat of an animal, just hitched on at the end of the shafts, almost overwhelmed by a strapping negro, who bestrides him, enveloped in the garb I have described, and all together scrambling and splashing through the muddy streets of Havana, and you have before you a caricature of the ridiculous.

Another thing which strikes a peaceful American with singularity, is the number of soldiers that meet him at every turn. I believe the number in and about the city is about six thousand. They are very neat in their appearance, wearing the white uniforms, which it is remarkable to observe, are always clean, even in that dirty city. The privates carry not only muskets, but swords. Their persons are rather under than above the middle size, and very slight. Such is, indeed, the stature of the whole race. The Spanish soldiers here are under excellent discipline; and are very efficient in preserving order. Guards are posted at frequent intervals through the city, and stand to their arms night and day. It is imposing, at the still hour of twilight, to hear, mingling with the solemn peal of the vesper bells, the lively flourish of the trumpet ringing through the streets, *bassed* by the measured tread of the soldiers, as they march their rounds to relieve guard. And again, in the silent depths of the night, when no sound is heard, save the untiring note of the cricket, and all the 'mighty heart' of the populous city is still, just as the castle clock tolls twelve, you hear a distant cry ring forth on the night; it is repeated nearer and louder—yet nearer and more distinct—and now a lone voice beneath your window takes up the cry—'alerto'—it passes on—farther—farther—till it is lost, as it rose, in the distance.

There is always a company of these guards stationed at the door of the palace of the governor-general, and also a sentry at each corner of the building. The palace of the intendant, or financier, an officer, by the way, hated for his extortions, is guarded in the same manner. But notwithstanding all the precautions taken to secure the safety of the citizens, robberies and murders are quite frequent, though not nearly so much so of late years as formerly. I was told by a friend who has been long resident in the city, that it used to be a matter of regular occurrence to him, as he passed by the governor's palace in the course of his morning walk, to see two or three mangled bodies lying on the sidewalk, where they were exposed for a certain length of time to public view, in order that they might be claimed by the friends of the deceased. What a horrid state of things! It was dangerous to be rich—it was death to be fearless and independent. A rebuking word might cost you your life. The vengeance of a Spaniard, so easily aroused, could be easily wreaked. For the most trifling sum, a man could procure the death of his enemy. Indeed, even if you took every care to avoid being obnoxious to any one, you could not feel yourself safe: for so reckless of blood are men here, so little anxious about the lives of their fellow men, that many a



noble youth has fallen a victim merely to careless mistake. And as to justice, it can rarely, if ever be obtained, and if it could be, it would cost more than its worth. Indeed, the only way for the friends of the deceased to save themselves from utter ruin, is to hush the matter as quickly as possible, or you will have the officers of justice, as they call themselves, in upon you, like so many harpies, who, under the pretence of investigating the matter, will take down as many depositions as they can muster, for which you must pay a round sum; and after all, you gain nothing by it. For the process of a trial here is so slow, being conducted only by writing, and all departments of the law being so notoriously open to bribery, there is but a trifling chance of your obtaining satisfaction. A case happened here some time ago, in which a rich nobleman had committed, or caused to be committed, a vindictive and cruel murder. A suit was commenced against him, and the criminal seeing his case desperate, procured admittance to the intendant, and laying on the table before him two bags, containing a thousand ounces each, left the room without a word. The proceedings against the villain were immediately stopped.

I will relate an anecdote, which was repeated to me by a near relation of the person concerned, to show the manner of proceeding here in cases of murder. Two gentlemen made an appointment to meet each other a few miles from Havana, in order to proceed on a journey together. One of them being detained, reached the place of meeting a little later than the time appointed. On arriving within sight of the spot, he beheld, instead of his friend, a dead body upon the ground. On approaching nearer, what was his horror at recognizing in those palid features the countenance of the person he was in quest of. He was probably murdered by highwaymen, as his pockets had been rifled. Without hesitating to consider of consequences, he immediately hastened back to town, and procuring assistance, caused the body to be conveyed to his own house. He had been at home but a short time, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and in flocked the officers of justice to inquire into the affair. They immediately called for pen and paper, and proceeded to take down the testimony of every one present, from the gentleman himself who had first seen the body, even to those who knew no more of the matter than they themselves, that is, had merely looked upon the corpse after its arrival at the house. Yet they would with threats compel each one to say something, in order to make out as many depositions as possible; for on every sheet was to be paid a certain sum. In this



manner, sheet fell upon sheet, till piles arose. Yet this was but the beginning. At length the gentleman of the house, seeing no probable end of the matter, and fearing if the course of justice were not stopped, he should be ruined, tendered the officers the sum of five hundred dollars, to put the papers in his possession, and let the affair rest. The offer was accepted.

Another instance was related to me, in which a gentleman having been assassinated, his widow enjoyed the consolation of being turned out of house and home, to satisfy the rapacious claims of the harpies of the law. Such is justice in Havana.

I will conclude, my dear friend, this very elaborate and well digested epistle, with a commentary in the shape of an anecdote. Some years before the French revolution of 1789, while St. Domingo was in the possession of France, a certain Spanish bishop touched at a port in that island, on his way to Mexico. His brother in the church, the French bishop, very cordially invited him to his house. After becoming pretty familiarly acquainted, when the bonds of polite reserve had gradually worn away, their most worshipful heads suffered the conversation to turn, at length, upon the merits of their respective countries—a subject ever dangerous to touch. The Spaniard, full of patriotism (that is, prejudice) and zeal for the church, expatiated widely and warmly on the only topic where an argument could be supported—on the lively regard which his country had always displayed for the interests of religion—its holy zeal; its unbending, all-absorbing, universal devotion of spirit; enlarged upon the merits of the holy inquisition; enumerated the *autos da fe* which had taken place; drew forth from his sanctified memory, a long catalogue of the sinful heretics, on whose funeral piles had been reared the eternal glory of Spain; ‘yes, yes,’ said he, ‘God will bless us! and in the great day, when the trumpet shall wake the dead, and the Son of Man shall come again in the clouds of heaven, the first people, the first nation he will recognize, will be devoted, blessed Spain!’ ‘Ay! ay!’ said the Frenchman, who having politely listened thus far in profound silence, thought at length he had held his peace long enough, ‘Mon Dieu! I agree with you: I think he will recognize your country first at his coming, for in truth, old Spain is somehow pretty much as it was when he left.’

## TO THE MONOTROPA, OR GHOST FLOWER.

This singular little plant is found only in damp and dark places, where it stands with its white stalk clasped with white leaves and surmounted with one white flower, that bends its single petal towards the earth.

PALE, mournful flower, that hid'st in shade  
Mid chilly damps in murky glade  
With moss and mould,  
Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head,  
So pale and cold?

No freshness on thy petal gleams;  
Gone, the bright hue of living greens  
And balmy breath,  
Thy cold and livid covering seems  
The garb of death.

Do ills that wring the human breast  
The blooming buds of spring infest,  
And fade their bloom?  
And bend they, too, with griefs oppress'd,  
To the cold tomb?

Is thy pale bosom chill'd with wo?  
Has treachery hush'd the genial flow  
Of life's young morn?  
Have all who woke thy bosom's glow  
Left thee forlorn?

Perchance the wailing night bird's song,  
That mortal wocs and griefs prolong  
At evening hour,  
Wakes *thy* full tide of feeling strong  
With thrilling power:

Perchance thy paly, earth-bowed head  
Is bending now above the dead  
With dewy eye,  
Soft moaning o'er thy treasures fled  
In evening's sigh:

And this thy plaint to Reason's ear:  
'In every scene Grief will appear,  
'And Death's cold hour,  
'As springs, 'mid beauties of the year,  
'One pale cold flower.'

CLIO.

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ISADORE.

STRONG was the power wherewith my soul  
Was chained to thine;  
'Tis broken, but I bow before  
No other shrine.

My love, my faith, were fixed upon  
Thee, first and last;  
It is my joy to dwell alone  
Upon the past.

No pilgrim to his patron saint  
 So bowed his heart;—  
 So felt it sacrilege to faint,  
 And death to part.

No martyr, clasping the dear cross  
 That made him free,  
 So loved it present, mourned it lost,  
 As I do thee.

Thou wast, indeed, my saint, my pride,  
 Now mine no more;  
 My only love, my blooming bride,  
 My Isadore.

F.

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### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

[The following is an extract from a letter written to us by a gentleman, for whose opinions we entertain a very high respect, and to whose pen our readers have been greatly indebted. It was not intended for publication, but was meant as a friendly admonition to us, of the error of our ways, and administered under the belief that a little wholesome castigation occasionally, may be as useful to a critic as it is to others. We like the frankness of the writer, and while we thank him for the kindness displayed, in the manner of transmitting his reproof, we hope we afford the best evidence of the spirit in which it is received, by placing it before our readers. We may respect the opinions of a friend, without changing our own. We like the English, as a nation, no better now than heretofore, but we esteem an Englishman, who feels and acts as becomes a gentleman, just as much as if he had been born on this side of the Atlantic.]

I AM prompted, on this occasion, to make a few remarks on the nature of the strictures you have entered upon, with regard to English literature and the English character, which, I am compelled to think, are not carried on with that just degree of candor and liberality, which should characterize the deliberate sentiments of cultivated minds, when engaged in such like disquisitions. I am an Englishman by birth and education, and, therefore, claim to have some actual knowledge of the English character, and feel myself, after a residence of sixteen years in this country, in some degree competent to decide upon the merits of the subject in question. But while thus an Englishman, I am no less an American in sentiment and feeling, and trust that I am as exempt from *English* prejudice, as it may, by possibility, be deemed fitting for an Englishman to be. I am not blind to the defects of my countrymen. I can even bear to hear them freely descanted on, without getting out of temper, or feeling a disposition to recriminate. But while thus sufficiently impressed with a humiliating sense of the many unfavorable traits to be found in the English character, I am also aware, that it is adorned with many rare virtues; and I feel as anxious that justice should be measured out to the *English*, as you can do, that it should not be withheld from the Americans.

You feel indignant at the caricatured representations of the American 'domestic manners,' in the publications of a Trollope. I also have felt indignant at them, both as an American, and as an Englishman; and you will excuse me, if I feel somewhat disturbed, at what I conceive to be, to say the least of it, a culling out of all the most exceptionable features to be found in English literature and character, as depicted in the strictures alluded to. In the July number of the *Western Magazine*, speaking of England, you advance the sweeping charge that, 'there is no civilized country, in which the *mass* of society is so unprincipled;' and quote a paragraph from a German tourist, in confirmation of what you say. Now, I am so far from agreeing with you in this particular, that I hold it to be true, and it has hardly ever been controverted, that there is no people in the world who, as a whole, have a higher regard for principle, or who are more remarkable for their strict observance of the moral law, in their intercourse and dealings among themselves, and with the world; and in this particular, they have, in my opinion, the advantage of the Americans. There is more confidence between man and man, although they do not *boast* as much as the Americans. Prince Puckler Muskau was conversant with the *higher* classes and fashionable coteries alone, of that country; but these bear but a very small proportion to the *masses* of society, although he by no means sustains the charge you have made. He has, I have no doubt, given a very faithful picture of their manners and sentiments, and I esteem him as a writer of most genuine worth and liberality. While he has freely noted the faults of the English character, so far as it came under his review, he has not been niggardly of his commendations of it, as is evinced on numerous occasions in his volume. The middling classes of society are in England the most numerous body, and should not be lost sight of in making an estimate of English character; and even the humblest and lowest, notwithstanding their uncouth manners, and their *patois*, have their virtues; and among these, fidelity, punctuality and truth, are not the least distinguished; nor are they, by any means, so servile as represented, keep out of view the menials—they are less so than the operatives in the manufacturing districts of New England. You refer to some of the best of English writers for proof of the correctness of your views, to Richardson, Pope, Addison, &c. Has there been no improvement in society since their days? Even in this country, the improvement has been very considerable, or I am wrongly informed. Moreover, it has been the fashion of English writers to comment more freely upon the morals of society, than



has ever been customary, or would, indeed be tolerated in this country; and in this respect, the English press enjoys, perhaps, more freedom than the press of this country. But surely there is not wanting subject matter enough in the follies and vices of society, in every country, to furnish full employment for the pen of the moralist. I hope I am mistaken, but it appears to me that you entertain a spirit of hostility and unfairness, to every thing which bears the name of English, for which, if it be the case, I am truly sorry. You appear anxious to get rid of the relationship of consanguinity—of all ‘family likeness;’ and of the fact, which I believe has hitherto been universally conceded, that the two countries are in possession of kindred institutions, civil and religious. (I allude to an article in the April number of the Magazine.) With regard to English literature, I am disposed to admit, in part, the correctness of your remarks: that a great deal of it is in bad taste, perhaps vitiating; but the same objection lies against some of the most popular American periodicals. But your denunciations I think too severe, and too comprehensive, when you speak in the gross, of popular English literature being so extremely pernicious, that it is ‘silently corrupting our press.’ Surely, American editors, if so superior in *caste*, as you intimate, know better how to discriminate, than to suffer a calamity so deplorable to overtake them. In a country where literary productions are so numerous and so multifarious as they are in Great Britain, we may expect to meet with a great deal that is objectionable, in style, taste, and sentiment, both in their periodical publications, and in those which are intended for a more important and more permanent purpose.

But how much is this country not indebted for its present advancement, and rising distinction in literary eminence, to the abundance of English literature of a high and superior excellence? Were we, even now, to be cut off from that source, or the supply withheld, we should, I am inclined to think, soon find ourselves singularly impoverished. And, far greater losers than gainers, in every point of view, when we take into consideration the peculiar circumstances of the countries respectively, the degree of relationship, sameness of language, etc. common to them both; and it would be utterly impossible for us ever to divest ourselves of the associations, which blend our literature so intimately with that of England, past and present. There is, comparatively, but little erudition in the United States, and small means and leisure of acquiring it. We should have, I apprehend, but a slender portion of profound criticism on learned subjects.

A great majority of the books put into the hands of our chil-





Painted by Charles Barber

Engraved by John Beaumont

100 7 in. 4 1/2 in.

Crucifixion Scenery, Crispin Moor 1830

children, in this country, our youth and students of every profession and character, are *English*. Our magazines, monthly, 'child's,' 'people's,' Parley's, etc.; our 'libraries,' 'family,' 'classical,' 'useful and entertaining knowledge,' etc. etc., are only copies, or models of similar modern English publications. The British quarterly reviews, which give so much tone to the literature of this country, are all, with perhaps the exception of the London Quarterly, conducted, at present, in a spirit of great liberality.

And are not these a part of the fashionable literature of Great Britain? Are not the various classes of publications above alluded to, more widely extended among all sorts of readers, than any other works? And more has been done there, in this way, for the advancement and diffusion of letters and knowledge, within these few years, than in any other country. Why speak of fashionable literature as that, exclusively, which is adapted to the vitiated tastes of a *few*, who call themselves the *ton*, and are remarkable only for the want of humanized feelings?

American writers have vented a great deal of spleen at the English, because one or two English travellers have given somewhat distorted pictures of American manners, although their accounts have not met with the countenance and credence of any but the high-toned aristocrats of England. A majority of the British reviewers have disclaimed them, while there have been other English travellers, who have done ample justice to the American character.

I think the Americans a little too sensitive when their faults and foibles are attacked, for faults and foibles they have. They are not the only people whom travellers have misrepresented; and even in the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' something may be found by which the Americans might profit. At any rate, let not a whole nation be held responsible for what one or two individuals alone are accountable. I have spoken freely, and said more than I intended, although the subject will admit of a great deal more. America, her institutions, the urbanity and many amiable qualities of her citizens, are all entwined round my heart, as they are, in like manner, round the hearts of thousands; nay, perhaps a majority of Englishmen, at home and abroad. Do not then, by an indiscriminate attack upon English character and manners, alienate that good feeling, so auspicious to a friendly intercourse between the two people. Englishmen are sufficiently unpopular in this country, among the people at large, without any farther attempts to excite popular prejudice against them. They have their faults, which are the more conspicuous and exposed, from the circumstance that



Englishmen have been less in the habit of suppressing their sentiments and feelings, than perhaps any other people.

Their prejudices, I admit to be strong; and sincerity is with them a fault. I have now done with this subject, and hope that I shall not, hereafter, elicit less of your regard, from the known fact of my being an *Englishman*.

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#### LOVELL'S FOLLY.

A NOVEL: by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of *De Lara, Lamorah, &c. Cincinnati: Hubbard & Edmands.*

WE sit down to write this article, on the 21st day of August, at noon, thermometer at ninety-four, or thereabouts, and the printer dunning us for *copy*, with as little remorse, as if we were surrounded by the atmosphere of Nova Zembla. It is all the same to him; for printers, commencing the world in the character of *devils*, may be supposed to be proof against heat. The benevolent reader would feel for us, could he behold us laboring in his behalf, on such a day; and the fair writer of the book before us, would tremble for its fate, could she see us toiling over it, at a moment so unpropitious to good-humored criticism, or *cool* judgment. Cool indeed! Can any man be cool to-day, and should we expect an editor to be more frigid than any other human being, who is 'fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter!'

But, however arduous may be the task of putting our thoughts on paper, we are happy to say that the reading of Mrs. Hentz's book afforded a most agreeable relaxation. It is the very thing for a hot day—sprightly, imaginative and interesting. It may be perused, sitting or reclining, without putting the reader to sleep, and that is more than can be said, in dog-days, of most books.

To come at once to the pith of the matter, it is proper to state, that the publishers have been good enough to send us the sheets, fresh from the press, and previous to their publication, so that this review will make its appearance, before the book itself; which has yet to go through the hands of the binders, where, being a lady's book, we hope it will be suitably attired. We are glad to have the opportunity of extending to it a cordial welcome, and hope it may be the precursor of many similar volumes, equally honorable to the genius of western writers, and to the public spirit of western publishers. This is not the

first novel that has been printed in the west, but it is the best one that has fallen under our notice; and we risk little in saying, that it will not diminish the reputation of a writer, who has already given the most unequivocal evidences of taste and genius, and who is justly estimated in this city, as one of its greatest intellectual ornaments.

But, for fear we should be suspected of saying pretty things of this book, merely because the writer is a lady, we shall proceed to make some selections. An outline of the story we cannot give, without spoiling it. Love scenes are delicate affairs to manage, at best, and we are sure we should spoil these by attempting to retail them, at second hand.

The following is the manner and form, in which the author lays the *venue*:

'There is a beautiful valley in New England, which I will not call by its geographical name, but by the rural appellation of Cloverdale; a *sobriquet*, once given it by a poet, while it was receiving the bounteous sprinkling of a summer shower. There are many reasons why I prefer the poet's fancy to the plain, downright matter of fact—one is, that while I give a faithful description of the loveliness of nature, I would wish to call in the charm of imagination and the illusion of novelty as auxiliaries of truth. By the adoption of an innocent artifice of this kind, the drapery of fancy may be suffered to float lightly and gracefully over some of the *realities* of life, like the soft mist of the valley; and never was misty veil so transparent, silvery and fantastic as that which, every moonlight night, mantled the valley of Cloverdale. Another is—the name is so descriptive of pastoral plenty and rural beauty. It presents at once to the eye an image of luxuriant intervals, "redolent of sweets," fertilized by beneficent streams; of indolent cattle, ruminating on the riches of the land: of blooming dairymaids, and those luxuries of the country, butter and cheese. But Cloverdale possessed other distinctions than those received from the direct bounty of nature, who had adorned it as "a gem richer than all its tribe." It had long held an aristocratic rank among the neighboring towns, (in New England, every inhabited vale and village is thus honorably titled.) This was owing to the only aristocracy acknowledged in *our* country, the superior intelligence and refinement of its inhabitants. It was gradually becoming a favorite summer retreat of some of the metropolitans, who, debilitated or disgusted by the heat and confinement of a city, longed for the chartered air and liberal shade. There were some whose tastes were so unaccountable as to prefer its luxurious retirement to the fashionable watering places, where bustling invalids annually resort, who are laboring under the most insupportable of all maladies, a *mental dyspepsia*. Some who thought the waters of the winding river, (which, still adopting the same poet's fancy, I shall call *Devon*,) were purer and better than all the waters of Saratoga and Ballston. And several travellers, who had journeyed themselves three successive summers into unutterable admiration of the falls of Niagara, declared it was deliciously soothing to the eye, wearied by excessive grandeur, to rest on its modest waves, that flowed on through banks shadowed by such "bonny spreading bushes," that the sheltered stream could never sympathize with the recorded woes of *Bruin Water*.'

The name of the novel seems to be derived from that of one of the characters, who, although not prominent in the action of the story, is introduced in a very graphic and easy manner. He was a rich old bachelor, whose affections having no legitimate channels, diverged into many eccentric courses.

'Architecture became his ruling passion, and having no children to transmit his name to posterity, he determined to leave a monument more enduring than frail flesh and blood, and which should link his memory to future generations, by the most venerable and classic associations. For this purpose, he caused to be erected a stately mansion, which he at first intended to be a model of the purest simplicity, but his taste luxuriating as the work went on, he relieved the severity of the Gothic pillars, which supported the piazza, with the richest Corinthian entablatures, and added many fantastic devices of his own, to crown the symmetrical arch of the windows, which descended to the floor in front, and opened into a yard, whose velvet green was beautifully contrasted by flights of white marble steps. But as if resolved to mar the effect of this fair union, he had placed on high pedestals, in the centre of each square, statues of general Washington and Buonaparte; not cold and spotless, like the ancient gods, but dressed in full regimentals, and colored with the hues of life. The garden, too, was decorated with statues of party-colored nymphs, and Adonises, and last, not least, his own figure, stowed like a household divinity in the vestibule of the temple. But the ill-fated Benedict was not destined to enjoy the fruit of his labors. He had studied architecture more deeply than economy, and was confounded when he found his purse was not as inexhaustible as his genius. The workmen became importunate, creditors clamorous; he heard his taste ridiculed, his madness condemned; ruin glared him in the face, and unable to sustain all these accumulated horrors, the reason, whose suggestions he had slighted, utterly forsook him. He became a brain-stricken wanderer mid the shade of the valley, and fled from the companionship of men, to hold fellowship with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, while the monument he had built in his pride, became famous in the surrounding country, by the name of "*Lovell's Folly*," derived from its unfortunate owner. The celebrity of this mansion, first attracted Mr. Mariiwood to Cloverdale. He saw that by making those alterations and improvements which a cultivated taste and ample fortune enabled him to plan and execute, it would make a very desirable and elegant abode. A noble but neglected farm belonged to the establishment, which would furnish a liberal field for his agricultural talents, and in the simple and unostentatious inhabitants, he thought he should find characters which he could mould at his will. Being thus at once established in his own imagination as the honored nabob of the country, he became an immediate purchaser, and hastened to communicate the result of his examination to his only daughter, Miss Penitence Mariiwood, who began forthwith to build *her chateaux en Espagne*—though of different materials from her father's.

'One of Mr. Mariiwood's first movements was to displace the statues of the Gallic warrior and American chief from their marble thrones, transport the nymphs and swains from their sylvan beds, and disenshrine the faded image of poor Lovell, which stood in melancholy desolation, amid the wonders he had wrought. Mr. Mariiwood was, however, too well aware of the value of worldly goods, to throw aside these relics of insane fancy, as useless rubbish. He sold the venerated father of American glory to the keeper of a neighboring hotel, who hoisted him on the pinnacle of a huge white pillar, as a sign peculiarly fitting and imposing, it being called the Washington hotel. Buonaparte being considered of infinitely less value, was disposed of, at an inferior price, to the same purchaser, as an ornament to a whitewashed pump contiguous to the stable, where the imperial Corsican was doomed to see the lilies of France, emblazoned on his chapeau de bras, daily and hourly bespattered by incessant jets d'eau, without the power to repel or resent the insult. A carpenter, who was building a pleasure-boat for the accommodation of the strangers and young people of the valley, bought one of the naiads for his barge, which he christened "*Lady of the Lake*." Finding the lord of the mansion rather unsaleable, the new owner, with ready ingenuity, converted him into a scare-crow, for his own rich corn-fields. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*'

Another extract, which we take at random, will afford a fair specimen of the author's style.

'A path wound so temptingly just below the window into the *interval*, and she knew Venus would watch so faithfully over her sleeping mother, she could not resist the impulse; and putting on her calash, she was soon bounding along that path, with something of the step of a wild mountain girl. The change, from a confined apart-



ment, to the unbounded atmosphere, from the paraphernalia of a sick chamber, to the magnificent garniture of summer fields, was sufficient to give elasticity to spirits less mercurial than hers. She had the candor to confess to herself, that she had never, even in her native regions, witnessed any thing so lovely, as the prospect that stretched around her. It was the season when the apple-trees were in full blossom; when every rustic orchard resembled an imperial flower-garden; when every gale was redolent with excessive sweetness; and the path of the wanderer was literally strewn with blossoms, fair as if scattered by the fingers of Hope.

‘Lorelly continued her rambles to the very banks of the river, that smiled as bewitchingly through the boughs that shadowed it, as a transparent blue eye through its “fringed curtains.” She there seated herself, not from fatigue, but from pure admiration of a seat which the pastoral divinities must have made for the express accommodation of such unpurposed vagrants as herself. It was formed of the trunk of an apple-tree, which for awhile forgetting its upright growth, had stretched lazily on its grassy bed, like many a human soul, that losing sight of its heavenly tendency, is grovelling supinely in the dust; but as the same human soul, touched by a divine impulse, springs upward towards its native heaven, the repentant tree had suddenly lifted its luxuriant boughs, and the blossoming sprays now hung in beautiful wreaths, striving to cover the early degeneracy of the parent trunk. Here Lorelly seated herself, happy in the mere consciousness of existence—happy in being the inhabitant of so fair a world. She forgot all that had darkened her childhood and chilled her glowing youth—all the painful recollections of the past, and all the trembling apprehensions of the future. The soothing sound of the waters, as they flowed with soft, gurgling murmurs over their pebbly channel; the cool rustling of the leaves, as the west wind stole whisperingly and lovingly through the branches, which again bent wistfully over the stream, to whisper the secrets of nature to the passing wave, all served to lull the beholder into a state of delicious repose and self-abandonment.’

Our limits will not allow us to extract more largely from this interesting work. We dismiss it with a cordial recommendation. It is a native production, and appeals strongly to the pride of our country. So little has been done in our land, in this department of literature, that we hail the appearance of this volume, with peculiar pleasure. As a story, it is simple, without complicated machinery, or stirring events; but the style is chaste, and sometimes elegant; the morality is pure and elevated; the tone of the work is cheerful, while its tendency is decidedly virtuous. It contains some incidents of deep interest, and passages of eloquent beauty; and it is the production of a lady, who has already entitled herself to a distinguished place among the writers of polite literature, by the production of two tragedies, which have been received with applause on the stage, and admired by the critic as elegant compositions.



## THE BUDGET.

WE dislike apologies. It is unpleasant to make or to receive them, and still more disagreeable to feel that there is an occasion which requires them to be made. We have always been rather shy on this subject, since reading the remark of Dr. Franklin, that 'the man who is good at making an excuse is seldom good for any thing else.' Such explanations are nevertheless often necessary, and when they become so, we must get through them with the best grace we can.

We commenced this work with a sincere determination to render it permanent and valuable. We aimed at producing something above the ephemeral publications whose sole object is the amusement of the passing hour. We believed that such a work was needed, and were confident that the country was prepared to sustain it. That we were not deceived in our calculations, we have before us the most gratifying evidence. The work has been received with a degree of cordiality, and indulgence, far beyond its actual merits, and for which the Editor takes pleasure in expressing, most emphatically, his grateful acknowledgments. Editors of newspapers and periodicals, throughout the union, have received it with a degree of courtesy, and extended to it marks of approbation, which have cheered and assured us in the outset of our career, and far exceeded our expectations. From the reading public, we have received a still more substantial testimony in approbation of our plan. A subscription list, which, at the commencement of this year, included less than five hundred names, has swelled to nearly three thousand; a support greater than has ever been given to any western periodical, and which few of those of the eastern cities have attained.

The Editor regrets, that under such circumstances, he has been prevented by events beyond his control, from fulfilling the just expectations of the public, by extending to the work that attention on his part, which would have conduced to its steady improvement, and given to it the high character, which the public has a right to expect it to assume. A dangerous and obstinate attack of the prevailing epidemic has obliged him to absent himself from his post, for more than two months past, and entirely disabled him from the performance of any mental labor. The July and August numbers were prepared without any aid or supervision on his part, at a time when the prevalence of a dreadful disease had spread a gloom over our city, and paralyzed all its business operations. The work was placed under the direction of a friend, to whose kindness we have heretofore been greatly indebted, and in whose fine genius and ex-

tensive attainments we reposed unlimited confidence. But surrounded by sickness and despondency, he was unsupported by the pens of others, and unable to give full scope to his own powers. The present number has been hastily got up since the Editor's return home, partly by himself, and in part by others.

The liberal support which our work has received, has induced us to contemplate several important improvements. Among them, the first will be, an addition of several pages to each number, to be filled with items of literary and scientific intelligence. These will be printed in small type, and will contain, in a small space, a considerable amount of matter. Into this department we hope to collect a variety of accurate and valuable statistical information, in relation to education, literature, and the useful arts. The arrangement will commence with the October number.

A special effort is also about to be made to enlist the talents of several able contributors; and it is hoped and confidently expected, that we shall be able to concentrate a highly respectable portion of the best intelligence of the country, in the support of the Magazine.

A portrait, intended for the embellishment of this number, has been delayed by the artist employed in preparing it, but will probably be received in time for the October number.

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THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE OFFER  
A PREMIUM OF FIFTY DOLLARS

For the best **TALE** which shall be presented to them for publication previous to the tenth day of November, 1833; and Fifty Dollars for the best **ESSAY**, on a literary or scientific subject.

The premiums will be awarded by a board of five literary gentlemen, whose names shall be announced previous to the time appointed for making the selection.

The **PRIZE TALE** will be published in the December number of the Magazine. The *prize essay* will be published in the January number. All the tales and essays presented will be considered as the property of the proprietors of the Magazine, who will be at liberty to publish as many of them as they may think proper.

The articles offered in competition will be forwarded to Messrs. Corey & Fairbank, publishers, Cincinnati; each accompanied by a sealed paper containing the name of the author, which will not be opened in any case, except in that of the successful candidate.

The length of the articles should be from ten to twenty pages.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMORANDA OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON. By Richard Rush, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825.

WE have read this volume with unmingled approbation and pleasure. When a gentleman of matured judgment and ripe scholarship, like Mr. Rush, undertakes to write upon subjects with which he is intimately acquainted, he confers a public benefit, which demands the acknowledgment of those who are interested in the literature of their country. The highest circle of society in England is entirely hidden, by its exclusive character, from the inspection of ordinary travellers. Its members live as if upon enchanted ground, into which none but the initiated may find access. Even the writers of their own country, the most highly gifted and intelligent, gazing at a distance with intense curiosity, behold only so much of the brilliant pageant as is purposely exhibited to dazzle the vulgar eye, without gaining any accurate knowledge of the hidden mysteries of high life. Prince Puckler Muskau saw them all, and has given us, in his delightful style, the most lively and graphic picture of the sayings and doings of the English aristocracy. Mr. Rush has favored us with a work very different in character, but equally excellent in its way. One of these writers is a prince, the other a republican; the one a man of pleasure, the other a man of business. The prince has genius, such as seldom finds its way to the brain of a noble; he is imaginative, epigrammatic, lively, fearless, and sometimes severe; the diplomatist is dignified, cautious, and rather *prose*—perfectly courteous, and charily avoiding every topic the discussion of which might give offence, and every word which might seem harsh. On all disputed points, he is a complete *non-committal*, if we may adopt a phrase from the recent coinage of our newspapers. This arises partly from an habitual amiability, which all who know the distinguished writer, are aware forms a prominent trait in his personal intercourse with society, and partly from official wariness acquired in the long exercise of high public trusts. We are glad that the book has been written in this spirit. A man who has represented his country abroad, and held a conspicuous station in the administration of its government at home, should be cautious of a reputation which is identified, in some degree with that of the nation. However disconnected he may now be from public men and measures, his opinions will be regarded abroad as the echo of the public sentiment of our country. Mr. Rush seems to have written under a full sense of this responsibility; and although his details are in consequence more meagre, and far less amusing and interesting than they might otherwise have been, his work bears a gentlemanly impress, and carries with it ample evidence of being, as far as it goes, scrupulously candid. This is a great matter. A few facts accurately ascertained, are better than a mass of information carelessly digested and loosely thrown together.

Mr. Rush's first intention was to comprise in his work the full term of his mission; but finding that his material swelled to a larger bulk than was anticipated, has contented himself with detailing the events of little more than one year, and throwing out a hint that the remainder may be given to the public hereafter. We hope his labors may be continued. The work opens with the voyage of the minister to England,

his first impressions on reaching that country, and his reception by the British government. The volume is chiefly filled with accounts of negotiations and visits of ceremony. There is perhaps too much of sameness throughout, but the incidents are of a character which bear to be repeated. At the tables of cabinet ministers and nobles, he meets with princes, dukes, statesmen, and philosophers, whose names are so interwoven with the history of this age, as to render the slightest incident regarding them interesting. We only regret that he did not speak more minutely and freely of some of the distinguished individuals with whom he was brought in contact, so often and so familiarly as to have afforded ample opportunities for the study of their peculiar personal characters. Of Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington, Liverpool, sir Humphrey Davy, Jeremy Bentham, and others, we should have been pleased to have obtained full-length portraits. It would also have been gratifying to have seen a little more of the *domestic manners* of the English, who only figure in this book in their court-dresses, and are only exhibited as actors in the great farce of state ceremony.

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#### WOODWARD HIGH SCHOOL.

We had the pleasure to witness an examination of this school, which lasted three days, and ended on the 23d of August. The institution would be interesting, if from no other reason, in consequence of the manner in which it was founded, by a single individual, himself unlearned, unknown, and who, had it not been for this noble act, would have passed off the stage of existence, without leaving a trace behind him. But, by a generous endowment, large in amount, carefully entrusted in judicious hands, and wisely guarded by the terms of the gift, he has left a monument far more splendid, than the costly mausoleum which marks the grave of a monarch, and one which will preserve his memory, when kings and conquerors shall be forgotten.

The school is well regulated, and ably conducted. We were delighted with the deportment of the president and teachers, and the intelligence displayed by the pupils. The course of instruction adopted, is one which aims at combining as great an amount as possible, of useful and practical knowledge, in preference to such attainments as are merely ornamental. The teaching is of a practical character, having always in view, the important objects, of communicating knowledge for beneficial purposes, and of cultivating the reasoning powers, rather than the memory. We have only room to speak generally, but we cannot withhold the expression of our decided approbation of the course of study pursued at this excellent institution, and of the skill and fidelity manifested by the instructors.

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THE WESTERN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Daniel Drake, M. D. etc. Cincinnati: E. Deming.

WITHOUT assuming to possess any knowledge of the topics treated of in this work, we infer its respectability from the fact of its having completed its sixth year, and from the high reputation of its editor. We are glad to see that it has been thus long sustained, and has escaped the common fate of periodicals, which, in our country, have



flourished like flowers, or epidemics, for but a season at a time. The *Western Journal* is the oldest periodical, newspapers excepted, in the western country: It has struggled through various difficulties, and fallen into the hands of several publishers; but has maintained throughout, if we are not mistaken as to the opinion of competent judges, a very fair standing in comparison with other works of the same class. We have more than once had occasion to look into it for scientific facts in relation to this valley, which we could not find recorded elsewhere. The following statement, which we find in an editorial paragraph, in the last number, is singularly illustrative of the apathy with which eastern readers regard the literary efforts of the west. 'The *Journal* has never yet had a dozen subscribers east of the mountains, nor have half that number of his eastern brethren contributed to its pages! In Philadelphia, the seat of his *Alma Mater*, and the emporium of the medical sciences, for some time the only subscriber was the public-spirited Mathew Carey, esq.; and when the learned Dr. Bell, of that city, was writing the treatise on mineral waters and baths, he could not find a copy of it in the whole of that great city, from which to transcribe the history of the principal mineral springs of Kentucky and Ohio.'

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CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN. By Mrs. Jamieson. 2 vols.

THIS is as beautifully a written work as one need sit down to, and as interesting. It purports to be a development of the female characters of Shakspeare, but is in fact made up in great part, of the imaginings of the author's own brain. There are certain persons, who look upon the works of the great dramatist, as something superhuman; and in each 'and' and 'but' of his penning, find something to admire. To such, and we believe Mrs. J. is one of them, there is no one of Shakspeare's characters but has, if studied, enough to immortalize any other poet: and in this hyperbolical spirit, Mrs. Jamieson has found in the females of that writer, what we think no one else would find, and what we believe, to exist only in her own imagination. But true or false, Mrs. Jamieson has, at any rate, written a delightful, and what is more, an improving work, and we recommend it to all readers, particularly young ladies.

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## MEDAL

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*(In honour of the Capture of Burgoyne.)*

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THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1833.

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THE CHASE.

*From the log-book of Richard Mizen, Q. S.*

‘A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to hope!  
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?’

*Corsair.*

‘SAIL, ho!’ cried the mast-head-man, as the daylight broke on the U. S. ship —, on a fine morning in June, 18—.

‘Whereaway?’

‘Off the weather bow—a taunt brig, with her yards braced up, and all sail set alow and aloft.’

‘How does she set in the water?’

‘Light, sir, as a duck!’

‘Any sheer in her waist?’

‘Straight as a line, sir!’

‘Quartermaster, give me the glass.’ Lieutenant Smith took a long look. ‘The very chap we’ve been looking for! Mr. Griffin!’

‘Sir.’

‘Let the captain know there’s a suspicious brig to windward, and the Dog Keys to leeward, right under the fore chains.’

‘Ay, ay, sir;’ and Mr. Griffin was out of sight in a moment.

‘Forecastle, there! out and loose the flying jib; topmen, aloft and shake the reef out of the topsails, and stand by to let fall topgallant sails; afterguard, man the main sheet; and you, gunners, look out for the arm-chests!’



A dozen 'ay, ays' were bellowed at once. It seemed lieutenant Smith gave all these orders in a breath, and in as short a time, pea and monkey jackets were doffed, and every man in motion. The quickness with which all the commands were executed, gave earnest that the men understood their cause, and before their commander appeared on deck, the whole was completed and the ship under full sail.

'Whereaway is this craft, Mr. Smith?' said the captain.

'Just outside the fore-tack, sir.'

Captain L. took a glass and for some time looked steadily in the direction designated. He appeared satisfied, that the vessel in sight was no other than a piratical brig, of which he had been in search.

'The very fellow!' said he, as he dropped the glass from his eye. 'Call all hands, Mr. Smith, and give her the royals;—we must catch that brig before night.'

A moment after, the boatswain's shrill call, succeeded by his gruff 'all hands ahoy,' rung through the ship, and in a few minutes the drowsy sailors, one by one, came bundling up the hatchways, till all were on deck.

By this time the trade wind set in, and the ship gathered headway. Its freshness invigorated all, and with the intelligence of a chase, dispelled the surliness of the men, who had been deprived of their rest, and seated an animated expression on every face. The brig was about two miles distant, and plainly visible to all.

'Cast loose the bow gun, and get her ready for a fire.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Is there any current setting towards these keys, Mr. Smith?'

'No, sir; the current sets to the northeast.'

'How close can we scrape the reef?'

'A cable's length will carry us clear.\*'

'All ready with the gun, sir,' cried the quarter-gunner.

'Fire, then, and plant the shot under her fore foot, and take care not to touch her.'

'Up helm a little—there—steady, steady,' and the quarter-gunner lengthened out the last syllable till he got the gun in a fair range.

'Stand clear, and watch the shot,' cried he, as he retreated a pace and pulled the lockstring. Away went the ball, and all eyes were bent to see the spot it should strike. The aim was fair, for the iron fell close ahead of the brig;—she passed over its wake, and stirred neither tack nor sheet. There was a pro-

\* One hundred and twenty fathoms, or 720 feet.

found stillness in the ship, for all were surprised that the brig showed no symptoms of obeying the summons, and were unwilling almost to believe their own eyes. Captain L. participated in the feeling, and it was not until he plainly saw such was the fact, that he ordered the gun to be discharged again.

‘The breeze freshens, sir; shall we take in sail?’ said Mr. Smith, as the wind whistled sharply through the rigging, and the ship began to plunge heavily into the accumulating waves. Captain L. paid no attention to the remark. He was absorbed in thinking of the brig.

‘Shall we furl the royals, sir?’ again demanded the lieutenant; ‘the lee chains are under now.’

‘Are you ready with that gun?’ shouted the captain.

‘All ready, sir.’

‘Give it to her then, among her spars.’

The ship was for a moment kept away from the wind, and the gun fired. The shot went far over the brig, doing her no damage.

‘What are you about there? who trained that gun?’ cried the captain.

‘I trained it, sir,’ replied Palmer, the quarter-gunner, with the rim of his tarpaulin between his thumb and forefinger; ‘but the ship was so c’reened to leeward that I couldn’t fire lower.’

At that moment the breeze freshened still more, and the main royal yard snapped in twain. The sail sagged down, and flapped about so furiously as to endanger the mast. Nothing short of this could have diverted captain L.’s attention from the brig; now, the snap of the yard startled him, and he saw he was carrying topgallant sails and royals, when commonly he would have had a reef in the topsails.

‘Take in those flying kites, sir, and down with the topgallant yards. You’ll have the masts over the side presently, and then we may whistle for the brig. In with them, sir.’

Captain L. was in a passion. The truth is, the wind was every instant freshening, and was already nearly half a gale. The ship was foaming and plunging through the seas, without rising upon them, at the rate of nine knots an hour; her masts pitching and jerking with that short, uneasy motion that must, in a very short time, have snapped them, had not the slight accident aloft informed captain L. of the trial he was making of his spars. The lighter sails being in, however, eased them so much, that immediate danger was no longer apprehended, and then attention was again fixed on the brig. She still held her course, having only taken in her royals. This movement more fully showed her real character; for, in furling them, more

men were seen aloft than any merchantman could have spared from deck. By this time the long gun was ready for another fire. Captain L. aimed and fired it himself, but with no better success than Palmer. The shot fell short. The next moment a volume of smoke issued from the weather side of the brig, and the booming report of a heavy gun came on the increasing gale.

‘Does the scoundrel defy me!’ cried the captain. ‘Beat to quarters, and give him a broadside, right into his hull!’

‘The brig bears away before the wind,’ cried a man from the jib-boom.

‘Hard up the helm, then!’ cried the commander; ‘up with it, and square the yards.’

‘Avast, there!’ exclaimed Mr. Smith; ‘there’s a reef close under the lee bow, and if you keep her away the tenth part of a point, we shall be dashed to pieces in five minutes!’

The order was instantly countermanded. Captain L. sprang to the lee gangway, and discovered to his dismay the low, black rocks ranged regularly along, not four hundred yards from the ship! He then passed rapidly on to the forecastle, and threw a hasty glance along the ledge, till his eye rested on the last point. He saw, with the quickness of thought, that he was in a situation from which it would be difficult to escape. The gale rapidly increased. The ship, trembling at every joint, was breaking through the drift and foam, cutting the boiling seas that every moment broke clear over her, deluging her deck with water. Captain L. made his way back to the quarter-deck. The peril into which he was unconsciously thrown, brought him completely to himself;—the brig and all else but his ship was forgotten. He was perfectly cool, though quick and nervous in his movements; and a shade of anxiety was discoverable in his face, notwithstanding his effort to suppress all outward demonstration of his feelings.

‘The ship cannot stay in this sea,’ said he, in a low, hurried, and half-inquiring tone, to Mr. Smith.

‘No, sir; she will never go round in such a swell as this. No human efforts could make her!’

‘And she will certainly go to the bottom if we attempt to ware!’

‘Certainly!’ replied the collected Smith.

‘How does that point bear?’

Lieutenant Smith stooped and glanced at its position.

‘About two points on the lee bow, and not half a mile off!’

‘Give me the trumpet, sir—give me the trumpet! She must go round, or we’ll be smashed in five minutes!’ and seizing



the trumpet, he shouted, 'ready about,' and the other orders for tacking closely followed. There was a moment of bustle and changing of places among the men, and then all was quiet.

'Are you all ready, forward?'

'All ready, sir!'

'Ease down the helm—handsomely! handsomely! Let fly the jib-sheet!'

The helm was put down, the sheet let go, and slowly the ship's head came up to the wind, and her sails were slightly shivered. To the success of this movement, every man on board looked with a heart swelled almost to bursting, for on it, they knew their safety hung. The seas dashed over her more impetuously—and, for a moment, she stood almost still. This moment was to decide. If the wind caught the head sails aback, the manœuvre would be complete and the ship safe; if not, she would most likely get stern-way, and the most disastrous result was to be anticipated. Captain L. did not, for an instant, forget his terrible responsibility at that crisis; but gazing intently on the sails, his whole soul seemed wrapped up in the event. His feelings were his men's, who did not, for one moment, withdraw their straining scrutiny from the indicators of their fate. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, yet to them it seemed an age, when slowly the bows of the ship payed off from the wind, and it was apparent she would not go about.

'May she be damned for that!' growled a sailor within hearing of his commander.

'Silence, sir!' exclaimed the captain.

There was a startling solemnity in his tone and manner, evincing a just sense of propriety at a moment so big with the fate of human beings.

'Bring the ship to the wind, quartermaster, and keep her as close as she will lie—touch and go.'

'Touch and go, sir!' was the immoveable seaman's reply.

The ship, obedient to her helm, came up, and regained her headway, without having very perceptibly fallen off. By this time the point it was necessary to weather was a few hundred yards distant, and to every man on board, it seemed the merest possible chance to pass it—to strike it, would be certain destruction. The gale still increased, yet captain L. did not dare to start a rope. Every strand was stretched to the utmost. The spars were sprung into the shape of bows. If the ship before dived through the seas, she now seemed to drive them before her, so tremendous was the power with which she was urged onward. Her lee guns dragged in the water, and the lee side of the deck was full of it. Under such a press of canvass, it



was only wonderful the masts were not swept from the deck, or the ship capsized. As she neared the point, the feelings of her inmates were wound up to an agonizing pitch. Some stood, with terrified countenances, grasping the rigging; some crept away to a corner, and with their faces buried in their hands, waited in silent dread the consummation; while others gazed with aching eyes on the rocks, as the ship, with appalling rapidity, neared them.

But what sound is that, like the report of a cannon, that comes so stunningly on the ears of all?

‘The jib’s burst!’ yelled a trumpet-toned, unearthly voice from the forward deck;—it seemed the knell of hope!

‘Lay out and loose the fore-topmast staysail, and man the halyards!’ shouted the undismayed commander; ‘move, men, for your lives! quartermaster, keep the ship steady!’

‘Steady, to a hair, sir!’ was the cool, undaunted reply.

By the time the fore-topmast staysail was hoisted, the ship was directly abreast the point of danger. Then was the agony of that fearful trial, almost beyond mortal bearing! Instead of finding it, what they supposed, a point, terminating suddenly, they discovered, on approaching it, that the ledge continued in a right line nearly a quarter of a mile! The ship was then so near it that a strong arm might have cast a biscuit on the rocks, and she was sensibly drifting to leeward, under the press of wind and the continued setting of the sea. The water boiled up around her from the rocks below! The spray of the waves was almost thrown back on her deck from the rocks above! Could they hope to escape? Not one man expected to see the setting of that day’s sun! Each settled in his own mind to meet his Creator as best he could. Captain L. was the only man who quailed not amid the furious encounter. With a steady gaze on the sails, he watched the quiver of their edges, and not once removed his eyes from them. He knew that on keeping the ship close to the wind, depended all, and to that he looked, as the arbiter between life and death.

‘Luff, quartermaster, luff,’ said he in a rapid under-tone, as if uncertain whether the command was correct; ‘luff, I think the wind veers!’

‘It does, sir; she has come up a point.’

To this reprieving intelligence there was but one drawback in the mind of captain L. The wind, constantly fitful, might suddenly change back to its old point, in which event the headway of the ship would be deadened, and as close to the breakers as she then was, not one hope would be left. But an all-seeing Providence did not so decree it. Still the commander

watched the sails, and still the ship came gradually up. Every moment removed her farther from the breakers. There was a sensible movement throughout the ship. A long drawn sigh burst from the men, and they breathed again, as they saw the distance between them and danger momentarily lessening. At length, the last black rock was left behind, and the weight of torture was removed from their breasts, who, a short time before, were prepared to battle with 'the foaming brine;' and to die on the rocks, whose very existence they *now* scarce thought of!

Attention was again directed to the brig, and she was perceived almost hull down to leeward, with all sail set. The sea was clear, and captain L. became again intent on the chase.

'Now slap her before the wind,' said he to his lieutenant; 'crack all drawing sail on her from stem to stern, and before we sleep this night, we'll have her.'

The ardent and steady commander then gave the trumpet to Mr. Smith, and sought his cabin. His feelings had been terribly wrought up, and the revulsion was more overpowering than he was willing to exhibit to those around.

His orders were obeyed with unwonted eagerness and celerity;—the ship like a moving cloud, flies onward through the majestic billows, yet seeming scarce to touch them,

'So gloriously her gallant course she goes.'

Now she lifts her head, sparkling with a million drops, high in air, like a gay caparisoned steed; now plunges it into the hillocks of crested brine, dashing the effervescent spray in snowy and fantastic curls before her prow:—Now resting almost motionless on the apex of an arching sea, or darting forward with accelerated impetuosity;—Now gracefully careening from side to side; then moving steadily, with upright masts, on her winged career, like a sea-bird soaring on the rushing gale:—

'Who would not brave the battle fire,—the wreck,  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?'

Throughout the forepart of the day the wind was still strong; at meridian, it had sensibly diminished; and before the afternoon had half expired, the sudden gale dwindled into the steady trade, the waters subsided, and the ship moved on rapidly, but without labor. The distance between the two vessels was, at sunset, shortened to about two miles.

'We shall have a brush with that fellow, yet,' said captain L. as he relieved his eye from a long scrutiny of the brig, and cast it on a dark cloud that was backing up from the horizon behind.

‘Does she show teeth?’ demanded Smith.

‘Ay; she has unshipped her bright sides and shows a full row; her deck swarms with men, too. Are the guns all double-shotted?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘The small arms in order?’

‘All in perfect order. I have examined them myself. Not a pistol will miss fire, and the cutlasses would brain a man in a child’s hand!’

Four hours afterwards, the ship still under a press of sail, captain L. stood where he did in the last conversation with his lieutenant. He had remained, with his eyes rivetted on the brig, till suddenly, as if she had sunk to the bottom, she disappeared, and it was in vain he swept the horizon with his night glass. Nothing could have startled him more than did this unlooked for vanishing. He certainly had not withdrawn his eyes from her five minutes, altogether, and yet was she gone, and nobody could see her. The night, too, was unfortunately darker than usual, for much of the sky was overcast with the cloud that first appeared at sunset. Captain L.—to use one of his own expressions—was ‘all aback.’ He went to the forward part of the ship—then to the gangway—then back to the quarter-deck; and looked in every direction; and it was reduced to a certainty that the brig was nowhere to be seen.

‘In the devil’s name, what can have become of her!’ said he at length; ‘this is not the latitude of the Flying Dutchman, or I should think I have been fooling myself with a goblin galliot all day! Are there any rocks about here, Mr. Smith?’

‘Not a single breaker on the chart, sir.’

‘Then she’s afloat, and have her, I will! Mast-head, there!’ and without waiting for an answer, he shouted again, ‘mast-head, there!’

‘Sir!’ sounded a voice, as if from the clouds.

‘Do you see any thing of that brig?’

‘No, sir!’

Captain L. became still more impatient. Every man on board was set to look out for the invisible brig; and for half an hour, one hundred and fifty men and three hundred eyes looked out in vain. Never was man so puzzled as captain L. He did not know which way to turn, how to act, and least of all, what to think. There was a mystery about the matter that resisted the touchstone of professional experience and skill. That he should, in turning away for two minutes, have lost sight of the brig, was to him incomprehensible; and was certainly enough to disturb his equanimity.



‘If I lose that brig,’ said he, impatiently, ‘I’ll throw up my commission, and swear, the prince of darkness himself, is cruising in these seas, in an invisible Baltimore brig! Forecastle, there!’

‘Sir!’

‘Do you see any thing, yet?’

‘There’s something on the starboard bow, sir, but we can’t make it out.’

Captain L. was on the fore-castle in a moment. One look satisfied him. There was the brig, within point-blank distance, and not a rag of canvass abroad.

‘Not gone yet, my fly-away! Mr. Smith, down with the studding sails, and beat to quarters!’

The words were hardly from his lips, before every man, as if simultaneously impelled, sprang to a rope, and in a minute, the light sails were lowered from the yards, and thrust below deck. The next, the deck was as silent, and the men as immovable, as if they had become stone under a sorcerer’s wand! *They were at quarters!*

Along the deck, at regular intervals, were lighted matches, and battle lanthorns, that cast a subdued light on the paraphernalia of war, scattered around in seeming confusion, yet, every article in its proper place; and showed the expression of eagerness combined with stern determination, depicted on the faces of the men. If there be a moment of a sailor’s life, when his ardent character shines with greatest brilliancy, it is when he momentarily expects a battle to commence. With a swelling heart and a bounding pulse, he stands impatient for the word, no thought of danger or dismay, damping the vigor of his fiery spirit. Yet, is he never more steady in his judgment. That, as his other faculties, strengthens with the emergency, and he exhibits the uncommon spectacle of the intensest passion, guided, controlled, and regulated by an impetuous, but almost unerring judgment. It is then we are taught to admire his character; it is then the darker shades are lost in the halo of brilliancy his manliness and valor throw around him; and we forget that the lion of the battle can be as well the prince of a debauch, and the abject slave of degrading and inhuman passions.

With a steady speed the ship approached the brig. From the moment the guns of the former could be brought to bear, they were trained with exactness against the enemy, now within pistol shot of the ship, and nearly abreast. Not a light was visible about her, and not a sail was spread to break the delicate line of her long and rakish masts against the sky. No human figure showed itself above the bulwarks, save one, that, even in the darkness, appeared commanding, and he was at the helm.



Her long black hull rose and fell gracefully on the swells of the sea, and once in awhile, as she lurched to her side, a line of open ports could be distinguished, which seemed to bid defiance to the approaching ship.

‘Brig ahoy!’ shouted captain L.

A pause succeeded the hail, in which the crew scarcely breathed, so intent were they on the answer. The only sound was the rushing wave, and the flapping of the ropes swayed to and fro by the vessel’s motion. No answer came.

‘Brig ahoy!’ again cried captain L., more vehemently.

‘Hilloa!’ came back upon the wind, in a clear, strong, and sonorous voice.

‘What brig is that?’

There was no reply; but slowly, and as if by preternatural agency, the brig’s sails were loosed and distended to their limits. No living creature was seen to effect this movement. No one could be perceived on the yards, and the man first seen, was the only one on deck. It seemed the work of magic.

‘If you do not answer, I will fire into you!’

‘Fire, if you please!’ was the taunting and contemptuous answer.

‘Stand by!’ cried captain L.

‘Stand by!’ was heard from the brig, in an elevated, commanding, and determined tone.

Captain L., still willing to spare an inferior foe, exclaimed:

‘Will you answer me? What brig is that?’

‘No!’ shouted the solitary of the brig.

‘Fire!’ screamed captain L.

‘Fire!’ yelled the other.

At the word, the broadsides of both vessels were discharged. As the sheeted flame burst forth, the ocean far round was lighted up with an intense, momentary blaze, and millions of sparks hung, for awhile, between the vessels, and gradually sinking to the water, were extinguished. Instantly succeeding the report, were the crash of timbers, and the groans of the wounded. Unheeded they fell, and their cries reached not the ears of comrades, who, at any other time, would have flown to their relief; now, the spell of battle was on every heart: the timid grew brave; the feeble, strong; the courageous, lion-like! For a short time, the wind was lulled by the concussion of the discharge, and the cloud of smoke hung upon the surface of the sea, completely concealing the combatants from each other, till the breeze resumed its supremacy, and swept it onward, and they emerged to view.

Again the lightning of their broadsides glared upon the sea,

and their thunder roared, mixed up with the thunder of the clouds, and the fitful gusts of a gathering storm. A heavy, impenetrable darkness reigned, save close by the water's surface. Extending a few feet above that, was a subdued, sickly brilliance; the ocean had put on its mantle of light, and in every direction, as far as the eye could span, the breaking waves looked, as if on every crest was lighted a pale white fire, till the entire expanse seemed a vivid sheet of dancing flame. The effect was magnificent, and inspiring, heightened, as it was, for a moment after the fire of the vessels, by the flying shot, as they bounded and rushed through the waters, leaving a train of awakened light, like lightning, streaming over the face of the vasty deep!

Before the hostile vessels were prepared for a third discharge, the clouds that had been steadily gathering over head, opened, and a deluge of rain, accompanied with a violent wind, an almost unintermitted stream of lightning, and one constant peal of deafening thunder, poured down upon them! Further combat was impossible. The full terrors of a tropical storm were above and around them. The wind almost instantaneously strengthened into a furious gale, and in the tumult consequent on a visitation so sudden and unprovided for, the vessels were separated.

During the greater part of the night, the ship lay to under short sail, and when the day dawned again, no vestige of the brig was visible.

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#### MORAL FORCE.

THE characteristics which, more than all others, distinguish a highly civilized people, are the readiness with which they, on all occasions, yield themselves to the guidance of reason, and their prompt recognition and observance of all the precepts of a sound morality. The adjuncts, sympathy, charity, philanthropy, &c., the offspring of that cultivated feeling which such a condition of society implies, will not be wanting.

The advancement and spread of knowledge, is directly and alone concerned in bringing about a state of social and individual happiness so very desirable. The degree of influence, which reason and sentiment combined, exert over the conduct of men in society, is denominated the Moral Force, in opposition to physical or brute force, which characterizes the manners and conduct of savage, or but partially civilized communi-

ties, where Passion has not yet transferred the sceptre to Reason, and the moral sense, if at all, is but imperfectly developed. Among such a people, difference of opinion is not tolerated; a sentiment, at variance with the authorized or established dogmas, engenders animosities which excite violence and revengeful tumults; or it brings down the vindictive wrath of the ruling despot, and the rash subject who gave utterance to the treason, is doomed to suffer torture for his indiscretion.

The diffusion of intelligence among the masses of mankind, has given life and vigor to that mighty power, public opinion, which, ere long, nothing will be able to withstand; its potency is felt to be more and more irresistible and salutary, as it derives increased impetus from this source. It is even now exerting a force, in national affairs, throughout the whole civilized world, before which, every despot quails. Under its controlling influence, the physical energies, surrounding the thrones of kings and emperors, once so formidable, are becoming powerless and unavailing.

Governments, hitherto acknowledging no rule which was based on the suffrages of humanity, are beginning, however reluctantly, to recognize the doctrine of equal rights; and let us venture to hope, that hereafter, revolutions in states and empires will be brought about, not by the violence and devastating scenes of civil war, but by the safer, surer, and more enduring principles, which, the spread of knowledge is infusing into all classes. Reform is becoming the order of the day; and in this way, the whole British empire is now becoming new modelled, and is about to undergo a thorough expurgation of all abuses, under the auspices of an enlightened public sentiment.

The materials out of which mobs are formed, are daily becoming scarcer; and more obedient to the control of the increasing numbers of the better informed; and we trust, that the time will shortly arrive, when governments will find their true interests and safety to consist, not in repressing knowledge and shutting out all light from the people, as of yore, but in promoting their education, and affording them every means of instruction, which they can so well and amply supply.

But not to dwell on political and governmental affairs, which, in this country at least, occupy at all times, a sufficient portion of the public attention, we will descend to the circle of lesser communities; trace the sources whence public opinion has its rise, review its present action on the moral conduct of men, and endeavor to evolve principles for the further advancement of the species, and the still greater amelioration of the condition of mankind.



In the dark ages which preceded the invention of printing, public opinion could scarcely be said to have existence as an operative and controlling force. The freedom of the press, in the unrestrained interchange of ideas, inviting free discussion, and exciting inquiry on every subject, has upset the bigotry of ancient times, and established liberty and toleration; while the art of printing holds out a guarantee, that mankind will never again retrograde in their march of improvement.

In this way have truth and knowledge been disseminated, and intelligence diffused.

Difference of opinion is no longer proscribed as heresy or treason; but it is thought sufficient that 'reason is left free to combat error.'

Our better knowledge of the constitution of the human mind, has taught us to know how utterly impossible it will ever be, that all men should think alike on any subject.

The attempt to bring about so great an anomaly, could only be compared to the frantic madness of Procrustes, reducing his miserable captives to the same standard of length, by stretching them on his bed of torture.

The further progress of mankind in civilization and refinement, is intimately connected with the free interchange of thought; for however diversified the many shades of opinion which prevail, the truth itself remains always the same, one and unchangeable, and is only to be attained by freeing the mind as much as possible from all pre-conception; and however slowly it may be evolved from the mists of error, yet, where this interchange takes place, freed from all restraints, truth will ultimately be traced to its hiding-place, and a portion of its rays will finally illumine every subject—'one error and one fraud after another will disappear.'

Could we all contemplate objects from the same point of view, —which, probably, will never be the case—we should invariably arrive at the same conclusions. The manner in which we, individually, understand things, and shape them to our own conceptions, changes with respect to ourselves, all their bearings and relations to one another. Would mankind be persuaded, universally, to practise the charities of toleration, the angry passions would cease to agitate the world, and be almost swept from the face of the earth. What, but the despotism of opinion, which 'even great and wise and good men, have thought themselves justified in exercising'—what, but the madness and folly of bigotry, have prompted to the persecution, the suffering and bloodshed, through which mankind have attained to their present stage of civilization? The sentiments of one age differ



widely from the sentiments of another age; the mind of the same individual undergoes frequent revolutions of sentiment during the brief periods of youth and manhood: Is it then to be wondered at, if different minds exhibit diverse modes of thought according to their several characters and powers of comprehension?

How impious and daring the mortal who would prescribe boundaries to those intellectual movements which the Deity has ordained to be almost infinitely various! 'They would bid the human mind stand still, when no atom remains unchanged.'

Public opinion does not derive its origin and efficacy from the clamors of the multitude, whose sentiments are, for the most part, adoptive; it emanates from the enlightened portion of the community—the few, comparatively speaking, who study the harmonies of nature, and acting as the benefactors of mankind, guide and direct the destinies of the many.

The judgment of the wise and the good, whose numbers have been continually increasing with the increase and spread of knowledge, will always exert a governing influence in society. Sentiments from this source, although they are appropriated by numbers who do not sufficiently appreciate or understand their value, yet becoming blended with their convictions of right and wrong, have a due share in regulating their conduct, and pointing out their social duties, in proportion to the cultivation or the development of the moral feelings of each; and thus, all those unaccustomed to the toil of thinking are contented to adopt the opinions of others already formed. Public opinion will have an influence greater or less, in forming the character of every one, in proportion to the importance which he is wont to attach to the public approbation, or disapprobation of his own conduct; and the dread of a tribunal so formidable, impels mankind generally, to put on the semblance, at least, if not the reality, of those virtues, which attract most of the popular regard.

How necessary and salutary the recognition of the social and moral law, as regulated by public sentiment, is, we may see evinced, when men become accidentally, or otherwise, released from its restraints. In the language of an intelligent German writer, they 'throw off the positive moral principle as soon as a power, which they recognize as competent, partially dissolves the obligations of society. As soon as war is declared, the most virtuous soldier kills his fellow man, 'ex officio,' though perhaps he be but the compulsory servant of a despot, whom, in his heart, he regards as the scum of the earth; or the Pope, in the name of the religion of love, absolves men from every sentiment of truth, rectitude, or humanity, and immediately the

pious burn, torture, kill, lie 'con amore,' and die satisfied and blessed in the fulfilment of their duty and to the glory of God.'

It was perhaps owing to the abstraction of so many of the wisest and best of the citizens, at the time of the first French revolution, who either voluntarily withdrew themselves from the scene, or were proscribed and banished the nation, that the extreme horrors and anarchy of that period, were of such long continuance. Some of the citizens, who had acted no inconsiderable part in the tragedy, subsequently distinguished themselves for their apparent love of order, and their regard for humanity. So very imperfect is the reliance which we can have on the moral conduct of men, when freed from the restraints imposed on them by a well-ordered society, and exercising an irresponsible authority; unless indeed, we can be well assured of their habitual regard for principle, independent of all other considerations, or sordid views of interest and passion. The above observations relative to the extensive influence and all-pervading power of public sentiment, may suffice to impress upon us, the great importance of giving to it a healthy and sound condition; and admonish us, therefore, how obligatory it is upon every one, whose mind is in a due state of cultivation, to exercise his portion of intellect, and degree of influence over his fellow men, in purifying and giving to it a right direction.

Although much has been already done, much yet remains. Too great an alloy of passion and prejudice, even on occasions the most momentous, still mingles with and debases public feeling: it has need of undergoing further process of refinement in the alembic of truth and reason.

Prejudice has always stood in the way of truth, and ever been the greatest bar to improvement. To encounter, with a view to dislodge it, is to assail a strong hold; an open and avowed attack is rarely successful.

Before the mind can be brought to yield up a received and long-entertained opinion, it must have arrived at a point favorable to the change; for less, probably, depends upon the inherent force of sentiments, than upon the temper of mind with which they are regarded: this state or temper, then, has first to be induced, or the attempt to establish truth, where error has presided, will be a useless effort.

It is equally vain for reason to assail directly, those errors and immoralities which claim any share of the popular sanction for their continuance; they can only be so far corrected as a change, with regard to them, can be wrought in the feelings of the community at large, and in proportion as the general expression of disapprobation is directed against them.

The instance of duelling, yet so prevalent in society, may suffice in illustration of the foregoing remark. Volumes of labored treatises have been written to prove the criminality and the folly of those who seek, by this method, to obtain reparation for injuries they have suffered; yet, while neither the one nor the other of these positions is hardly controverted by any one, during the season of cool reflection, the practice still continues an unmitigated evil, and is to be feared, will be one of the last traits of a rude age, that will disappear from among us.

Men in these circumstances, seldom pursue the promptings of their own minds; they are goaded on to desperation by their *friends*, into whose hands they resign themselves, and who represent to them, the odium of the world as resting upon their names, should they refuse to comply with the miscalled laws of honor. They picture to their excited imaginations, the dreadful alternative of infamy or slaughter; and finally, with all due *gallantry*, make a tender of their services to aid and abet, in the consummation of the deadly feud, with their presence and address.

These are the men who incur the responsibilities, and to whose conduct the greatest share of guilt attaches; to them the dissuasives and arguments urging to the exercise of better feelings, should be addressed; and when every portion of the community will consent to view their conduct in the light which it so justly merits, duelling will cease to disgrace the moral character of the age, and the time will be accelerated, when insults and injuries received, will meet with their full measure of redress in the just indignation and reprobation of society.

Until every species of brute force shall cease to be contemplated, man, civilly and morally, will not have attained to his highest intellectual state. We may anticipate the time, however distant—for it is not for us to say at what point civilization shall stop—when reason will be the only weapon, offensive and defensive, by which grievances will be adjusted and satisfaction sought for injuries sustained. Then, while it will be deemed sufficient to have received an acknowledgment of wrong on the one hand, there will exist, on the other, an anxious wish to make the atonement as soon as error shall have been manifested. Public opinion is not the standard by which a reflecting individual will regulate his conduct; he will seek the guidance of a more perfect rule derived from a higher source, in the immutable laws of an absolute nature, which his own cultivated moral feelings will suggest. The moral force, by which he is governed, resides within his own breast, and he imparts of it to the



feelings of the multitude, which, in the contrast, may not inaptly be termed the external moral influence, or force.

Most men are willing to take morality as they find it; and, 'contented with preserving a certain level free from any thing notoriously mean and abject,' they seek in selfish apathy, only the reputation and negative virtues of common honesty. And were there no benevolent and independent few, who are continually aspiring to raise still higher the ordinary standard of morals, gratuitously devoting their time and talents to that object, society, instead of advancing in civilization and refinement, would inevitably be again precipitated into the debasement and barbarism of past times.

The moral feelings of men would more frequently guide them to a right estimate of things, would the reflecting portion of the community exercise a greater share of moral courage, in giving expression to their sentiments, when they happen to be at variance with the generally received opinion.

In this country, especially, there is too little discrimination observed in our intercourse with men. The hand of fellowship is frequently given where it ought to be withheld; the smile of approbation is too often accorded where merited reproof should be exhibited in the dignified demeanor of offended virtue. But in exercising this privilege, the just degree of severity, only should be used, without ever losing sight of the object which good men propose to themselves, on such occasions, which is the reformation and amendment, and not the degradation and abandonment of the individual to his faults. Due allowance should be made for circumstances, and a just severity be tempered with humanity.

And while thus studious of not affording the smallest countenance to vice and immorality, we should on the other hand, be equally solicitous to award its due meed of praise to every virtuous action; for 'to praise the virtuous doings of another man, is to dispense a direct recompense to virtue, and at the same time to direct the popular sanction to the encouragement of similar acts.'

The moral influence which public opinion exerts over the conduct of men, is so overpowering and universal, that perhaps no one can be found, at all times, hardy enough to disregard it; and yet it would seem, that had the mind of man attained its highest culture, and the moral faculty its most perfect development, every man would frame laws for himself, unheeding the opinion of others. The moral force within the breast would then be irresistible, and no extraneous influences be able to divert its tendencies. But until that time shall arrive, (if arrive



it will,) the great majority of mankind must receive from others, those laws which they themselves are unequal to frame.

And all that the wiser and better portion of mankind can do, will be to guide and enlighten, with a diligent zeal, the popular sentiment, as the only means of forwarding a state of society so exceedingly desirable.

J. O.

*Boonville, Mo. 1833.*

## TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

With notes and illustrations by the Editor of 'Captain Rock's Memoirs.'  
Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD. 1833.

'A health to thee, Tom Moore.'

*Byron.*

LET not the reader be startled by the fear that we are about to plunge into the thick cloud of a theological controversy. Far from it. That subject is already in the hands of those, who will be careful enough not to let it sleep; and while there are professional disputants in the field, armed at all points, and ready to do battle manfully for the true faith, with any who may throw down the gauntlet, we are content to be silent spectators. But a book of travels comes properly within the sphere of our jurisdiction; and of all travellers, commend us to an Irish gentleman. The very title has something inviting in it, and the idea of making a tour in company with a facetious, witty, true-hearted son of the emerald isle, hath in it, a touch of inspiration. We are anxious, moreover, to know something of an Irish gentleman, who travels for so novel a purpose. The world is full of wanderers from sweet Ireland, and pleasant gentlemen they are, meet them where you will. Some go abroad in search of adventure; some in pursuit of fortune; some 'walk the wide ocean, in search of promotion,' and others traverse the land in pursuit of employment; many are driven abroad by the terrors of despotism; many by the pure love of liberty; and as many, because they have grown tired of eating by way of *variety*, 'the big potatoes with the little ones.' But never before did we hear of an Irish gentleman travelling *in search of a religion*. No, never since the day that St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland with a hazle wand, has any true son of that blessed land, found it necessary to cross the sea in search of a saint better than his own, or a faith purer than that of his fathers.

On opening this volume, we were somewhat startled by the discovery, that our traveller is a papist. Not that we think any

the worse of him for that: we honor the man who believes and worships sincerely, under the banner of whatsoever sect he may think proper to rally, and desire to be understood as not intimating in this article, a preference for any shade of christian faith. We merely proposed to ourselves the pleasure of travelling with this Irish gentleman, in his pursuit of what we esteem, a most excellent thing; and on finding out that he was a son of the ancient church, were only struck with the idea, that it was rather odd for a catholic to travel in search of that, which was already provided for him at home. For where shall he travel? Not into the bible, for that to him is a sealed book; nor among heretics, for he is prohibited from listening to them; nor into the regions of philosophy or reason, for why examine facts or arguments on a subject which an infallible church settles by authority. Such a tourist may circumnavigate the globe, and return as wise as he went, with the consolation of knowing all the while, where the object of his search may be found, without the power of approaching it. His religion is a mystery, which he may not penetrate; and if he happens to lose sight of it, he is precisely in the predicament of the Irish sailor, who dropped his tea-kettle over board: 'Is a thing lost,' said he, 'when you know where it is?' 'Certainly not,' was the reply; 'Then your *tee*-kettle's not lost, for it's at the bottom of the sea.'

But another disclosure awaits the reader, which will demand the exercise of all his credulity. The Irish gentleman who has favored the public with an account of the adventures which befel him, in his pursuit of the true faith, is no other than the celebrated Anacreon Moore; alias, Tom Crib; alias, Thomas Little; alias, Tom Brown, the younger; alias, Mr. Thomas Moore, the bacchanalian and amatory poet, the tenderest, the wittiest, the most melodious, the most profligate of lyric bards. No man living can write a song as well as Moore, nor has he ever been excelled in this delightful art, by the most illustrious of his predecessors. He is one who has fed well, and kept good company, who sings exquisitely in praise of the inspiring charms of beauty, and the bottle, prolongs the midnight revel by singing,

Joy so seldom weaves a chain,  
Like this to night, that oh! 'tis pain,  
To break its links so soon,

and has proved to the satisfaction of the whole poetry-reading world, that 'love is the soul of a neat Irishman.'

Of course, Mr. Thomas Moore is particularly well qualified to write a treatise on theology. Of his great erudition, no one

can have a moment's doubt. He is intimately acquainted with all the ancient fathers—the fathers of poetry and song—with Alcæus, Pindar, and

‘Old Anacreon wet with wine,  
And crowned with wreathes of Lesbian vine;’

with Lucretius, Virgil, Tibullus, Horace, and Ovid, ‘poet of the tender loves.’ If religion be found sparkling in the wine cup, or lurking in the eye of beauty, we know of no Irish gentleman who would be apt to travel after it, with such hearty good will, or with as fair a prospect of success, as our author, who in one of his much admired poems, recommends the following comprehensive course of study:

‘Ne’er talk of wisdom’s gloomy schools;  
Give me the sage who’s able  
To draw his moral thoughts and rules  
From the sunshine of the table.’

No one has worshipped more gods, or bowed with truer devotion at the shrine of a favorite divinity. Bacchus and Venus first divided his youthful affections; in honor of them he translated Anacreon, and assumed the appropriate name of *Little*. A *pension* was the next object of his idolatry, to obtain which, he slandered America; but not getting his reward, he forthwith set up liberty as a molten image, and espoused the cause of his injured countrymen, the Irish. Since then, he has wooed the muses, and sang the praises of Apollo and Cupid, and even Diana. At the last accounts, he was endeavoring to deify his bottle companion, the late chaste and amiable Lord Byron. It is perfectly obvious, that he must be well skilled in *divinity*. It is however, due, in justice to our poet, to remark, that he has never by any means, suffered his devotional feelings to poison the cup of his social enjoyments; his piety is of the most liberal character, and however orthodox in his own opinions, he charitably abstains from interfering with the faith of other men. The following is a brief compend of his faith in this behalf.

‘Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief  
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;  
This moment’s a flower too fair and brief  
To be withered and stained by the dust of their schools.  
Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,  
But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,  
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue,  
Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul.’

Upon the whole, we have come to the conclusion that two propositions are true of the author of this book: *first*, that no

Irish gentleman in his majesty's dominions, could, with greater propriety, look out for a decent and comfortable religion; and *secondly*, that it is high time for him to set about it. Throughout his past life, we have good authority for saying, that

‘His only books  
Were woman’s looks,  
And folly’s all they’ve taught him,’

and we are very happy to find him disposed at last to enter upon more serious studies; a conclusion to which he has possibly been brought by a suggestion in one of his own poems:

‘There was a little man, and he had a little soul.’

So much for the Irish gentleman, and a very merry gentleman he is—not meaning to flatter his honor. A few words now as to his book. It opens with the following sprightly remarks:

Soliloquy up two pair of stairs.—Motives for embracing Protestantism.—Providential accident.—Anti-popery Catechism.—Broadside of Epithets.—Final resolution.

‘It was on the evening of the 16th day of April, 1829,—the very day on which the memorable news reached Dublin of the Royal Assent having been given to the Catholic Relief bill,—that, as I was sitting alone in my chambers, up two pair of stairs, Trinity College, being myself one of the everlasting “Seven Millions” thus liberated, I started suddenly, after a few moments’ reverie, from my chair, and taking a stride across the room, as if to make trial of a pair of emancipated legs, exclaimed, “Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant.”

The reader will see, at once, in this short speech, the entire course of my thoughts at that moment of exultation. I found myself free, not only from the penalties attached to being a Catholic, but from the point of honor which had till then debarred me from being any thing else. Not that I had, indeed, ever much paused to consider in what the faith I professed differed from others. I was as yet young,—but just entered into my twenty-first year. The relations of my creed with this world had been of too stirring a nature to leave me much thought to bestow on its concerns with the next; nor was I yet so much of the degenerate Greek in my tastes as to sit discussing what was the precise color of the light of Mount Thabor when that “light of life,” liberty was itself to be struggled for.

I had, therefore, little other notion of Protestants than as a set of gentlemanlike heretics, somewhat scanty in creed, but in all things else rich and prosperous, and governing Ireland, according to their will and pleasure, by right of some certain Thirty-nine Articles, of which I had not yet clearly ascertained whether they were Articles of War or of Religion.

The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, though myself one of them, I could not help regarding as a race of obsolete and obstinate religionists, robbed of every thing but (what was, perhaps, least worth preserving,) their Creed, and justifying the charge brought against them of being unfit for freedom, by having so long and so unresistingly submitted to be slaves. In short, I felt—as many other high-spirited young Papists must have felt before me—that I had been not only enslaved, but degraded by belonging to such a race; and though, had adversity still frowned on our faith, I would have clung to it to the last, and died fighting for Transubstantiation, and the Pope with the best, I was not sorry to be saved the doubtful glory of such martyrdom; and much as I rejoiced at the release of my fellow-sufferers from thralldom, rejoiced still more at the prospect of my own release from *them*.

While such was the state of my feelings with respect to the *political* bearings of my creed, I saw no reason, on regarding it in a religious point of view, to feel much more satisfied with it. The dark pictures I had seen so invariably drawn, in Protestant



pamphlets and sermons, of the religious tenets of Popery, had sunk mortifyingly into my mind; and when I heard eminent, learned, and in the repute of the world, estimable men, representing the faith which I had had the misfortune to inherit as a system of damnable idolatry, whose doctrines had not merely the tendency, but the prepose design, to encourage imposture, perjury, assassination, and all other monstrous crimes, I was already prepared, by the opinions which I had myself formed of my brother Papists, to be but too willing a recipient of such accusations against them from others. Though, as man and as citizen, I rose indignantly against these charges, yet as Catholic, I quailed inwardly under the fear that they were but too true.

In this state of mind it was that I had long looked forward to the great measure of Emancipation, both as the closing of that old, bitter, and hereditary contest in which the spiritual part of the question had been made subordinate to the temporal, and, more particularly, as a release<sup>2</sup> for myself from that scrupulous point of honor which had hitherto kept me wedded, "for better, for worse," to Popery.

It is not our intention to pursue the author through the whole course of the argument by which he arrived at his conclusion. The natural expectation of the reader, on taking up such a book, would be, that an inquirer after truth, a seeker after the true faith, would in the first place resort to the scriptures, for the purpose of ascertaining which of the existing systems of christian belief conformed most closely with the precepts of the Redeemer. This would seem to be not only the most direct course, but the *only* one, not liable to objection. Instead of this, our author commences with saint Clement, saint Ignatius, and other worthy men who were shining lights in the early ages of the church, and proceeds thence through the catalogue of the fathers, for the purpose of showing that certain disputed dogmas of the popish faith were held by those writers. The question with him is not as to the soundness of these doctrines, but their antiquity. And in arranging his proofs, he seldom, we might almost say never, appeals to the language of our Savior or the apostles, but always to the fathers. Now we cannot believe that our author doubts the authority of the scriptures, and we are therefore compelled to suppose that he has failed to appeal to them from a consciousness that his cause would derive no support from their testimony. For it is not to be concealed, that while the Irish gentleman professes to be in search of a religion, he is in fact writing a labored defence of popery.

The first argument, then, simply proves the antiquity of the Romish church, a proposition never denied, and the establishment of which is wholly superfluous; for if addressed to catholics, it only tells them what they believe already, and if to protestants or unbelievers, the argument drawn from it is not worth a farthing. Antiquity has lost its mysterious spell over the human mind; and we now brush away its dust, without ceremony, in our search after truth. But it is quite natural for a bacchanalian bard who loves old poets and old port, to value

his creed as he does his wine, by the quantity of cobwebs which hang around it.

Mr. Moore is doubtless aware of the rule of evidence which prevails in all controversies, that the best evidence of which the case is susceptible must be adduced; and that the production of proof of secondary dignity admits the just inference, that the better witness, if produced, would testify against the party who thus omits to offer it. Surely, the gospel itself would be, in this instance, the best evidence; but the Irish gentleman, being a layman, dare not open the bible with his unhallowed hands. Nor is this all. It seems that the apostles, besides their public writings, delivered certain traditions to their successors. Saint Basil declares, 'The apostles and fathers who prescribed from the beginning certain rites to the church, knew how to preserve the dignity of the mysteries, by the secrecy and silence in which they enveloped them. For what is open to the ear and eye, is no longer mysterious. For this reason, several things have been handed down to us without writing, lest the vulgar, too familiar with our dogmas, should pass from being accustomed to them to the contempt of them.' Thus we learn that the religion which our Savior commanded his disciples to teach to *every creature*, is not to be taught to *the vulgar*. A pretty doctrine, truly, to come from an Irish gentleman of the nineteenth century, and from one, too, who had the audacity to fly in the face of the holy alliance, and to call it a

'Most holy, high, and legitimate *squad*.'

The truth is, that in the search after truth, Mr. Thomas Moore is rather out of his element. He has been accustomed to look for it, if at all, in lower latitudes than the cold region of religion. The old adage declared that it was hidden in the bottom of a well; a place into which he would never venture, unless it contained something stronger than cold water. He finds it in a more congenial climate:

'The diamond sleeps within the mine,  
The pearl beneath the water;  
While *truth*, more precious, dwells in wine,  
The grape's own rosy daughter.'

We desire to be understood as not opposing any objection to the dogmas of the Roman church. This is not the place for such discussion. Right or wrong, they are heartily welcome to them; and we cheerfully turn them over to the Irish gentleman, and other grave polemics, whom *he* pleases to call 'simpleton sages, and reasoning fools.' We examine his arguments as abstract propositions. The very idea of founding an argument in

favor of a doctrine upon its antiquity, without any reference to facts, or any deductions from reason, is ridiculous. The christian religion is a *system*, complete, beautifully arranged, and harmonious in its parts; and it is perfectly susceptible of being analyzed, compared, examined, and thoroughly tested in all its parts. Religion is a *science*, having its elementary principles, which being ascertained, lead to a chain of consequences and deductions, all of which are as consistent with each other and with reason, as the principles of any other science. God governs the universe by laws which are fixed. Religion is not a mystery. There are things in it hard to be understood—there are things which the mind of man cannot reach—but this is equally true of the laws of matter; in either case, we know all that is necessary to our happiness. The attempt to drown all inquiry, and all appeal to reason or to scripture, by the mere *dicta*, ‘thus said the fathers,’ ‘thus did the early christians,’ is too supremely absurd to be tolerated at this enlightened day. The danger which Mr. Moore alludes to, of ‘throwing open the scriptures to the multitude,’—‘leaving, like modern reformers, the right of judgment unfettered, and allowing every man to interpret the sacred volume as he fancied,’ is altogether imaginary. The more that book has been examined, the more has it become respected. Science, literature, reason, and philosophy, have contributed largely to the support of religion. The discoveries of science, the researches of travellers, the investigations of the learned, have brought to light nothing which has tended to weaken our confidence in revelation, but on the contrary, have triumphantly added proof to proof, of the truth of sacred history, and of the admirable adaptation of God’s government to the actual state of man. An argument which would sanctify the errors of a church, by proving their antiquity, would show too much; for the deist can go farther back than the christian, and the atheist can quote the most venerable names in classic literature. There is no error, nor vice, which might not be dignified by the same course of reasoning, and a most comfortable doctrine it would be, for our Hibernian friend Mr. Thomas Little, whose offences against virtue, modesty, and good manners, would be most amply covered by the charitable cloak of precedent. With the Odes of Anacreon before him, it would be superfluous to ask that very puzzling question in ethics,

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?

for that question has been settled long ago. The amatory poet taking his opinions from authority, satisfied himself with believ-



ing without examination, that which pugnacious theologians are said to evince by their practice, 'my doxy is orthodoxy, your doxy is heterodoxy.' And if at any time it should not be perfectly convenient to practise the precepts of saint Cyprian, or saint Jerome, we presume he would have no hesitation in taking up with father Ovid, or borrowing a *pro tempore* faith from the more modern Rochester, on the principle of that sound moral axiom,

'When we are far from the lips that we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips that are near.'

Having settled the antiquity of his own mother church, and of course its infallibility, our Irish gentleman determined on taking a trip to Germany, for the purpose of investigating the merits of the reformation; imitating herein the prudent and very common practice to which we are all prone, of first making up our own minds, and then asking advice. In Germany, he picks up some precious scraps of scandal in relation to several protestant ladies, and evinces the gallantry and generosity of an Irish gentleman by deliberately recording these in his book. We pass them over as matter not to be commented on, having alluded to them for the purpose of showing that Mr. Little's moral sensibilities have not been much improved by his theological studies, and that the serious nature of his researches has not had the effect of restraining him from the indulgence of his bad propensities.

'No—vain alas! the endeavor,  
From bonds so sweet to sever:  
Poor wisdom's chance,  
Against a glance,  
Is just as weak as ever!'

The last part of the Irish gentleman's book is unworthy of criticism. It consists of a lecture which purports to have been delivered by a protestant professor of theology, in the university of Gottingen. It is intended to be a cutting sarcasm against the reformation, and is of course very severe; for a man of Mr. Moore's genius can hardly entirely fail in any attempt, however mistaken. It is the argument of a daring atheist; a blasphemous attack on all religion—a rash and wicked production, the writer of which imitates the desperation of the man who fires a powder magazine and destroys himself, that he may enjoy the malignant satisfaction of seeing his enemy perish also.

In justice to the author we will remark, that he has for the portion of his work, which is most liable to objection, the authority of precedent. Protestant writers in their zeal to put down popery, have recapitulated the crimes of monks, the terrors of the inquisition, and the despotism of the church. Let it



be remembered always that other churches have perpetrated cruelties when in power. No church has ever yet held civil power without abusing it. Persecutions and burnings have alike emanated from all sides. Such facts do not show the errors of the church, but the depravity of human nature. They show that power cannot be trusted in ecclesiastical hands, and that church and state cannot be joined, with safety to the citizen. All men are apt to abuse power; but history seems to point out this difference: that political men when in possession of supreme authority, are aware of the importance of popularity, while ecclesiastics in the same circumstances have ever held public sentiment in contempt and set it at defiance. The publications which are circulated with so much zeal by *enterprising booksellers*, and received with such avidity by the people, wherein the horrors of popery are depicted, and the sufferings of the martyrs set forth in wood cuts, *executed* as villanously as ever heretic was, are fraught with mischief. They tend to debauch the public mind, and to bring religion into contempt. Fair discussion of principles conducted in a calm spirit, advance the cause of truth; but bitter denunciations, and mutual developments of the crimes committed in the heat of sectarian zeal, are subversive of peace, and injurious alike to religion and good morals, affording subjects of triumph to the sceptic, and matter for deep regret to every pious mind.

We shall take leave of our poetical and polemical Irish bard, with a verse from one of his own ditties:

‘ Away then, cheek by jowl,  
 Little man and little soul  
 Went, and spoke their speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,  
 And all the world declare,  
 That this priggish little pair,  
 Never yet in all their lives looked so little, little, little.’

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### THE SPECTRE HUNTER,

A LEGEND OF THE WEST. By JOHN RUSSELL, of Bluffdale, Illinois.

DURING its early years, the province of Louisiana was the theatre of many a wild and romantic adventure. Far from all that could revive the recollection of other days, disappointment forgot, in the seclusion of its Arcadian scenes, that man was ungrateful, or woman untrue.

Many a legend of those times is yet told in a foreign tongue,

by a venerable few who have come down to us from a former age, and who linger among the new race that peoples their native province, like the mouldering bastions of St. Louis, surrounded by the dwellings and warehouses which busy trade has erected.

The following legend is still heard around their winter evening hearths.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was near the middle of October, in the year 1769, on one of those fine autumnal days peculiar to the west, when a French trader was journeying with one of the natives to an Indian settlement high up the Merrimack. In the expressive language of the country, vegetation had been '*struck*,' and the leaves of the ever-varying forest displayed a richness of coloring nowhere seen but under a western sky. The ivy hung in crimson festoons around the oak, and seemed rather the gorgeous drapery of an eastern bridal chamber, than the sober work of nature. The hollow sound of the crane, as he guided his squadron to the south, was in unison with the scene. The broad disk of the sun, reddened by the smoke of 'Indian summer,' slowly sinking behind the Ozark mountains, flamed on the waters of the Merrimack. The kindling eye of the savage, and the softened tone of his voice, told that the scenery of his native wild was beheld with strong emotions. The trader, immersed in dreams of speculation, lingered behind, and left the mind of the savage to take, uninterruptedly, the hue of the hour. They were fast approaching one of those mounds where the warrior of years beyond the reach of tradition sleeps in glory.

The white man casts a vacant eye upon this rude sepulchre of other years, or, at most, regards it with idle curiosity. Far otherwise with the native. He passes it with a slow, melancholy tread: he gazes upon it in silence, and the deep workings of his features show the intense feeling with which he views the grave over which moons have come and gone too countless for the Indian to number.

Just as they came in sight of the mound, the Indian started back. On its summit, reclined against a tree, stood a tall, majestic figure, seemingly watching the last rays of the sun fading on the waters of the river. By the side of the tree against which he leaned, was a rifle. At his feet lay a dog apparently asleep. The trader soon arrived, and gazed with silent awe upon the apparition, and the long shadow which it cast upon the surrounding forest. They soon filed off in a different direction, and scarce did a sound arise from the dead leaves, so noiseless was their tread.

The shadows of night had diffused a dimness through the woods, the buffalo had sunk to his lair, and the feathered tribes were perched on the tall sycamores, long before they deemed themselves sufficiently distant to encamp for the night. At length, having reached a deep ravine through which ran a little stream, the savage kindled a fire by the side of a dry, fallen elm. Not a word was uttered during the operation, and both, for a long time, watched the flame, curling around the wood they had piled upon it, before either ventured to speak. 'Red Serpent,' said the trader, 'you have always lived in these woods; ever before saw you the tall vision we beheld on the mound? Is it of mortal mould?' A pause followed. The savage cast frequent and piercing glances into the surrounding darkness, which the bright blaze of the fire rendered deeper and still more impenetrable. 'I have traversed these wilds ever since I could spring the bow, or take the beaver from the trap. There is not a tree from the great Ozark to the "father of waters," that Red Serpent has not seen, in war and in peace. In this glen, when the sky was red and the clouds sent down their waters, in this very glen, I lay in ambush, and heard the wily Osage consult how he might surprise the sleeping Shawnees. The storm howled, and even the hungry wolf looked out from her den and shrunk back. I crawled away unobserved, I reached my native village, and before the sun arose, the head of the Osage was low.'

Another pause ensued. The shadowy lines of the speaker's countenance grew darker. The scenes of other years were crowding around his memory. The trader left him to the communion of his own thoughts. At length the cloud passed from his brow, and his mind reverted to the question of the Frenchman. 'The being we saw on the mound is **THE SPECTRE HUNTER**; he roams these woods, and no deer is so fleet, no bird is so swift of wing, but the tall rifle we saw leaning against the tree can reach him. The dog that lay at his feet, did you mark how silent, even when strangers approached; yet often when lying, at night, by my fire on the hills of the Bourbeuse, I have heard his deep, death-like howl, moaning in the blast, from across the great father of waters.'

However little known at the time of which we speak, the **SPECTRE HUNTER** was not long permitted to pursue his favorite employment of the chase in obscurity. He soon became the theme of every idle gossip, whether around the hearth of the European, or the ruder fire of the Weekwam. He had often been seen, but no one had ever dared approach him. He was universally represented as a tall, straight figure, of high and



noble bearing; his long, black locks, and beard that swept his bosom, sprinkled with premature age; his head always uncovered, even when the storm raved wildest. From his shoulders to his knees, hung a robe of the coarsest sackcloth, girded with a belt of the skin of a wildcat, from which were suspended a powder horn and a knife of fearful dimensions. His feet were always bare, and their print frequently found in the light snow. Often when the moon was riding in her zenith, he was seen paddling his canoe, with startling rapidity, over "*the Endless River*," and the bright flashes that fell on the parted waters, and the straight, unbending course he held against the swift current, told that his oar was wielded by no mortal arm. Every beast of the forest could snuff him in the breeze, and the fiercest bloodhound, at the sight of the dog that followed him, uttered a low, plaintive whine, and crouched cowardly at his master's feet.

A hunter once crossed his path, and the spectre motioned for him to recede. At every wave of his hand, he felt the blood freeze in his veins. One night when the thunders were racking the earth, and he was supposed to be on the opposite side of the water, he was suddenly seen, by the flashes of lightning, standing on the tallest mound of Cahokia, his bosom bare, and his hands upraised to the bolt. His dog was still at his feet, and his long howl was heard between every pause of the storm.

Year after year passed away, and still the spectre hunter and his dog swept the forest, and darted in the light canoe across the swift waters.

One day, in the summer of 1774, the little shop of Diego, a Spanish trader in St. Louis, was closed. At that early period the town gave no indications that it was destined to become, under a free and energetic government, the great emporium of the west. Every inhabitant was known to all the rest, and no uncommon incident occurred, however trivial, without exciting universal attention. It was soon rumored, that the half-opened door of Diego had admitted the venerable father Clement, and that all who had called to purchase the little commodities of the shop had received a repulse from the little grated window which in those times of Indian hostility, belonged to every dwelling. Curiosity was everywhere excited to the highest pitch; and many dark surmises, unfavorable to the character of Diego, were whispered: but no one dared to suspect that the aged priest would have any connection with a deed of darkness. He had forsaken all the refinements and comforts of Europe, with the prospect of sleeping far from his kindred, for the only purpose of administering the consolations of religion to his humble



brethren in the distant land of the pagan. Though deeply versed in the lore of the schools, he was yet humble as a child. He had a word of hope and consolation for all; and deep and rankling, indeed, was the thorn which his prayers and his tears could not extract. Towards evening, he left the shop and slowly bent his way to the rude house of prayer. A deep solemnity was seated on his countenance, and his head was bent almost to the crucifix that hung on his breast. Not one among the collected groups, he passed dared to interrupt his meditations. Soon, the bell, hung in the forks of an elm, tolled the signal that a fellow-mortal had ceased to be numbered with the living. That sound, even in the gayest metropolis, is seldom heard without emotion. In that little village, on the confines of civilization, every knell sent its deep and solemn tones to the heart. The knell was succeeded by the well-known summons to the house of prayer. No expensive toilet was known in that region of Arcadian simplicity; and the villagers, prompted alike by curiosity and devotion, were soon collected. Presently, a coffin of the rudest construction, borne by four Indian servants, was deposited in the middle of the church. Every eye was turned towards it; the priest drew near, and after a momentary pause, removed the lid. 'Here,' said he, 'here, my brethren, are deposited the remains of the SPECTRE HUNTER!' An involuntary shuddering spoke the feelings of his audience. 'Start not with horror, my brethren; for though a great sinner, he was a mortal like yourselves; and oh, may each of you, in the last sad hour of life, be as repentant as he was! The tenant of that coffin, rude and humble as it is, was one of the highest grandes of Spain. Born to princely wealth, and descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, in whose veins have flowed the blood of a Castilian sovereign, he seemed elevated above the reach of calamity, and the path of his life destined to be one bright track of sunshine. Long trains of servants stood in his hall, to swell the pomp of his state and to anticipate his every want. Generous of soul, and possessed of a fine, manly form, many a high-born damsel sighed at his name, and no Spaniard below the throne but would have been honored by an alliance with his house. But the maid who won his hand, possessed no rank but that of a heart most amiable, most tender, and most true; and the nightly serenades of the minstrels under the windows of their castle, told of their happiness.

For more than a year, their lives passed on, waveless as a summer lake, and wealth, and rank, and youth flung an elysium around them. At that period, Isabella, his only sister, left the convent where she had been educated, to reside with her brother.

Playful as a fawn, and ardently attached to her brother and sister, her presence added a new charm to the society of the castle. She had not long resided with them, before Don Manuel, her brother, was called to visit his estates in the province of Andalusia. The idea of this separation was the first cloud that ever cast a shade over their happiness. His wife and sister fondly hung around him, and almost regretted the possession of the rich and extensive domain that deprived them, even for so short a period, of one so dear to both. With many adieus, and many promises that he would hasten his return to the home which his absence would render so unhappy, he set out on his journey.

He had passed but a few leagues beyond the walls of Madrid, before he met his agent, and after some delay, happily accomplished the object of his journey. It was night when he re-entered the city. He left his carriage in the care of his servants and proceeded on foot to the castle. To enjoy the agreeable surprise which his unexpected return would excite, he commanded his servants to be silent, and ascended cautiously to the chamber of his wife and sister. The door was half open, and judge his astonishment on beholding a cavalier, kneeling at the feet of his wife, who manifested by her smiles that his ardent addresses were received with pleasure. The sight was too much. He sprang into the room, and buried his dagger in the bosom of the cavalier. 'OH! YOUR SISTER!' exclaimed his wife, and fell senseless to the floor. The truth rushed to his mind. His sister, in her playfulness, had thrown over her graceful form the rich military dress of her brother, and assuming his character, was kneeling at the feet of his wife with all the feigned ardor of youthful attachment. The news instantly spread through the castle and the utmost consternation ensued. The servants rushed to the street, and by their frantic cries, proclaimed that a scene of blood was within. The officers of justice rushed to the apartment and seized the unhappy man, who stood riveted with horror to the spot. His wife, awakened at the noise, opened her eyes upon her dying sister, and her husband a prisoner, and closed them again forever. Don Manuel was borne to prison, and the seal of the king placed upon the doors of the castle. Every servant but Diego had deserted. He, with admirable presence of mind, at the commencement of the tumult, seized a casket containing some valuable effects of his master, and concealed them in the humble dwelling of his mother.

While their friends were paying the last sad offices to the remains of his family, the unfortunate prisoner was unconscious

of every thing that had passed. Insanity had kindly come to his relief, and the man who, a short time before, possessed all that ambition could covet, was now a maniac, chained in a solitary cell, deserted by all, except one faithful servant, whom misfortune served only to bind the closer to his interest.

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Many a year had passed, and the trial of Don Miguel was still delayed on account of his insanity. At length, by the kind and soothing attention of Diego, whom the jailer permitted constantly to attend him, his reason returned. His princely estates were in the hands of those who would not willingly restore them, and he understood human nature too well not to know that his life would be sacrificed to their cupidity, should he ever be put upon his trial. He feigned himself still a lunatic, while Diego successfully interceded for his removal to a private hospital for the insane, near the seacoast. Attached to the hospital was a large garden, in which the keeper permitted them, at stated hours, to walk. The walls were high, and as no fears were entertained that a madman could escape without being immediately detected and returned, they were not regarded with suspicion. They had not long remained there before Diego had matured a plan for their escape. He procured for each the dress of a friar, and provided a key to unlock the gate next to the sea. One day he found in the harbor a vessel on the point of sailing for New Orleans, in the distant province of Louisiana.

Such were the regulations of the police, that no one could leave the port without presenting at the custom-house, a pass from the Alguazil. A pass was forged by Diego, for the two friars, under the assumed names of Ambrose and Bertrand, and a permission to leave Spain was granted without suspicion. At sunset, they left the garden unobserved, and slowly proceeded to the wharf. It was an hour of fearful interest, and their hearts beat with the most intense hope and fear. Life and death hung on the events of a few moments. Several of the more devout knelt as they passed, and Don Manuel and his servant gave them a benediction in language which excess of emotion rendered inarticulate. They reached the wharf undiscovered, and procured a boat to convey them to the vessel, moored at a distance in the offing. At every stroke of the oar that took them farther from the land, their hearts throbbed less violently. As they climbed the sides of the vessel, the sailors were heaving the last anchor, the cordage lay uncoiled on the deck, the helmsman stood at his post, and every thing indicated that the tall ship was on the point of spreading her pinions for the



great deep. The tide was now high, and a strong breeze sprung up. The order for sailing sounded through the vessel, and every sail was unfurled. Scarce was this command obeyed, when the bells of the town rang, and the guns of the fort fired an alarm. The noise and confusion on shore were borne over the waters to the vessel. The fugitives well knew that their flight was the cause of the tumult on land, and beheld with consternation, by the light of the full moon which had just risen, that an armed frigate was getting under way apparently for the purpose of pursuing them.

The captain went to the quarter-deck, and with a night glass beheld the signals that were hoisted for him to cast anchor, and was on the point of giving orders to put the helm about and return to the port, when Don Manuel sprang forward, and implored him, by the love of the blessed Virgin to pursue his voyage. He told him they were missionaries to the heathen, and for every moment they were detained from planting the standard of the cross in the new world, he should be held responsible to his God. The fervor of the noble man, the intensity of feeling portrayed in every feature, struck the captain with awe. He believed the friars were men inspired by Heaven for a holy errand, and dared not disobey them. Instead of returning, another sail was bent to the mast, and at daylight, nothing but ocean was seen above the horizon.

On the fortieth day, the vessel landed on the shores of the new world, and Don Manuel and Diego proceeded, the former barefooted, to the wilds of the upper province, that they might be removed as far as possible from the scene of his crime. Life, for Don Manuel, had no hope but that of obtaining, by the most rigid penance, a forgiveness of his sins, and a reunion, beyond this vale of sorrows, with those two beings whose remembrance still agonized his every recollection. He assumed the garb in which he has always been seen, and all the wants which his rifle could not supply, have been provided for by the ever-faithful Diego. The life he has led in the wilderness, was one of extreme suffering. During all that period, his bed has been the cold earth, and no shelter protected him from the storm. Except on the nights when he came to the house of Diego, to confess, and receive absolution from my lips, he has held no converse with his species. The dying scene which I have witnessed, I will not detail; it is too affecting. Suffice it to say, that he died penitent, with a humble hope of pardon, and with an earnest request that you would permit his remains to sleep in consecrated earth.'



The good priest ended. The Spectre Hunter was no longer an object of horror, and his remains were interred under the shade of the large willow which, till within the last twenty years, hung its weeping head in the cemetery of our city. Many a tear has been shed over his ashes, while listening to his mournful tale; and many a requiem sung in the strains of his native language, by soft-eyed damsels, as they flung upon his grave the earliest blossoms of spring.

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‘PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.’

How peaceful is the closing hour  
Of summer day, so calm and still,  
While modest eve, with blushes warm,  
Glides pensive o’er the western hill.

How peaceful is the evening lake  
That spreads its mirror still and fair,  
While pleased, the peerless queen of heaven,  
Lingers to view her image there.

How peaceful to the eye of youth,  
Is the bright scene of future years;  
While hope, sweet syren, hides with flowers,  
Each dark recess of wo and tears.

But storms will shroud the summer sky,  
And sweep the lake e’er dawn of day,  
And darker storms, with eddying whirl,  
Will bear youth’s fondest hopes away.

But still there is a blissful calm  
Even here on earth to mortals given,  
That cheers the heart that changes not,  
Sweet foretaste of the rest of heaven.

When hopes that dawned are sunk in night,  
When parted friends are wept no more,  
When sighs are hushed and sorrows soothed,  
And passion’s troubled storm is o’er;

When the wrapt soul, serene and calm,  
Rises in blest communion free,  
This peace, O God, my hope, my rest,  
This perfect peace is found in thee!

CLIO.

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#### DISEASES OF TREES AND PLANTS.

Extract of a letter, from a gentleman in Mississippi, to the editor.

You have no doubt paid attention to the *diseases* which affect the forest trees of your region, as well as that *scourge* of the cotton plant, which in all sections of cotton regions, has for

many years curtailed the wants, or rather the extravagance of the farmer. Diseases, growing out of too sudden transitions of weather, threaten to extirpate the gigantic poplar and the thrifty linn of the Natchez basin. Our cane brakes are rapidly on the decline; and as the sun recovers access to the earth, these trees suffer from sudden change; and the long and silvery moss is fast declining in length and beauty. The severe drought of 1828, so affected the oak of our basin, that excrescences of the limbs and small twigs everywhere took place, which likewise contributed to the increase of misletoe. The extremes of our climate, which have continued from that period to the present time, have served to perpetuate and even increase the diseases of our trees. The misletoe so covers the linn trees, that in winter they have all the appearances of evergreens. Other parasitical plants have taken hold of the poplar, and they exhibit all the appearances of decay and death. The sleet of February, 1832, so disarmed our majestic oaks of their limbs, that disease has rendered them fit subjects for parasitical plants; and as old trees cannot regain their limbs when once lost, death must soon overtake them.

Of all diseases, that which most afflicts the trees of our country, is a certain kind of affection, which produces a saccharine fermentation of the sap of the tree. I took a thrifty young oak from a piece of woodland, where it was much shaded, and planted it in my yard. The situation was such as to admit the rays of the sun freely to the trunk. After two years, disease was manifest; and in a year more, I discovered the bark to be as hard as iron, which induced me to drive a hatchet into it in many places, but without apparent relief. That fall, a large green worm devoured all the leaves of the tree early in September. The following spring, when the sap began to circulate, a woodpecker, of the species called the sap-sucker, discovered the tree, and began his work upon it, as you have known them to act with the apple tree: he drilled holes through the bark for the sap, and these holes formed rings around the trunk, one after another, for five feet in extent. I repeatedly drove him from the tree, but in a few minutes he would be there again. Discovering his great fondness for pecking the tree, I went to it and found that the sap which had run from the apertures made some days before, was desiccated, and upon separating a bit from the bark, I found it to have the taste of sugar. The same summer, the tree began to improve in appearance; and in two years more, was the largest and the most healthy of the young oaks which had been set out at the same time.

As the worm and sap-sucker attacked no other tree near, I

am inclined to think, that in most cases, trees are diseased before visited by either worms or birds. In all trees, visited by the sap-sucker, it would be well to ascertain if the sap which exudes from the tree is sweet.

Sir Humphrey Davy, when speaking of the diseases of plants, makes the following remarks: 'Parasitical plants, of different species, which attach themselves to trees and shrubs, feed on their juices, destroy their health, and finally their life, abound in all climates; and are, perhaps, the most formidable of the enemies of the superior and cultivated vegetable species.' It is surprising how that great man should have suffered himself to be so much deceived in the supposed injurious tendency of these plants upon the health and vigor of trees and shrubs. The presence of most of them is a symptom, and not a cause, of disease in the tree. I am very confident, that none of the whole tribe of such plants have, under any circumstances, produced disease.

'The mildew, which has often occasioned great havoc in our crops, and which was particularly destructive in 1804, is a species of fungus, so small as to require glasses to render its form distinct, and rapidly propagated by its seeds. This has been shown by various botanists; and the subject has received a full illustration from the enlightened and elaborate researches of the president of the Royal Society.'

'The fungus rapidly spreads from stalk to stalk, fixes itself in the cells connected with the common tubes, and carries away and consumes that nourishment which should have been appropriated to the grain.'

'No remedy has as yet been discovered for this disease; but as the fungus increases by the diffusion of its seeds, great care should be taken that no mildewed straw is carried in the manure used for corn; and in the early crop, if mildew is observed upon any of the stalks of corn, they should be carefully removed and treated as weeds.'

'The popular notion among farmers, that a barberry tree, in the neighborhood of a field of wheat, often produces the mildew, deserves examination. This tree is frequently covered with fungus, which, if it should be shown to be capable of degenerating into the wheat fungus, would offer an easy explanation of the effect.'

'There is every reason to believe, from the researches of sir Joseph Banks, that the smut in wheat is produced by a very small fungus, which fixes on the grain. The products that it affords by analysis, are similar to those afforded by the puff-ball; and it is difficult to conceive, that without the agency of some



organized structure, so complete a change should be effected in the constitution of the grain.'—*Agricultural Chemistry*, p. 235.

When such men as sir H. Davy and sir J. Banks, so extensively informed by researches in various ways, come before the public with such heterodox philosophy, it is not to be wondered at when practical farmers say, philosophy teaches nonsense. The mildew and the fungus of these gentlemen and their botanists, is nothing more than a morbid secretion and exudation from the cells connected with the common tubes and vessels. They have lodged complaints against the barberry tree of the neighborhood of wheat fields, and of course made war upon them; as our cotton planters did some years ago upon *bugs* and humming-birds, for poisoning the pods of the cotton stalk.

You know, that while we had a committee to decide upon the most decisive method by which all the bugs of our country should be destroyed, the Louisianians had a humming-bird society, as a setoff to the bug society, devising ways and means how the humming-birds should be kept out of your cotton fields. I never heard how they succeeded in their philosophy; but the Mississippians discovered that the bugs visited the fields principally at night. This discovery was important, as we could arm each negro with a gourd to put his bugs in, and task each to a quart of bugs every night, and punish him the next day, if he did not complete his task. After much philosophizing upon these bugs, they suddenly disappeared; but the cotton continued to rot; when it was finally concluded, that the atmosphere was poisoned, and the cotton plant diseased.

It would be very desirable to ascertain the age of the oldest trees, of such kind whose layers of the annual growth will admit of accuracy. The sweet-gum and the poplar discover no signs by which we can attain a knowledge of their age. The oldest tree I have seen in our basin, whose age was attainable, was a red-oak, about four and a half feet across the stump, whose layers enabled me to determine upon 252 years; but when I visited Randolph's island, according to your request, Mr. Randolph and myself examined a live-oak, of nine feet diameter, whose age was determined at 1000 years. I am clearly of opinion, that no other tree of America lives as long; and perhaps this is the oldest tree of its kind in North America. Sir H. Davy, speaking of the trees of England, makes the following remark: 'In consequence of the slow decay of the heart wood of the oak and chesnut, these trees, under favorable circumstances, attain an age which cannot be much short of a thousand years.'—*Agricul. Chem.*



## CONVENTION OF TEACHERS.

## NEW PROJECT.

WE feel proud to notice, particularly, the convention of teachers lately held in this city, as well as to give publicity to some important results, which we believe to have grown out of it. The institution which held its first annual meeting here, on the second Monday of last month, is composed of professional teachers, who assembled for the purpose of interchanging thought and experience on the great business in which they are engaged. A number of gentlemen who had been previously appointed, delivered public lectures on subjects connected with education; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the exhibition of talent and knowledge in these discourses, would have done credit to any city in the union. They were delivered in the Second Presbyterian church, a large edifice, which was crowded, at almost every lecture, with an intelligent and deeply interested audience. There was even an excitement—a deep-toned feeling—which evinced that the points discussed, were considered as of no ordinary importance; and that dry as some of them might seem when viewed in the abstract, they do in fact, when properly presented in connection with the many affecting associations inseparable from them, appeal strongly to the finest feelings of the heart.

In the course of the week, and in consequence of the curiosity awakened, and the information elicited, by these animated discussions, it was thought that an effort should be made to create a wider and more powerful impression on the public mind, than could be made by a society composed of teachers only, few in number, and not generally influential in society. It was conceded on all hands that the deficiency of schools throughout the western states, was great and alarming, and the character of those in existence lamentably defective. It seemed to be also admitted, that the evil is one beyond any probable reach of legislative action, and of a magnitude so vast as to render the single-handed exertions of benevolent individuals in relation to it, perfectly hopeless. The only feasible plan seemed to be, one that should combine the exertions of a larger number of persons, and embrace a sufficiently respectable amount of means, to operate successfully on public opinion.

As the initial measure of such a project, a public meeting was held, at which an animated public discussion took place on the general subject of education. An intense interest in the subject matter of the debate, was exhibited by the speakers and the audience, and a plan was adopted, which in our opinion,

bids fair to lead to the most propitious results. A central committee was appointed to devise the scheme of an institution for the improvement of education, and the diffusion of useful knowledge in the west. They were instructed to procure the appointment, and invite the cooperation of similar committees in the surrounding states and territories. A collection was taken up amounting to nearly \$300, and it is understood that the committee will immediately appoint an agent to visit every part of this state, and invite the cooperation of all the friends of popular education. It is expected that other measures of a vigorous character, will be promptly adopted, of which the public will be informed.

The whole of this plan is based upon the obvious proposition, that in order to accomplish any purpose which requires popular action, public opinion must be informed, and its energies awakened, enlisted, and aroused into motion. The legislatures will do nothing, can do nothing, and perhaps ought not to attempt to do any thing, on a subject of such vast magnitude, and absorbing interest, unless instructed by the people.

The people will never act on this subject until the whole matter shall be placed prominently before them, in the shape of facts, statistics, and tangible propositions. There is no subject more susceptible of being clearly illustrated, than this of popular education. That every mind in the republic ought to be brought within the moralizing and elevating influence of education, may be demonstrated by argument. It can be shown that three-fourths of all the criminals convicted in the United States, are uneducated; and it is believed that the money expended in punishing criminals, would educate the children of all the poor, and go far towards suppressing crime.

It is hoped that the institution about to be put in operation here, will be the means of awakening inquiry, and exciting public feeling on this subject—that it will collect *facts* and place them before the people—that it will suggest practicable plans for the improvement of common schools, and that it will procure the establishment of a *college* for the *education of teachers*. This we hold to be vitally important. The lawyer must study his profession, the shoemaker must learn his art, and why should not the teacher be instructed in his duty? There is surely such a thing as the *art of teaching*.

It is understood that measures will be taken immediately for the collection of a fund sufficient to put the proposed plan in operation. An agent will be employed to visit the different parts of this state, to collect facts, and to disseminate informa-

tion; and a number of tracts on education will be thrown into circulation.

We have heard that there is to be a meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, on the first of November, for a similar purpose. We are glad to see our sister state about to be engaged in this great cause. Whenever the enthusiasm of Kentucky shall be enlisted in this business, a great point will be gained. And that it will become enlisted there is no question; that generous and patriotic people cannot long sleep over such a question, and when it shall be fairly placed before them—when the eloquence of her own sons shall give it tongue, it will sweep over the west like the fires of autumn.

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#### THE HOPELESS ONE.

OH! would that I were one of those  
Gay spirits, that with joy can taste  
The stream of pleasure, while it flows,  
Nor think how long its course may last.

But I—I never plucked a flower  
To feast upon its breathing bloom;  
'Twas but to think how brief an hour  
Would waste it in its mouldering tomb.

E'en now, when, lady, thou art nigh,  
The brightest I have ever met,  
I meet thy darkly gleaming eye  
With less of pleasure than regret.

Were it less bright, and thou less fair,  
Somewhat more human, less divine,  
I then, perhaps, I then might dare  
To think thou some time might'st be mine.

But now, when on thy brow I gaze,  
The beauteous idol I adore,  
I only think of those sad days,  
When I shall see that form no more!

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Part of the following appeared some months since in a southern paper. It is rewritten with a wish to contribute, even a widow's mite, to the *Western Magazine*.

#### TO THE PRESS.

Thou magic mirror, that to every eye  
Dost the great world in miniature reveal,  
Noting the cloudlike changes as they fly,  
And the deep currents tracing as they steal—  
What do we owe thee? what shall be  
All grateful hearts' return for thee?  
The brave shall guard thee, and the fair caress,  
And freedom's watchword ever be, the Press.

Old Time is an insatiate innovator,  
 Yet, till thy birth, unmarked was every age;  
 Tradition was a prodigy relater,  
 And Truth fled blushing from dark history's page.  
 Thou bad'st the darkness disappear;  
 And a new glorious atmosphere  
 Caught the hid beams from intellect's recess,  
 And poured them glowing sunlike from the Press.

The deathless embers of the nation queens,  
 Greece and Old Rome, still shed a starlike ray;  
 But what an age of slumber intervenes,  
 Which, with but thee, had been one cloudless day.  
 Even Grecian glory had not set,  
 Nor Rome her empire yielded yet,  
 Were their's the seal the humblest now possess  
 Of mental immortality—the Press.

O, more than all the alchymists e'er sought,  
 Thou to thy matchless founder did'st unfold,  
 To embody all the spirit-inines of thought  
 In burning characters of breathing gold;  
 To touch the sage's sepulchre,  
 And bid the mighty slumberer  
 Rise host-like, and with varied tongues address  
 Earth, omnipresent through the electric Press.

Thou magic power! tyrants grow pale at thee  
 And thy bold apparitions, and would fain,  
 Like him of old, fetter the spirit sea,  
 Nor dream their recreant limbs shall rust the chain.  
 O Freedom! what hast thou to fear,  
 Thy chosen home, this hemisphere?  
 The spark we borrowed, soon the east shall bless  
 In a returning flood from freedom's Press.

Blood-quenched and driven down the orient skies,  
 The sun of glory rises in the west;  
 And hither turn the earth's admiring eyes,  
 Where, swiftly cent'ring, all its hopes must rest—  
 The paradise of half a world,  
 From which the cloven foot was hurled;  
 Where Love and Honor, *tasting*, shall possess  
 The tree of knowledge, rooted in the Press.

And the far west—who is not prophet here?  
 Who does not feel the slumbers of his soul  
 Waked into angel visions, and his ear  
 Sublimed to catch the music tones that roll  
 From the sweet lips that are to be—  
 The valley's thronged posterity—  
 Calling to us, their ancestors, to guess  
 The coming, glorious triumphs of the Press!

Cincinnati, September 18, 1833.

LOVERIGHT.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. By JOHN EBERLE, M. D. Cincinnati: Corey & Fairbank. 1833.

WE are gratified with an opportunity of introducing to the readers of the Magazine, the work just named. Though technical in its title, it is not exclusively dedicated to the disciple of medicine. For him, of course, it has peculiar attractions; and if the name of the author has excited within him any high expectations, an examination of the book will not be likely to occasion disappointment. It is an adequate and a perspicuous treatise upon the subjects set forth in the title. The same evidences of long experience, acute observation, extensive research and correct judgment, that have so prominently marked the previous works of the author, are also manifest in the present undertaking.

Two circumstances induce us to prefer it to the work of Dr. Dewees, on the same subjects. The first is, that the style is more condensed, whereby the author is enabled to communicate a greater quantity of knowledge, in a more impressive manner, so that the patience of the reader is not wearied, or his memory burdened with unimportant matters. The other circumstance is, that several very important maladies, entirely passed over by Dr. Dewees, are in this treatise particularly noticed, while few, if any, diseases that require attention, are omitted.

But, as we have already remarked, the work is not addressed to the physician alone. It has qualities that should deeply engage the attention of the fair reader of this periodical. For certainly, if any thing be calculated to interest the kind mother, it is a discourse upon the best means of rearing up a healthful and happy offspring. We may remark, that much of the physical as well as moral character of a nation, depends upon its matrons. Are these wise in the knowledge, and prudent in the avoidance of all those causes that can injure their offspring? are they well instructed in the correct management of the infant, during its earlier years?—then may they reasonably hope to look upon sons and daughters, fully developed in their mental and physical frames, buoyant with health, firm-nerved, intellectually vigorous, morally pure, capable of enjoying happiness.

Did mothers know but half the influence, the physical management of their children exert over their future fortunes, they would at once cast aside every thing, to become fully acquainted with the subject. Physical education, when judicious, will not unfrequently weaken or even entirely destroy hereditary predispositions to fatal maladies; but when injudicious, may ruin a constitution naturally excellent, and doom the future man to drag out a wretched and diseased existence. Dyspepsia, for example, that very fashionable, but horribly tormenting disorder, may, we doubt not, in a vast variety of instances, be traced to the ill-judging kindness and criminal ignorance of mothers and nurses.

But we presume enough has been said, to impress the minds of those for whom we are writing, with the importance of acquainting themselves fully with the physical education proper for children. They will permit us, therefore, to refer them to Dr. Eberle's treatise, for a knowledge of the principles that should regulate their own conduct, and also their conduct towards their children, in reference to food, clothing, exercise, exposure, cleanliness, bathing, &c.

In conclusion, we feel bound to express our gratification with the manner in which the work is got up; for to us, it is a real pleasure to see a good book in a good dress. Its excellent paper, clear, clean type, and the neat style of its execution altogether, are highly creditable to the enterprising publishers.

B.

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THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA. By JAMES STUART, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE British Journals are chuckling over the pages of James Stuart, Esq., in whom they seem to have found an Israelite in whom there is no guile. He is a Scotch gentleman, who seems to have travelled because he had not sense enough to stay at home, and to have written a book because he lacked wit to hold his tongue. He is well disposed towards America, and has managed with the very best intentions, and with the most scrupulous regard for veracity, to write almost as much untruth as some of his predecessors, who practised the science of falsehood professionally.

When Mrs. Trollope published her very philosophical essay on the Manners of American Domesticity, the delighted critics declared, 'we have long wished to see such a book;' and the Edinburgh Review takes the opportunity of repeating the same words in reference to the singularly unmeaning volumes of James Stuart, Esq. Why they should be in such raptures about such a book, excites our special wonder; and we can only express the conviction that had they read it *in extenso, personally*, as we did, and not *by its title, critically*, as we suppose they did, they would never wish to see the like of it again. To say the truth, there is nothing to admire about it, except the very remarkable circumstance that its author is an honest man, a proposition which could not be asserted in relation to many of his predecessors. Mr. Stuart is incapable of inventing an untruth; and only utters what he thinks he has good reason to believe he has seen or heard.

It is amusing to see what importance he gives to trifles, and with what simplicity he manages to write page after page of matter, totally irrelevant, or childishly unmeaning; and which he might have written just as well by his own fireside in Scotland, without putting himself to the trouble of travelling, or the inconvenience of sleeping in the same room with other men. Poor Mr. Stuart! he had his own troubles on this delicate subject. The first thing he did at every tavern at which he stopped in the United States, was to inquire whether he could have an apartment to himself; and this laudable inquiry, with the answer, and the final result, are all duly recorded, to the great edification of the reader, to whom it must be quite interesting to know the whole history of the slumbers of a travelling foreigner. The work ought, in justice to itself, to have been entitled, 'Slumbers in America, by a Sleepy Scot.'

One instance of his *gullibility* and his propensity for gossip, is quite amusing. He stopped at the house of a Mr. Piggot, in Illinois—whom we happen to know, and can fancy we see amusing himself with the credulity of the tourist. It seems that all the little girls in the house—and there is no lack of children in the houses of Illinois—had names ending with the letter *a*, such as Amelia, Amanda, &c. Mr. Stuart was struck with this, and inquired how it happened—a very natural inquiry on his part, for the circumstance was important, and ought to be known in Europe. Mr. Piggot gratified his philosophical curiosity, by informing him that the American people had a particular fondness for female names with this termination, and had discarded the old-

fashioned appellations, such as Jane, and Harriet, &c. Whereupon, Mr. Stuart records the fact, and wonders how it happens, that the Americans should have so strange a taste, and should have discarded such pretty names as Jane, &c.

Such is the production of which the Edinburgh Review says, 'we have long wished to see such a book.'

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**LUTHER AND THE LUTHERAN REFORMATION.** By JOHN SCOTT, A. M. New York: J. & J. Harper. 2 vols. 12mo. 1833.

No work has been more wanted than a good history of Luther and the Reformation. That event changed the fate of nations, and rendered its chief actor the most distinguished man of his own age, and one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. But the character of Luther has never been clearly understood. His talents can scarce be doubted, and his uncommon intrepidity vindicates itself to the most desultory reader of history. His motives, however, have been questioned, and his private character assailed. He is even said to have been a convivial man, and have indulged a lively vein of humor and poetic trifling. His name has been a theme for high eulogy, and bitter denunciation. Of all this, we may believe as much as we please, seeing as we do every day, that living men, who are leaders in political strife, or polemic controversy, are so misrepresented, that their contemporaries can scarcely form correct estimates of their characters. The work before us, is the *fourth* number of *Harper's theological library*, and is prepared with great care and research. It is minute, and yet highly interesting, and embodies a larger amount of information respecting Luther and his contemporaries, than we recollect to have seen embraced in any similar production.

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**DELORAINE: A NOVEL.** By WILLIAM GODWIN, author of *CALEB WILLIAMS*. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1833.

THIS production is a literary phenomenon. The veteran author of *Caleb Williams* has outlived his contemporaries, and remains among us a relic of a past generation. He has long passed the period of life, when the mental as well as the physical energies are supposed to become chilled by the frost of old age; and yet he has written a work which is full of the genius and vigor of ripe manhood. It is enough to say that it bears the stamp of Godwin. We say this in honor of an intellect of extraordinary power and originality. The tendency of Godwin's writings we are far from defending. His *Political Justice* is one of the most fascinating, yet most dangerous works in our language; and his novels, if they do not subvert the boundaries of right and wrong, will contribute nothing to the cause of virtue.

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**VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, &c. &c.** By EDWARD FANNING. New York: Collins & Hanway. 1833.

THE writer of this work is a nautical man, who describes his own adventures in language which is plain and simple, but not always grammatical, and never elegant.

He is much better acquainted with Neptune than Apollo, and knows nothing of the Nine, unless it be the *long brass nine*, with which he sometimes gallantly defended his ship against the Ladrones of the China sea, or the hostile savages of the Pacific ocean. We like his book none the worse for being composed in the unstudied phraseology of the sailor; satisfied as we are that the story, however awkwardly told, is true, and that the writer is a man of close observation, and much practical knowledge, who states with fidelity the results of his experience. It is from such sources that we derive knowledge. It is not very important what may be the style in which such a book is written, or the degree of scholarship possessed by the author, if his descriptions be accurate, and his facts such as will add to our present stock of information. The great fault of the majority of books of travels is, that the writer is apt to make himself too much the hero of his own tale, and to fill his pages with theories which are neither new nor important, and with personal adventures, which, as the advertisements sometimes say of lost papers, 'are of no use to any but the owner.'

It is indeed a matter of exultation to us, to see such a work emanating from an American sea captain. We have long been aware of the enterprise and intelligence of this class of our fellow-citizens. The coarse, brutal, ignorant, amphibious animal described by Smollet in his sketches of the sea life, is not known in our marine; and the species is either extinct, or banished to some other land. Young men, of excellent education and correct morals, embark in this profession; and among the ship-masters, now engaged in the commerce of our country, will be found respectable, temperate, intelligent men, of steady, business habits, and highly cultivated minds. The statements of such men with regard to foreign countries are of the most valuable kind. The mere scholar, who goes abroad for the purpose of writing his travels, generally carries with him certain preconceived theories, and assumed facts, which he proposes to establish by evidence, and to sustain which, all his researches are made. Those who are in the habit of examining testimony, will readily believe, that the result, in such a case, will be that desired by the inquirer. But business men, who, with minds open to conviction, seek information for the sole purpose of rendering it subservient to the interests of commercial enterprise, are not likely to be thus deceived.

To the enterprise of the American seaman, the commercial world is indebted for the discovery and successful prosecution of the trade in the skins of the fur seal. These animals are found in vast numbers upon the uninhabited islands of the South sea, where our sailors take them, and having prepared the skins, proceed with the latter to Canton. Here the furs are sold, and the vessel returns home with a cargo of Chinese products, after an absence of two years, having circumnavigated the globe. In the prosecution of this business, our hardy countrymen are exposed to a variety of perils, in addition to the ordinary dangers of the sea. Often, in navigating seas but seldom visited and little known, they run upon coral reefs which are not laid down in their charts, and are either shipwrecked, or narrowly escape that dreadful fate. Sometimes they are forced to visit islands inhabited by hostile savages, for the purpose of procuring wood or water, and with difficulty escape the snares laid for their lives by a cruel, cunning, and numerous foe; and not unfrequently the scurvy, so fatal to ships on long voyages, thins their numbers with fearful destruction.

These dangers are enhanced by the fact, that after arriving in those distant seas, the voyagers are often obliged to spend much time in searching for a place suitable to their purpose. The seals do not frequent the same places every year; and on reaching a



spot which has been selected as a hunting ground, it is found to be deserted by these animals, or perhaps occupied by the crew of another vessel. Other islands must then be explored, and frequently a vessel roams unsuccessfully over thousands of miles of the pathless ocean, touching at island after island without success. These indefatigable voyagers make, of course, many valuable discoveries. Captain Fanning gives a list of about one hundred islands, not known to former navigators, nor laid down upon any chart, which have been discovered by the American mariners engaged in this traffic.

Although the fur of the seal is the most prominent article of trade for which these regions are visited, there are some others which repay with profit the cost of seeking them. The sea elephant and the sea leopard are taken in these islands by our sailors, and the oil extracted from them in large quantities. *Sandal wood* is found on the islands of the Pacific, within the 25th degree of latitude from the equator. This wood is rendered very fragrant by a large quantity of aromatic oil which it contains and preserves for years. It is burned by the Chinese before their idols. *Eatable bird's nests* are also found on these islands and carried to China. 'This article is the nest of a small bird, of a half circle in form, and very similar to the barn swallow's nest, though not so large by at least one-third; it is composed of a gummy thread about the size of sowing twine, the better kind being of a bright, clear, amber color.' It has not yet been discovered where the bird procures this substance; many suppose it to be the gum of a tree, while some believe that it is a marine production. The Chinese prize it for their soups and stews, though from its rarity and high price, only the nobles and wealthy can afford the luxury of an eatable bird's nest. *Beach la mer* is a species of marine worm, of a glutinous nature, and is also eaten by the Chinese. The *coral mass* is a vegetable collected from the coral rocks, and esteemed by the Chinese so highly as to be considered a royal dish; being, nevertheless, exceedingly unpalatable to American or European tastes, as the reader may infer from the description of our author, who compares the flavor of it to that of *bilge water*. *Mother of Pearl* is another article of traffic collected among those islands.

The author advances the opinion that it is practicable for vessels to sail to the south pole, unless prevented by intervening land. He says that the report of all who have passed beyond the 68th degree of south latitude is, that above this degree the sea was found to be clear of ice, and the climate more mild, with prevailing winds from the south. Weddel, who sailed farther south than any other navigator has been known to go, reached 74 degrees 15 minutes, and found the weather as mild as summer, the wind from the south, and the sea clear of ice as far as the eye could reach.

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A MAP OF THE CITY OF NASHVILLE, with the public buildings, &c. Planned and published by J. P. AYRES. Engraved by DOOLITTLE & MUNSON, Cincinnati. 1833.

WE cannot enter into a detailed description of this beautiful specimen of art. The citizens of Nashville may justly feel proud of a sheet which exhibits at the same time, a correct plan of their city, and a variety of excellent engraved views of their public buildings, and of the surrounding scenery. We doubt whether any city in the union is represented on paper more handsomely.

GODOLPHIN. A Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 1833.

So great was the sensation created by this work on its first appearance, that it became absolutely necessary for every reader of fiction, who desired to keep pace with the stream of current literature, to give it a perusal. Yet like other wonders, it has already had its day, and will soon cease to be remembered. It contains no conservative principle of permanent excellence—nothing either in the style or sentiment particularly deserving commendation. It is nevertheless a brilliant, original, and attractive production; one which absorbs the attention of the reader, and holds his judgment at bay, by its ingenious sophistry, its dashing style, its rapid transition of scene, and its graphic sketches of character. The plan, sentiment, and moral, are all bad; and the reader is vexed at the conclusion, to find that he has been cheated out of his time, and beguiled into an intense admiration of something that turns out to be mere tinsel. The morality—or rather the immorality—is that of the school of Bulwer. The hero is another Paul Clifford—a genteel, sentimental profligate—a gambler, a seducer, a voluptuary—who is represented as gaining the affections of a highly gifted, pure, and elegant woman, intimately acquainted with his history and his vices. The bad taste and vicious influence of such a work, must be evident. It has made a stir in the world, chiefly, because many of the characters are drawn from life, and the whole production seasoned with keen and just sarcasm against the aristocracy of Great Britain. The wit is sparkling, and many of the reflections upon life and manners are true to nature, and expressed in vigorous, sententious language. In these respects it resembles an elaborate production of the culinary art, which is only rendered palatable by the good things that are stuffed into it.

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LOVELL'S FOLLY. A Novel, by MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

WE are highly gratified to observe that the favorable opinion which we expressed in our last number, of this interesting volume, has been corroborated by the judgments of other critics, and sustained by the verdict of public opinion. As a native production, it appeals to the feeling and patriotism of the west, and will gain, we hope, the extensive circulation, due to its own merits, and the claims of its amiable and highly-gifted author.

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TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. 2 vols. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & Hart. 1833.

IRISH stories are generally good, and these are among the best. They are full of pathos and humor. The reader may laugh or weep over them, as he feels disposed, or do both alternately. It is a work which bears the stamp of genius, and evinces an accurate knowledge of human nature: that is to say, of Irish human nature, which has a character peculiar to itself. The sufferings of the poor of that ill-starred land, their generosity, their superstition, their exquisite humor, and their cheerfulness under every storm of adverse fortune, are all beautifully depicted; and the alternations of the pathetic and the humorous succeed each other, like the fat and the lean in a certain pig described by one of the characters—first a streak of one and then of the other.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## DESCRIPTION OF A NEW SPECIES OF ASTER.

STEM, simple, virgate subflexuose, glabrous. Leaves, alternate cordate-lanceolate, acuminate; lower ones, on long petioles; upper ones, subsessile, entire; under surface and margins, scabrous. Branches of the panicle, axillary, short, crowded, and hairy. Scales of the involucre, loose, oblong, shorter than the disk, villous, with the midrib and point green. Flowers, middle size, clustered towards the summit; rays, about twenty, pale blue; disk, yellowish.

This aster was found about two miles west of Cincinnati, on the hill, immediately below mill creek.

J. E.

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EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE, WHICH ACCOMPANIES THIS NUMBER OF THE MAGAZINE.

SURRENDER of lieutenant-general Burgoyne and his army, at Saratoga, New York. *Gold.*

FACE—A head of general Gates, in profile.

LEGEND—Horatio Gates duci strenuo. Comitia Americana.

REVERSE—Gates and Burgoyne in front of the American and British troops. Burgoyne in the act of presenting his sword to Gates. The Americans on the right, with arms shouldered and colors flying: the British on the left, in the act of grounding their arms, and laying down their colors. Between the two generals are a drum and stand of colors.

LEGEND—Salus regionum septentrional.

EXERGUE—Hoste ad Saratogam in Dedition.—Accepto.—Die Oct. MDCCLXXVII.

This medal, which weighs 10 half joannes, was ordered by a resolve of congress, of November 4, 1779, which stated the particular defeats of Burgoyne's army and detachments from it. Journals of Congress, 1777, p. 472. The reader is referred to 'a state of the expedition from Canada, as laid before the house of commons, by lieutenant-general Burgoyne, London, 1780,' for a variety of interesting details, of the march, repeated battles, and progress from Canada to Saratoga, of the British army: to the British Annual Register for 1779, p. 149: also to 'General Wilkinson's Memoirs,' for many particulars, never before published, of that expedition, and of the capitulation of general Burgoyne: see also Gates' Life in the Portfolio, new series, vol. 2.

The original medal, from which the engraving described above is taken, is deposited in the admirably selected Museum of Mr. Dorfeuille, of this city, who has politely allowed us to have this impression made from it.

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

### NOTICES OF LITERARY MEN, LATELY DECEASED.

**EDWIN BUCKINGHAM.**—Not having until now a department in our work appropriated to this subject, we were unable to notice, at the proper time, the decease of the lamented Edwin Buckingham, junior editor of the Boston Courier, and of the New England Magazine. Both these works stand high in their respective classes; the latter especially is generally and deservedly admitted to be the best periodical in the United States. The capacity of the elder Buckingham, both as an editor and as a publisher, are well known, but it is due to his highly gifted son to say, that he added his full moiety of talent to the support of both the works named. He was one of the most promising young gentlemen of our country: amiable, high-minded, and honorable, with a genius rich and well disciplined, and a mind buoyant, fresh, and teeming with wit. We had the honor of numbering him among our friends, and we take a melancholy pleasure in recording this brief testimonial to the departed virtues of one, whose short career was useful and honorable to himself and his country—whose premature decease was a public loss.

**WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT.**—Among the victims of the cholera at Nashville, Ten. was Mr. Hunt, the editor of the National Banner. He was of the few gentlemen connected with the newspaper press, who stood above the petty collisions of party rancor, and who preserved the dignity, while he evinced the talent of a scholar. The Banner was conducted with taste, ability, and independence. Its editor, while he furnished to his readers the usual proportion of news and of political discussion, devoted a liberal share of his paper, and of his personal labors, to the support of literature and sound morals. He was esteemed by those who knew him, and respected for his talents, his scholarship, and the manliness of his editorial conduct, by a vast number who, like the writer of this article, had not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

### FOREIGN DEATHS.

Lately at Lausanne, aged 81, **FRANCIS HUBER**, a celebrated naturalist, but especially distinguished for his close observation of the habits of Bees, and for his admirable writings upon that subject.

Lately in Denmark, **ERASMUS RASK**, a distinguished linguist, and a voluminous writer on the languages of northern Europe, aged 49.

In November last, at Paris, **JEAN BAPTISTE SAY**, aged 67, the political economist.

September 1, at Paris, of the cholera, aged 79, **FRANCOIS XAVIER**, Baron de Zach, an eminent astronomer.

November, 1832, at Milan, aged 80, **BARNABA ORIANA**, an eminent astronomer, director of the Observatory of the Brera in that city.

July 29, 1832, at Paris, aged 79, **JEAN ANTOINE CHAPTAL**, Compté de Chanteloup, a very voluminous and able writer on chemistry.

October 31, 1832, at Pavia, **ANTONIO SCARPA**, Professor of Anatomy in that University, and one of the eight foreign members of the Academie des Sciences of Paris.

At his seat in Northamptonshire, England, aged 85, **EARL FITZWILLIAM**, a statesman of distinguished ability and benevolence.

In England, **WILLIAM WILBERFORCE**, the philanthropist, aged 74.

### NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Bulwer, the novelist, has retired from the editorial superintendence of the New Monthly Magazine.

### KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

The great number of cheap periodicals which have appeared in Great Britain during the last year, presents a remarkable literary phenomenon. A list of no less than fifty, most of them sold for a penny each, is given in the London 'Monthly Review,' for last November. The fashion has spread to France, where a new penny journal, entitled *Le Bon Sens*, was commenced last year under the auspices of Messrs. Lafitte, Odillon, Barrot, and Arago. It has been successfully imitated in this country in the 'People's Magazine,' published by Messrs. Lilly & Wait, Boston, and got up in an excellent style.

### OPERATIONS OF BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

The last Annual Report of the *American Sunday School Union*, contains the following statements:

1. That in nine years, since its origin,



that society has, by its agency, established 14,550 schools:

That these are taught gratuitously by 109,000 teachers:

That these schools contain 760,000 scholars:

And that within the last year, there have been formed 2399 schools, containing 13,118 teachers, and 45,688 scholars.

2. That the average annual increase has been, of schools, 1600; of teachers, 12,000; and of pupils, 84,000.

3. That the society has prepared and published 215 books for libraries, of which the largest contains 323 pages; and the smallest, 36; average size 114 pages; of these, 29 volumes were added in the last year. They have also published 100 varieties of children's books unbound.

4. That the receipts for last year were \$127,375 55.

The debts of the society amount to \$68,826 42.

*American Education Society.* From the 17th annual report of this society, we gather that, the society has assisted during the last year, 133 young men in 15 theological seminaries; 356 in 26 colleges, and 318 in 101 academies, and public schools. Total, 807 young men in 142 different institutions of learning, being 134 more than were assisted last year. In the last year, the *new beneficiaries* were 28 in theological seminaries, 62 in colleges, and 181 in academies; making 271 in different institutions. The whole number assisted by the society since its formation, is 1697. During the last year, there were 5 young men removed by death, 3 by improper behavior, 1 from derangement, and 1 want of talents.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### COMMENCEMENT OF COLLEGES.

At Yale College, New Haven, the Commencement took place on Wednesday, August 21st. The Phi Beta Kappa Oration was delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on 87 graduates.

That of A. M. on 34.

That of D. D. on the Rev. Senero E. Dwight, President of Hamilton College, and on the Rev. N. S. Wheton, President of Washington College.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Henry W. Edwards, governor of Conn. the Hon. Ezekiel F. Chambers, Senator

from Maryland, and on the Hon. Edward Everett.

Eighty-six students joined the College at commencement, a larger number than were ever before admitted at one time.

*Geneva College.* The address before the Literary societies of this institution was delivered by the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 8 young men, and that of A. M. on 3. The trustees have instituted a professorship of Hebrew.

*Williams College.* The graduating class was larger than for a number of years. A donation of \$10,000 was given by Mrs. Whitman, to found a Professorship of Chemistry and Natural History.

*Waterville College, Maine.* Graduates 9. Admitted 20.

*Brown University, R. I.* The number of graduates at this institution was 20. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 3 others, and that of A. M. on 6. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. W. B. Johnson, of S. C. That of LL. D. on Governor Marcy of New York, and Professor Ferrer of Cambridge. The previous literary address was delivered by Virgil Maxcy, Esq. solicitor of the treasury.

*Amherst College.* Commencement on the 27th August. Number of graduates 37. Admitted to the freshman class, 50. Orator before the literary societies, A. M. Everett, Esq.

*Kenyon College.* Commencement was held on the 3d inst; 6 young men graduated. The theological school attached to this institution, is about going into effective operation under the auspices of the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine. A large addition to the College buildings is being erected.

## INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

The rail road from Charleston, (S. C.) to Augusta, (Ga.) is completed. It is 186 miles in length, and the whole distance is performed by the cars in one day.

The rail road from Schenectady to Utica, is about to be commenced. The amount subscribed was treble the amount required for its completion.

The Mad river and lake Erie rail road company was chartered in January 1832, and is intended to connect lake Erie, at Sandusky, with Cincinnati, on the Ohio. The distance on this route is only 216 miles, whilst from Cleveland to Cincinnati is 420, by way of the Ohio canal. There is little doubt that this work will immediately be commenced and speedily finished. It

connects at Dayton with the Miami canal, and thus makes a complete line of communication with Cincinnati.

The Wabash and Erie canal is now in progress. This work connects lake Erie with the Wabash, by way of the Maumee. Thirty-two miles are under contract.

### EDUCATION.

The French Chamber of Deputies have passed an education bill establishing *national schools*; of these, a part are to be *Normal schools*, for the instruction of *teachers*, in the national schools. The government have issued a proclamation, recommending that these Normal schools be placed in towns of the middling size in preference to cities, with a view of connecting with their institutions, horticulture, agriculture, and the inculcation of simple and grave habits.

The course of instruction laid down, embraces moral and religious studies, reading, writing, grammar, geography, linear design, mensuration, the elements of natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, general history, and especially native history.

### HEALTH AND MORTALITY IN CINCINNATI.

The bills of mortality in Cincinnati for four years last show the following facts:

1. That the rate of mortality is 1 in 34.
2. The healthiest month is January.
3. The least healthy month is July, and the increase from the former to the latter, and decrease from the latter to the former is progressive and regular; the *average* deaths in July being double those of January.
4. The proportion of deaths by *consumption* to similar deaths in the eastern cities of the United States, is as 1 to 4.
5. *Bilious fever and cholera infantum* are the prevailing diseases during the warm months.

The deaths by *cholera* during the twelve months ending September 18, 1833, were as follows;

September 1832,	-	-	-	1
October "	-	-	-	423
November "	-	-	-	46
December "	-	-	-	2
January 1833,	-	-	-	2
February "	-	-	-	3
March "	-	-	-	0
April "	-	-	-	1
May "	-	-	-	36

June	"	-	-	-	67
July	"	-	-	-	176
August	"	-	-	-	54
September	"	-	-	-	2

Total, - - - 813

The proportion of deaths by *cholera*, to the whole population is 1 in 40.

E. D. M.

### NEW VACUUM SUGAR.

The grains of this beautiful sugar are true and well formed crystals. They do not melt so readily as common sugar,—a circumstance that induces some inaccurate observers to imagine that this sugar is not so sweet as common muscovada. The taste is just that of fine *candy*. The advantage is that this sugar is far less hygrometric than common raw sugar, and suffers less from a moist atmosphere. The apparatus used in its preparation is a modification of the late Mr. Howard's apparatus for boiling sugar in *vacuo*: with strainers of copper plates pierced with minute holes, or several folds of wire gauze for clarifying the sirop. The process is, immediately on crushing the canes, to heat, lime, and scum, the juice, which, while warm, is forced through the strainer, from which it runs into the boiler. These are provided with air-tight covers, the tops of which are connected by tubes with a large air pump, wrought by a steam engine. The steam, as generated, is thus drawn off, and the boiling is thus carried on at a temperature far below the boiling point of sugar. When sufficiently concentrated, the sirop is crystalized, and when consolidated it is carried to the curing house, the temperature of which is kept up by steam pipes running into it. This process saves much sugar, for the heating being low, little or no molasses are formed, and a large quantity of sugar is obtained, which, in the old process, is converted into molasses. This apparatus was adopted by sugar-growers in Demerara, on the suggestion of a distinguished philosopher in Liverpool. The experiment has succeeded admirably; and the sugar bears a premium in the Liverpool market, especially when required for coffee.

*New Edinburgh Philos. Jour.*

### SOUND PHILOSOPHY.

It is said, that the sound of a clock striking, may be conveyed to any part of the house in which it is located, by means of a silken thread fastened to the bell and reaching into the room where you wish to convey the sound.

**A VIEW OF THE INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS OF THE U. STATES,  
COMPLETED AND IN OPERATION.**

STATES.	Canals.	Rail Roads.	Length.	Lockage.	Cost.	When finished.
Maine,	Cumb. & Oxf.		20½	26 locks	211000	1829
N. Hampshire,	3 River canals		1	124 feet	138000	1812
Vermont,	1 River		½	50 "		
Massachusetts,	Middlesex		27	136 "	528000	1808
	Pawtucket		1½	32		
	Blackstone		45	451.61	600000	1828
	2 River		5	115 ft.		
		Quincy	3			1827
Connecticut,	Farmington		56	218	600000	1829
	Enfield		5	20 ft.		1830
New York,	Erie		363	698	9027456	1825
	Oswego		38	123	525115	1831
	Cayuga & Sen.		20	73½	214000	1828
		Mohawk	16		650000	1832
		Saratoga	20		250000	1832
		Harlaem	8			
New Jersey,	Menis		101	1657	1200000	1832
		Patterson	14		300000	1832
Pennsylvania,	Penn. Can.		426½		16000000	1833
	Schuylkill		110	620 ft.	2336300	1818
	Union		80	92 locks	2000000	1827
	Lachawana		36		576000	1832
	Lehigh		46¾	360 ft.	1588000	1820
	Conestoga Nov		18		72000	1826
		Columbia	89		2300000	1833
		Mauch Chunk	13½		41000	1828
		Mount Carbon			100000	1831
		Schuylkill v.	23		89000	
		Schuylkill	13		91000	
		Mill Creek	7		20000	
		West Branch	20		100000	
		Pine Grove	5		30000	
		Little Schuylkill	23			1831
		Lachawana	16	800	104000	
		West Chester			90000	1832
		Phil. & Norrist'n.	19			1832
Delaware,	Chesapeake		13½	24	2200000	1832
		Newcastle	16½		400000	1832
Maryland,	Port Deposit		10			
	Potomac River		3½	114		
Virginia,	James River		3	114		
	James & Jac'n		30½		624000	1825
	James r. Falls		7	96	310000	
	Dismal Swamp		22½	33	360000	1822
		Manchester	13			
North Carolina,	Northwest		6			
	Weldon		12	100		
South Carolina,	Santee		22	103	650667	1802
		Charleston & H.	136		700000	1833
Georgia,	Savan. & Ogee.		16	29	162276	
Alabama,	Tuscumbia	Rail Road				
Louisiana,	Corondelet		1½			
	Lake Ponchart		4½		67500	1831
Kentucky,	Louisville and					
	Portland		2	24		
Ohio,	Ohio		343			1833
	Miami		66			1829
Total,	36 Canals	21 Rail Roads	2425½		47295014	



Besides the works here enumerated, and which are now in actual operation, there are many more commenced, and which will soon be completed. In addition to the above table, may be annexed the *McAdam roads*, which are becoming quite numerous throughout the United States. The national road is completed from Cumberland to Columbus, and graded for many miles on both sides of Indianapolis and Vandalia. Two McAdam roads are commenced and in progress from Cincinnati to intersect the national road at Columbus and Springfield. The Miami canal is now in progress from Dayton to the lake.

TABULAR VIEW OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES,  
AS EXHIBITED IN THE NUMBER OF COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, AND SCHOOLS.

STATES.	Colleges.			Theological Seminaries.		Medical Schools.		Law Schools.		Academies & High schools.		Common Schools.	
	Number.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.	Number.	Pupils.
Maine,*	2	11	239	1	6	1	103			29	1200	2499	101325
N. Hampshire,	1	10	181			1	94			39			
Vermont,	2	9	157			3	88			35		2400	72000
Massachusetts,	3	40	570	3	223	2	167	1		56		2273	148656
Connecticut,	3	31	474	1	49	1	73	2		14			85400
Rhode Island,	1	8	133							10		700	
New York,	5	51	416	4	242	2	378	1		57		9600	494959
New Jersey,	2	17	203	2	160					8			
Pennsylvania,	7	25	367	4	88	2	489			92			150000
Delaware,	0	00	0							1			
Maryland,	4	59	309			1	+200	1					
Virginia,	5	27	336	2	46	1	+60	1		55			
North Carolina,	1	9	69										
South Carolina,	2	13	152	3	60	1	+90			32		840	9036
Georgia,	1	9	97							64			
Ohio,	5	25	366	3	87	1	82			2	4000	800	23200
Kentucky	6	32	564			1	260	1		11			
Indiana,	2	10	69	1									
Illinois,	1	4	8										
Missouri,	1	6	125							9			
Tennessee,	3	7	147	1	22								
Alabama,	1												
Mississippi,	1	12	98										†
Louisiana,	1	3	55										
Total,	60	418	5235	25	987	17	2094	7					

\* Report of 1825. † These are near the average number. ‡ No common schools.

This table is so general, as to exclude many details, which would be interesting at this time. Hereafter, it is intended, if possible, to give tables, showing: 1. The number of children at the schooling age, and the number actually schooled. 2. The amount expended in education, by the government of the states. And 3. A comparative view of education in this country, and some of the states of Europe. In addition to the above table, it may be stated, that in Maryland and North Carolina, there are a number of academies, and in all the states, private schools.

*The march of Reform.*—Mr. O'Connell has given notice of his intention to establish a new daily morning newspaper in London. He doubtless intends to report his own speeches. The sum required for the purpose is 20,000*l*.



## WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

The annual commencement of this institution took place on the 28th ult. at Hudson. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the following persons, viz: R. Dudley, L. Gilbert, J. Loughhead, H. H. Spaulding, M. Sutliff, J. G. Wilson, and P. Wright.

## MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

The annual commencement of Miami University, took place on Tuesday, the 24th September, at Oxford. The number of graduates was twenty-one. A large concourse of visitors attended, some of whom were residents of distant places; and the gratification evinced by all, was highly complimentary to the institution. Most of the graduating class were young men of high promise, and all of them made creditable exhibitions of talent and industry.

The situation of the village of Oxford is commanding and beautiful. It occupies a high hill, which slopes off gradually in every direction, towards a fertile country, that is rapidly improving. The site of Oxford is probably 400 feet above the level of the Ohio river at Cincinnati, and the situation cannot be otherwise than healthy.

The appearance of the students on this occasion was remarked as being peculiarly agreeable, and even imposing. They were mostly fine young men; healthy, well dressed, and correct in their deportment, and without the slightest indication, which was apparent to the public eye, of foppery, extravagance, or dissipation.

The two literary societies have handsome rooms, with excellent libraries and cabinets, and seem to be conducted with spirit and success.

## AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The number of deceased American authors, as enumerated in the Quarterly Register, is 495. Of these, however, many were merely writers of pamphlets, speeches, and newspaper articles; 27 wrote on poetry; 12 on mathematics and natural philosophy; 41 on history; 102 on theology and sermons; most of these are merely sermons; 42 on politics. Very few novel writers, classical critics, moral essayists, or philologists, appear among our authors. The great bent of American genius in literature, seems to be towards divinity and politics. The monotony is now and then broken by a few bright glances into the world of poetry, but, in general a broad level of dissertations upon republicanism, and controver-

sies on the five points of Calvinism. Upon the exact sciences also, there is a remarkable deficiency. France is constantly pouring forth her improved systems of mathematics, philosophy, and engineering. Germany is a great manufactory of classical, and metaphysical works; England for romance and poetry; but on these points, we have heretofore, been contented to borrow. Of our poets, far the greater number have come from Connecticut; among them are, Trumbull, Dwight, Alsop, Selleck Osborn, Percival, Brainerd and Sigourney. Other subjects appear to have no particular locality.

## AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

There are published in the United States, 6 quarterly publications; 2 once in *two months*; 22 *monthlies*; besides very many *semi-monthlies*, and more than a 1000 newspapers. Of the 40 larger periodicals, 20 are published in New England; 16 in the middle states; 2 in the south, and 2 in the west. The newspapers are distributed more in respect to the population; but the greatest proportional number is found in the middle states; New York has about 250; Pennsylvania near 200, and Ohio more than 100.

We regret to learn that the American Annals of Education, is to be discontinued for want of patronage. It was a most valuable publication, the loss of which will be severely felt by the friends of the great and hallowed work of instruction.

An appeal has again been made to the public for its aid to support *Silliman's Journal of Science*, which cannot be sustained without a special effort on the part of its friends. Works like this which scatter profusely among us, knowledge which is nowhere else to be found, or is found only in expensive European publications, ought to be liberally supported, at the public charge. We trust the appeal will not be in vain.

## POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Agreeably to the returns made to parliament, the following was the population of England, Wales, and Scotland, in 1831.	
England and Wales	13,894,574
Scotland	2,365,807
Army and Navy	277,017
	<hr/>
	16,537,398

CITIES AND TOWNS.

London within the walls	57,695
London without the walls	67,878
Southwark	91,501
Westminster	202,080
Parts within bills mortality	761,348
Adj. Par. not within bills	293,567
Whole metropolis	1,474,069

Edinburgh	162,403
Manchester, Salford, &c.	237,832
Glasgow and suburbs	202,426
Birmingham and suburbs	142,257
Norwich	61,116
Paisley with Abbey parish	57,466
Nottingham	50,680
Liverpool with Foxteth park	189,244
Bristol with suburbs	103,886
Aberdeen new and old	58,019
Newcastle upon Tyne	57,937
Hull	49,461
Dundee	45,355
Plymouth Devonport & Stonehouse	75,534
Portsmouth, Portsea &c.	63,026

LONDON.—The total number of inhabitants of all the parishes whose churches are situated within eight English miles, measured directly from St. Paul's cathedral, amounted in 1801, to 1,031,500; in 1811, to 1,220,200; in 1821, to 1,481,500; and in 1831, to 1,776,556, or to more than *one million and three-quarters*.

To compare London with Paris, the population of the department of the Seine was taken, as included in a district nearly circular, sixteen miles in diameter. This amounted in 1818, to 637,000; in 1820, to 742,000; in 1829, to 1,013,000; exclusive of the resident foreigners and inhabitants of provinces resident in Paris, who amounted to 149,000—total in Paris, in 1829, 1,162,000.

PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

There are, according to the census of the United States, a population between 5 and 15, of 2,841,406 free white persons. This is the *schooling* age, and consequently these are that number, who require teachers. Experience has shown that, at the utmost, not more than 20 can be taught properly by one teacher. There are therefore, 142,070 instructors required to give proper education to the children of the United States. It is supposed there are not more than 20,000 now employed, nor more than 1-3d the whole number of children at school. Supposing the whole number of pupils and teachers, in successful op-

eration at the schools, there will be from the various causes of death, dismissal and translation to other employments, vacancies annually to the amount of about 10 or 15,000. This number, under a proper system of instruction, ought to be supplied by graduates from the *Normal schools of instruction*. These Normal schools should be established, and conducted with the express view of qualifying persons for the *profession of teaching*.

COLLEGES.

The number of *Alumni* of all the colleges in the United States, is 24,013, of whom 6163 have become ministers of the gospel. There are 192,448 volumes in the several libraries of the colleges.

J. F. COOPER.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER was born in 1788, and is now 45 years of age. He has published 14 novels, of 2 vols. each.

A COMPLIMENT.

The London Athenæum for July says: 'It is with some concern we hear, that LESLIE, the royal academician, is about to leave England for America. He will scarcely leave his equal in the land, if he goes; and it says little for the encouragement given to genius in this country, when a painter, who is surpassed by none, equalled by very few, either for quiet humor, or tenderness or beauty, has to seek for subsistence in another country, and deprive us of the fame which must belong to him, wherever he goes.'

NEW LANDS IN NEW JERSEY.

Twenty thousand acres of woodland, in the neighborhood of two furnaces, in N. Jersey, have been sold within a year past at about \$2 an acre; being only 3-8ths advance upon the price of wild land in the western forests, as sold by the U. States. This statement may seem incredible, but it is made on the authority of the editor of the Journal of Commerce, who says he has it from the purchaser.

SALARIES.

The lieut. governor of Nova Scotia formerly received 6000*l.* per annum. It is now reduced to 4000*l.*; being, in dollars and cents, \$17,777 77. The governor of Lower Canada now receives 6223*l.* or \$27,657 77: a much larger sum than the president of the U. States receives.

## AMERICAN COTTON.

The export of American cotton to *Bales.*

Great Britain, from the 1st of October 1832, to 1st Sept. 1833, has been, - - - - - 606,000

Of this quantity, there had arrived previous to the 1st January last, agreeably to the English shipping lists, - - - - - 35,000

Which leaves to arrive during this year, - - - - - 571,000

Of the *old* crop there will yet be shipped about - - - - - 18,000

And of the *new* to arrive previous to 1st January next, - - - - - 25,000

Showing the quantity to be received in all 1833, - - - - - 606,000

Add the stock of American cotton on hand 1st January, - - - - - 138,000

And it will give the supply for the whole year, - - - - - 744,000

Consumption for first 7 months, thirty weeks, at 14,500 per week, 435,000

Supposed do. for last five months, 22 weeks, at 12,000 per week, - 264,000

Export for the whole year, 26,000 725,000

Which leaves a stock on 1st January, 1834, of only 19,000

## MANUFACTURE OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES.

Of the state of the cotton manufacture in the United States, in 1831, as collected by the committee of the New York convention, there were in twelve states of the union, 795 cotton mills, with a capital of \$40,714,984, manufacturing annually 77,751,316 lbs. of cotton, or 214,882 bales of 361 86-100 lbs. each.

Number of Spindles - - - 1,246,903

Do. Looms - - - 33,506

Pounds of Yarn sold, - - 10,642,000

Yards of cloth made - - 230,461,900

Pounds of cloth - - - 59,604,925

Males employed 18,539

Females employed, 38,927

Hands employed, - - - 57,466

Pounds of starch used, - - 1,641,253

Barrels of flour for sizing - - 17,245

Cords of wood burnt - - - 46,519

Tons coal do. - - - 24,420

Bushels charcoal do. - - - 9,205

## Value of other articles consumed

not enumerated, - - - \$599,223

Spindles then building - - 172,924

Gallons of oil consumed - - 300,338

Hand weavers - - - 4,760

Total dependents, - - - 117,626

Annual value of cotton manufactures - - - - - \$26,000,000

Aggregate or total amount of wages paid - - - - - \$10,294,944

MR. SLADE, an English officer, who has published an interesting and instructive account of his travels, attributes the rapid down hill course of Turkey, within a few years, to the *reforms* made by the Sultan, by which he lost the benefit of the religious enthusiasm of his subjects, and the national and powerful influence of old customs and prejudices.

TURKEY.—The Turkish empire is as interesting now, that it is crumbling to pieces, as it was in the sixteenth century, when a Tartar could ride with the sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco; when its army threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of Europe: now it excites its cupidity.—*Slade's Travels.*

SUGAR FROM POTATOES.—The Clevelander (Ohio) Advertiser, of August 22, says that a small quantity of molasses was brought to that village last week, from Medina county, manufactured from potatoes. Eleven quarts of thick molasses was procured from a bushel and three pecks of potatoes. The flavor is pleasant, and the article equal in every respect to West India molasses. The process of manufacturing is said to be simple, and not expensive.

## A PETREFACTION.

Baron Steuben died of apoplexy at Steuben, Oneida co. N. Y. in November, 1795. Agreeably to his request, his remains were wrapped in his cloak, enclosed in a plain coffin, and deposited in a grave without a stone. Many years after, we learn by a memoir in the New York Commercial Advertiser, his body was disinterred for the purpose of burial in another place, and it was found to have passed into a state of complete petrefaction, and is believed to remain in that state of preservation to this day. The features of his face were as unchanged as on the day of his interment.



THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER, 1833.

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HISTORY OF OHIO.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY a few weeks elapsed after the return of the army of general Harmar, from the expedition against the towns on the Maumee, until the Indians came upon the frontiers to revenge themselves. They did not wait for the return of spring; but, contrary to their usual system of warfare, commenced their operations in the middle of winter.

Their first attack was upon the settlement at Big-Bottom, upon the Muskingum, thirty-five miles above Marietta. Previous to that time, the people in that part of the country had never been molested by the Indians; but, on the contrary, frequently received friendly visits from them; and, having experienced their uninterrupted peaceful disposition for almost three years, had become entirely unapprehensive of any danger. The settlement at Big-Bottom was composed principally of young men without families, who, by becoming actual settlers, had each entitled themselves to a tract of one hundred acres, in a large body of land laid out in donation lots by the Ohio company, upon the frontier of their purchase. They occupied a block-house and two cabins, all near together, and amounted to only eighteen in number, besides a woman and two children. A party of Indians approached the settlement on the second of January, 1791, and laid concealed, upon the watch, until the dusk of the evening, when they divided into two parties, one of which went to one of the cabins, while the other went towards



the blockhouse. The party that undertook the capture of the cabin, entered it without noise, and in a manner apparently friendly; but as soon as they had all got in, they made signs to the men within it, four in number, to be quiet, threatening them with the tomahawk in case they resisted, and immediately bound them as prisoners. The other party came to the door of the blockhouse, and found its inmates, who had shortly before come in from their work, engaged in preparing their supper, with their arms laid carelessly around the apartment. A large Mohawk Indian suddenly pushed open the door, and his followers poured in a volley with their rifles, and then rushed in and completed the work with their tomahawks. The only resistance they met with was made by the woman. While the Mohawk was holding the door open, at the moment of the firing, she seized an ax, with which she gave him a severe wound; but she was immediately afterwards tomahawked. The only one in the blockhouse who was not killed, was a boy who concealed himself in the bedding, piled up in the corner of the room, and was not discovered, until the Indians began to search for plunder after the massacre was over. They saved his life, and afterwards carried him to Detroit, together with the four men taken in the cabin. The other cabin was occupied by two men named Ballard, who immediately on hearing the firing at the blockhouse, rushed out and made their escape, and reached the next frontier settlement before daylight, in time to put the inhabitants on their guard. The Indians came on early in the morning; but finding the people prepared for their defence, made no attack, and retired without molesting any other settlement.

Within a few days after the attack upon the settlements on the Muskingum, a much more formidable force approached those in the Miami country. The frontier post in that quarter was Dunlap's station, now Coleraine, on the Great Miami. The garrison consisted of thirty-five regulars under the command of captain Kingsbury, and there were about fifteen men of the inhabitants capable of taking part in its defence. About the 10th of January, the Indian force, which was supposed to amount to three hundred warriors, invested the fort. In their approach, they fell in with some men who were ranging the woods, killed one named Cunningham, wounded another named Sloane, who however escaped to the fort, and took one, named Abner Hunt, prisoner. When they surrounded the fort, they fastened a cord to Hunt's ancle, and made him get upon a log and demand a surrender, in which case they promised that all lives should be spared; but declared that, otherwise, the whole garrison as well as Hunt the prisoner, should be massacred.

The garrison refused to surrender, and Hunt was told to run and try to make his escape; but he answered that he could not. The Indians immediately put their threats, with regard to Hunt, into execution. He was tortured and mangled in a most barbarous manner; and the last of his sufferings, from the appearance of his body after the siege was broken up, was the burning of his bowels with a flaming brand. The attack upon the fort then commenced, and the firing was continued throughout the day, during which a number of the Indians were killed and wounded, while the only injury done to any of the garrison was a slight wound to one of the men, in the arm. The women bore their part in the defence, by running bullets, for which purpose, when lead failed, they melted down their pewter utensils. When night came, and the firing had ceased, one of the men left the garrison, and having succeeded in making his way through the Indians without being noticed, reached Cincinnati in safety, where he gave the first intelligence of the attack of the station. The news was spread to Columbia, and the inhabitants of both places volunteered; so that with the regulars that could be spared from fort Washington, a considerable force was raised, which marched without delay to the relief of the place. They arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the Indians had given up the siege about two hours before; having first either killed or driven off all the stock around the garrison. They were followed a short distance, but were not overtaken, and it was not deemed prudent to pursue them very far. The siege had lasted about twenty-six hours.

In the course of the following spring, the enemy again began to lay in wait for boats upon the Ohio. About the 20th of March, a detachment of troops was ascending the river from fort Washington to Limestone, and were surprised by the Indians, and twenty out of twenty-two were massacred with the tomahawk, without a gun being fired. A few men, during the same spring, started, in a periogue, from Cincinnati to Columbia, and were attacked a little above the mouth of Deer creek, and several of them were killed. But a short time afterwards, a desperate encounter with a single boat discouraged them from that mode of fighting, and the river subsequently remained unmolested. In fact, there was probably no occurrence in the whole war, in which more signal bravery was displayed, than in Hubbell's boat fight; and no victory was ever better merited by those who obtained it.

Captain William Hubbell had removed from Vermont to the neighborhood of Frankfort in Kentucky, and having gone to

the eastward on business, was returning down the river in a flat-boat which he had purchased on the Monongahela. The company on board having received various accessions on its passage down, consisted, on leaving the mouth of the Kenhawa, of nine men, three women, and eight children. From various circumstances, it was thought probable that they would be attacked by the Indians, and Mr. Hubbell was appointed commander of the boat, and preparations were made to resist any attack that might be made upon them, by dividing the nine men into watches of three, and putting their arms in as good condition as possible. In the evening of the 23d of March, they overtook six boats, and at first thought of continuing in their company; but they soon found that they were likely to be in more danger by keeping together than by leaving them, as they could not be prevailed upon to make the proper dispositions for resisting the attack of the enemy, which there was so much reason to expect. They accordingly manned their oars, and went ahead of the other boats, one of which, however, in charge of capt. Greathouse, at first kept with them, but its crew ceasing to row, it fell behind. During the early part of the night, a canoe was seen floating along, in which they supposed were Indians observing them. They thought it most probable that the attack would not be made until daylight, and therefore continued their regular division of the night-watch, intending as soon as morning appeared, to make all the show of force that was possible, by having all the men visible. It was arranged that the women and children, in case of attack, should lie down in the bottom of the boat, with the baggage piled around them.

Just at the dawn they were hailed from the shore, and begged in the most piteous tone to land and take some white people on board; but knowing the artifices used by the Indians, they kept on their way, when the language of entreaty was turned to that of abuse and insult, and verified their suspicions. They soon heard the sound of paddles approaching them, and before long saw three canoes coming to the attack, each containing from twenty-five to thirty Indians. Every thing likely to prove an incumbrance was thrown overboard, and the men took their positions, with directions to fire successively, and to make every shot tell. The Indians on coming up, placed one of their canoes before the bow of the boat, one astern, and the other at one side, and a volley was poured in by one of them, which wounded two of the boat's crew. The fire was returned, and checked the Indians, and it then became more deliberate on both sides. In a short time, captain Hubble had his right arm disabled by a ball passing through it, and for awhile his



hand was paralyzed by the shock. When the power of using it returned, he rushed forward to the bow of the boat with a pair of pistols, to repel the enemy, who were just attempting to board, and had got their hands upon the sides. He fired his pistols, and then caught up some small wood from a pile prepared for the fire, with which he prevented them from entering, and finally beat them off. About this time the boat of captain Greathouse appeared in sight, and the Indians left Hubbell's boat to attack it. It was taken without the least resistance, and rowed to the shore, where the captain and a boy were murdered. The Indians then took the women who were on board and placed them in their own canoes, and returned to the attack of Hubbell's boat, the defenders of which were reduced to the alternative of yielding, or perhaps of killing the women, whom the Indians placed in the most exposed situations. Four of the boat's crew had been disabled entirely, in the first encounter, and the captain was severely wounded in two places. They nevertheless resisted the attack with desperate resolution, and the Indians were compelled to draw off to the shore. By this time the boat had drifted close to the bank, and several hundred Indians were running down, and commenced firing upon them. Only two of the crew were now unhurt, and they were placed at the oars, while the others laid down wherever they could screen themselves from the enemy's fire, which was continued for about twenty minutes, before they got out of its reach, when the women and children were paraded on the deck, and all joined in three cheers as a parting salutation to their discomfited assailants.

Two of the crew had been killed in the contest, and another mortally wounded. Only two of the nine had escaped uninjured. One of the children in the bottom of the boat had received a wound in his arm and another in his forehead, but had lain quiet, and did not even inform his mother until the contest was over; because, he said, the captain had ordered them to remain silent, and he was afraid she would have made a noise, if he had told her.

The boat reached Limestone about midnight following the day of the battle. Every plank above water was pierced with bullet-holes; hardly a space of two feet square being to be found which did not contain several. The five boats, which they had passed on the night before the attack, arrived safely at Limestone the next day, the Indians not having ventured to assail so many together, after being so signally defeated in their encounter with a single one.

After the return of general Harmer's expedition, governor St.



Clair had sent conciliatory messages to the Miami tribe of Indians, but with no effect. In March, the attempt was again renewed, by sending Cornplanter, a Seneca chief, with several others of his tribe, to the Miami villages, with instructions to impress the Indians with the desire cherished by the United States, for the establishment of peace, and with the evil consequences they would draw upon themselves by persisting in their hostilities. These overtures likewise failed. In April, similar messages were sent to the Delawares, but with the same result.

During the spring, one of the spies employed in the service of the Ohio Company's settlements was killed by the Indians on the Hockhocking. On the 21st of May, two men were at work upon an out-lot in Cincinnati, when they were fired upon by the Indians, and one of them named Joseph Cutter, was taken prisoner, but the other escaped unhurt. Some young men soon collected and started in pursuit, eight of whom, out of forty, continued after reaching the tops of the hills. They soon were able to distinguish Cutter's tracks, in consequence of his losing one of his shoes; and discovered also, that the Indians were equal to themselves in number. They continued the pursuit on the run, until dark; when they returned to Cincinnati, and found afterwards that the Indians only went about two miles farther than they were followed, before they encamped. A party went out after them the next day, but did not overtake them. On the first of June, John Van Cleve, the man who escaped when Cutter was taken, was at work, with two other men, upon the same out-lot. They were fired upon by some Indians, and immediately ran for the town. After running several hundred yards, Van Cleve had become considerably in advance of the others, when a naked Indian, who it was supposed had concealed himself in a tree-top for the purpose of intercepting their retreat, sprung upon him, and a short struggle ensued, in which he succeeded in throwing the Indian upon the ground, but at the same instant received a mortal wound from his knife. The Indian stabbed him several times, and having taken his scalp, ran off, before the other two men came up, by which time he was already dead.

In May, general Scott, of Kentucky, conducted an expedition of volunteers against the Indians upon the Wabash, which on the 1st of June, arrived at their villages, several of which they destroyed, and thirty-two of the enemy were killed, and fifty-eight taken prisoners. The army returned to Kentucky, without having lost a man.

In the mean time the government had determined that an

army should be raised and led against the Indians, consisting of a force that they would not dare to encounter, and commanded by an officer, whose qualifications for the station were thought to be such as would insure a successful issue to the campaign. The command was confided to general St. Clair, who, although he had been uniformly unfortunate in his previous military career, enjoyed the highest confidence of president Washington, and the general respect of the army. The force with which he commenced his campaign consisted of three regular regiments, principally new levies without discipline, with two companies of artillery and one of cavalry, and upwards of six hundred Kentucky militia. Fort Hamilton was built in their advance, during the month of September, and afterwards fort Jefferson, in the early part of October. The object of the expedition was the destruction of the towns on the Maumee, against which Harmar's campaign had been made. After placing a garrison in fort Jefferson, the army continued to advance slowly, having to open a road with much labor, until, on the 3d of November, it encamped on the ground afterwards occupied by fort Recovery. By the time it reached that place, in consequence of the failure of the contractor, the supply of provisions was not sufficient for the consumption of the troops, and they were put upon short allowance. From this reason, or from some other cause of dissatisfaction, sixty of the Kentucky militia had deserted upon the last day of October, and turned homeward, and one of the regular regiments had been despatched to bring them back, and also to escort some provisions, which were supposed to be upon the road. The absence of this regiment, and the detachments which had been left behind in the garrisons, had reduced the army, by the time it reached its encampment on the 3d of November, to about fourteen or fifteen hundred men. At this time the general supposed that he was within about fifteen miles of the enemy's town, but the real distance was about forty-five; and the creek before the camp, which he supposed to be the St. Marys river, was a branch of the Wabash. The ground being favorable, he had determined upon erecting a slight work for the protection of the baggage, the principal part of which he intended to leave there, and to move onward to the attack of the enemy, as soon as the detached regiment should arrive. The main body of the army encamped in two lines, about seventy yards apart, with the creek in front, and the militia were posted on the opposite side of the stream, about a quarter of a mile in advance. Still in advance of the militia, captain Slough was posted with a company of regulars, with orders to intercept any small parties of the enemy that

might approach with a design to molest the camp, and to communicate information of any important circumstance that he might observe. Colonel Oldham, who commanded the Kentucky militia, received orders to be vigilant during the night, and to send out patrols of twenty-five or thirty men, in different directions before daylight, for the purpose of scouring the woods. The front line of the main body was composed of three battalions, commanded by major-general Butler; and the second line consisted of two battalions commanded by major Bedinger and major Gaither, and a regiment commanded by colonel Darke. The right flank was secured by the creek and a steep bank, and some of the cavalry with their pickets covered the left.

A few Indians had been observed in the evening, who fled with precipitation when the militia advanced across the creek to encamp. Captain Slough, who had been posted in advance, was alarmed during the night by the enemy approaching him in front and on the flanks in considerable numbers; and some time before daylight so many of them appeared, that he fell back upon the militia, and reported the fact to general Butler, who paid no attention to the circumstance, and gave no notice of it to general St. Clair. Colonel Oldham also neglected the commands that had been given to him to scour the woods before daylight; and the consequence was, that neither the army nor its commander knew of the vicinity of the enemy. It had been a constant practice to beat the reveille and parade the troops under arms before daylight. On the morning of the 4th, this had been done, and the troops, after remaining on parade until about half an hour before sunrise, had just been dismissed, when the enemy suddenly attacked the militia in front. The drums immediately beat to arms as soon as the firing was heard, and the troops were formed as expeditiously as possible; but the militia were soon broken, and came running into the camp in disorder, followed by the Indians, and rushing through the front line, threw it into confusion, which it was afterwards impossible entirely to remedy. The enemy, now vigorously attacked the first line, but were considerably checked by a pretty well-directed fire in return. It was only for an instant, however; and in a few minutes the second line was attacked also. The weight of the fire was directed against the centre, where the artillery was placed. The camp extended about three hundred and fifty yards, and it was soon wholly surrounded, and attacked from all quarters. The artillery-men were soon shot down, and the guns silenced. The enemy concealed and sheltered themselves behind logs, trees and banks, and continued a most deadly fire



upon the exposed troops, while they themselves suffered but inconsiderable loss. The carnage was tremendous. General St. Clair was so ill with the gout, that he was unable to mount a horse without assistance; and general Butler, the second in command, was shot down and tomahawked early in the action. The officers suffered more than usual, in consequence of being exposed, while endeavoring to restore order among the men. After the artillerists had been driven from their guns or killed, their places were supplied with infantry; but it was impossible for them to withstand the deadly fire of the enemy, and the guns were again silenced. General St. Clair directed his litter to the quarter where the attack was hottest, and ordered lieutenant-colonel Darke to charge the enemy with the bayonet. The order was executed with great spirit and with apparent effect; the Indians were driven back three or four hundred yards, but colonel Darke was unable to maintain his ground, and was in turn driven back by the enemy. At the same time the Indians had broken into the camp upon the opposite side, and a charge was ordered in that quarter, with the same effect. The Indians were routed and driven back; but immediately forced the charging party to retire, and pursued them back to the camp as before. Several charges were made in this manner, and all with the same result. In each of them many men were lost, and the officers were almost all cut off. This circumstance, in consequence of the rawness and inexperience of the troops, had a very material effect upon the fortune of the day. One regiment lost all its officers except three, of whom one was wounded by a shot through the body. The artillery officers were all killed except one, and he was severely wounded. At length it was manifest, that nothing but a retreat could save the remainder of the army. Nearly half the men and four-fifths of the officers had fallen; and the fire of the enemy was as destructive and incessant as ever. The general therefore, ordered colonel Darke to form the remnants of the battalions, and to charge the enemy, as if with a design to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road. The charge was made, and the Indians opened to the right and left, and two or three hundred troops had got through their lines, before they discovered that a retreat was intended. The camp and artillery were abandoned, the horses being nearly all killed; the general himself being mounted upon an old packhorse, that could not be forced out of a walk. No order could be preserved in the retreat, which soon became a flight. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements. Some endeavored to assist others forward, and some abandoned their friends to their fate, without



an effort to save them. The enemy hung upon the rear, where stragglers were continually falling behind, to be massacred by the tomahawk, and no attempt was made to repel their pursuers, who continued to annoy them for about four miles. The same disorder reigned even after the pursuit had ceased, and the road was strewn with arms for many miles further. The fugitives at length reached fort Jefferson, which was twenty-nine miles from the battle-ground, about sunset.

The killed in St. Clair's defeat amounted to six hundred and thirty, and the wounded to two hundred and forty-four, in addition to wagoners, drovers, packhorsemen, and women! It was supposed that there were near two hundred women with the army, only three of whom escaped. Of the officers thirty-seven were killed and thirty wounded. Among the former were major-general Butler, colonel Oldham of the Kentucky militia, two majors, twelve captains, and seven lieutenants.

When the army reached fort Jefferson, they found there the regiment which had been sent after the militia deserters, whom they had been unable to overtake. They had returned without meeting the convoys of provisions, that had been expected, and there were none in the fort. A council having been called, it was unanimously agreed, that the strength of the army, even with the addition of the regiment that had not been in the action, was not equal to what it was in the morning, and it was not advisable to advance again. It was therefore determined, to return to winter quarters in fort Washington, leaving a garrison, with the wounded men, in fort Jefferson. The march was accordingly resumed about 10 o'clock the same evening; and after marching all night, and part of the following day, they met a convoy of provisions, some of which were appropriated to the supply of their wants, and the rest sent to fort Jefferson. On the 8th of November, the remains of the army arrived at fort Washington.

The Indian force, which defeated St. Clair, has been variously estimated, at from fifteen hundred to four thousand men. The smallest number has, however, generally been considered nearest the truth. It was commanded by a chief who had accompanied Burgoyne's army, in his campaign during the war of the revolution, and it was supposed that he alone had devised the plan of attack, in opposition to the opinions of the other chiefs.

Soon after the return of the army to fort Washington, general Scott, of Kentucky, conducted a body of mounted volunteers, which had been raised as soon as intelligence of the disaster was received, to the battle ground. They approached

it with caution and secrecy, and a party sent to reconnoitre, found several hundred of the enemy occupying the ground, still enjoying themselves over the plunder of the camp. All were in fine humor—some drunk, some playing and sporting in different ways, among whom were some diverting themselves with riding the bullocks with their faces towards their tails. General Scott immediately disposed his forces so as to fall upon them suddenly, and completely routed them, killing upwards of two hundred, with a very inconsiderable loss on his own part. The artillery, and some of the baggage yet remaining upon the field, were recovered, and about six hundred muskets were picked up in the camp and on the road, where they had been thrown away by the fugitives. Thus closed the eventful year of 1791.

J.

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#### ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD IN VIRGINIA.

THE following account of an order of distinction established in America more than one hundred years ago, may be interesting to our readers. It is extracted from a book entitled 'The Present State of Virginia, by Hugh Jones, A. M. chaplain to the honorable assembly, and minister of Jamestown, &c.' in Virginia, printed in 1724.

'Governor Spotswood, when he undertook the great discovery of the passage over the mountains, attended with sufficient guard and pioneers and gentlemen, with sufficient stock of provisions, with abundant fatigue passed these mountains, and cut his majesty's name in a rock upon the highest of them, naming it *Mount George*; and in complaisance, the gentlemen, from the governor's name, called the mountain next in height, *Mount Alexander*.

'For this expedition they were obliged to provide a great quantity of horse shoes (things seldom used in the lower parts of the country, where there are few stones:) upon which account the governor, upon their return, presented each of his companions with a golden horse shoe, (some of which I have seen studded with valuable stones, resembling heads of nails) with this inscription on the one side: *sic juvat transcendere montes*: and on the other is written, *the tramontane order*.

'This he instituted to encourage gentlemen to venture back and make discoveries and new settlements; any gentleman being entitled to wear this golden shoe who can prove his having drunk his majesty's health upon Mount George.' p. 14.

These facts, the accuracy of which we have no reason to doubt, are very curious. One hundred years ago, the region that we inhabit was unknown, and inaccessible to the inhabitants of Virginia. Governor Spotswood 'undertook the great discovery of the passage of the mountains,' in a spirit of enterprise similar to that which prompted the ardent genius of Columbus. We can imagine the parade, the preparation, the pomp and circumstance, which must have preceded and attended this novel enterprise. The colonial governor was no doubt arrayed in all

the imposing insignia of vice-royalty. A body of pioneers preceded his march, guards surrounded his person, and a long train of packhorses carried tents and provisions. The chivalry of Virginia pressed forward with a noble emulation, to share in the dangerous adventure. They had long looked towards the blue summits of the distant mountains with intense curiosity, and had perhaps ventured singly, or in small parties to the bases of these rocky acclivities, which seemed to present an impassable barrier against the advance of civilized man. Now they came prepared to scale the ramparts of the mountains, to discover new lands, and to extend the empire of their king into unknown regions. 'With abundant fatigue,' they reached the summit of one of these ridges, until then deemed inaccessible, and looked back in admiration upon the broad plains and wooded valleys of the *ancient dominion*. But we do not learn that they obtained a glimpse of the fertile west. They little dreamed of the breadth, the length, and the resources, of the great valley whose verge they had almost reached, nor imagined that a region lay beyond them, which in extent, beauty, and magnificence far exceeded the territories which had previously been subdued at such vast expenditure of life and wealth, by our ancestors. They were perhaps not even aware that the French were even then building forts and villages, cultivating the grape, and playing the fiddle upon the borders of the Mississippi. Still less could they foresee the changes which a century would produce: that great states would grow up beyond these mountains, upon which with so much triumph they drank his majesty's health—that stages and pleasure carriages would be rapidly whirled over those Alpine deserts—and that fashionable parties would resort in crowds to watering places in the romantic valleys of the Allegheny chain.

We should be glad to know whether any memorials of this event, have been preserved in the archives of the ancient families of Virginia, whether any of the gentry of that land claim to be descended from knights of the Golden Horse Shoe, and whether any of those honorable testimonials of early adventure—for honorable they certainly were—are still in existence.

While on this subject we will record a tradition which was related to us some years ago, by a very intelligent Kentuckian. It is said, that shortly after the discovery of Kentucky, a large and wealthy company was formed in England, for the purpose of purchasing a very considerable extent of territory, and settling a colony, in that country. Among those who proposed to invest funds in this scheme, was the celebrated Horace Walpole, to whom was committed the task of drawing up the plan



of the colony, and the charter or constitution by which it was to be governed. It is said that such a document was actually prepared by him, and that the original is in the hands of an individual in Kentucky. The chief town of the settlement was to have been called *Vandalia*: a curious coincidence, and one which goes far to justify the taste of those who, without any knowledge of this fact, have since given that name to the capital of Illinois.

If there is any truth in this statement—and from the source that we derived it, we cannot doubt the correctness of the leading particulars—we should be highly gratified if some friend in Kentucky would undertake to throw further light on it, and especially to procure for us a copy of the document to which we have alluded.

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LETTERS FROM CUBA.

## NO. III.

Havana, —.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have seen by my last, that I do not intend observing any thing like order or method in my unlearned remarks on what has passed before my eyes. And though, to so orderly and methodical a personage as your worship, such a course may not be very pleasing, yet you must be indulgent, and let me have my own way. Just remember that you were once a youth like myself; and do not expect from me that trained arrangement of ideas, and sobered discipline of feeling, which are the product only of years. Allow me, therefore, to take my own devious course, and follow or not, as your pleasure be, wherever the spirit of observation, arm in arm with fancy, may please to lead me.

I was invited the other evening to go to the *plaza de armas*, to listen to the band of a regiment which performs here an hour in the evening, once a week. This is a large public square, in front of the governor's palace. The middle of the space is occupied with a kind of shrubbery or garden, divided into parterres, each railed in and separated by marble walks; and the whole enclosed with a handsome iron fence. Here we walked back and forth awhile, expecting the appearance of the band. Presently the sound of a drum from the barracks, which lie on one side of the square, announced to us that something was stirring, and immediately the great gate opened, and the band issued, attended by a small company of guards, and took



their station in front of the intendant's palace, which stands on the left of the governor's, and at right angles with it. The guards were posted around the musicians to keep off the populace, and all was still in expectation. The music struck up; I was both surprised and delighted. It was not a common martial air, but a delicate and difficult piece of Mozart, or some one of the great amateurs. The instruments were many and various, and harmonized skilfully and with great effect. All the performances were of the same technical character, so to speak, and were executed with equal accuracy and grace. The notes were lighted by a huge lantern in the shape of a globe, which was suspended over them from a pole. The exhibition lasted for an hour, at the expiration of which, in the midst of an air, the lantern began to move towards the barracks—the musicians followed, playing as they went—the guards closed around them—and the whole procession retired through the gate, pouring out their last strain as it closed behind them.

I have since learned that this band has been pronounced by connoisseurs in music, one of the best in America, second only, indeed, to that of the military institution at West Point, which stood so preeminent while the great Willis inspired its strains.

Among the Spaniards there seems to be a national taste for music. The cavalier of Spain, like the knight of the chivalrous ages, seems to consider his qualifications as a gentleman imperfect, till he has taught his noble fingers to sweep the strings of a guitar. This seems to be his favorite instrument. With this, under the soft skies of Grenada, he soothes the twilight hour; and when the full moon pours down her rich light among the Moorish mosques and palaces, into the silent streets of the capital of 'Spain's paradise,' he wakes his lady-love with the soft notes of the guitar. Oftentimes, when I have been riding on a moonlight evening, in the country, I would stop my horse and sit fixed in silent enchantment, listening to the sweet strains which proceeded from some cottage-door. It is thus, I believe, in almost all countries in the old world, that music is a national art, and every peasant a musician.

Would that it were so in our own country! I believe that many a crime would have been left undone, many a vice checked, and many a virtue cherished, if music had held this universal sway. Many a sorrow too, would have been solaced by its magic power. If the nations of Europe, groaning under the weight of despotism, have more griefs to bear than free and happy Americans, they have also a comforter which has not yet come to us. Behold the German, or the Italian, or the Span-

iard, after a hard day spent in almost unrequited toil, reposing under the 'sunset tree,' with his little family collected about him; and at the sound of his guitar, forgetting all his toils and troubles, he sings; and all raise their little voices in concert:

'Sweet is the hour of rest,  
Pleasant the wood's low sigh;  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie:  
When the burthen and the heat  
Of labor's task are o'er;  
And kindly voices greet  
The tired one at his door.

'Oh! tuneful is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs;  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows.  
But rest more sweet and still  
Than ever nightfall gave,  
Our yearning hearts shall fill,  
In the world beyond the grave.'

Thus passes an hour of pure and unalloyed happiness. But the effects of that hour do not pass away with it: the vibrations of the heart's inmost chords, which that strain has awakened, do not cease with the sound; the pure and holy feelings thus aroused do not at once sleep again. His soul has been touched with the fire of heaven—and he is a better man.

Look now at the American! He comes home from his work tired and hungry, and calls for his supper. As soon as his ample meal is ended, and he finds himself somewhat rested, he takes his hat, and leaving his wife to employ herself in washing the dishes, mending the children's clothes, &c. and enjoy her own company, as she best may, sets off for the village tavern. There finding enough more like himself, he enters into a debate on the subject of religion or politics, discusses the merits of his various political servants, Adams, Jackson, or Clay, (for each American is lord and sovereign, you know); every now and then by the way, very undignifiedly drinking to their health and good service. Then words grow high, and oaths are brought in to strengthen the cause, and drams taken to rouse the spirit. Thus hour passes after hour, till the company are reminded it is time to break up; then the wretches stagger home to wring with anguish the hearts of their miserable wives.

Such are the different pictures which, drawn from reading and observation together, present themselves to my mind: whether or not they are just portraits, I am ready to leave it to yourself, or any other judicious and candid observer of manners, to decide. And to what is this great difference owing? It may be,

I doubt not that it is, to be ascribed in some measure to the difference of climate. The American (by this term, here, I mean, of course, the citizen of the United States) is for the most part, debarred by the rigor of the climate, from those outdoor pleasures which are so much enjoyed by the inhabitant of milder latitudes; and is compelled to seek a compensation for them in more artificial recreations within: a circumstance which, I believe, is an important agent in cherishing the great evil of our country, intemperance. But if the people generally were possessed of a knowledge and love of music, and were skilled in performance on some musical instrument, many an hour which now hangs heavy on their hands, and is passed in petulant listlessness, or dissipated in riot and debauch, would be spent in not only innocent, but elevating enjoyment.

Intemperance is an evil unknown in Cuba. It would be a curiosity to see a Spaniard in a state of intoxication.

They have, indeed, vices enough: but this, the lowest, the most degrading—nay the source of all other vices, is a curse they are free from. Of gaming, debauchery, crime, there is enough; these do but lower the man; intemperance tears off humanity, and degrades the image of God to the semblance of a beast.

They, who, in a succession of ages, built up the curious and stupendous fabric of the Catholic church, displayed their skill and knowledge of human nature, in so dexterously interweaving throughout its texture the delicate material of music; they knew that it would not only adorn, but give strength and durability to the edifice. Of all the fine arts, it seems to me, that music alone is appreciated and felt equally by all classes. Poetry, painting, sculpture, present few charms to the vulgar eye, interest little the uncultivated taste; but music is nature's voice, and is heard alike by all her children—the learned and the ignorant—the civilized and the savage—the old and the young; and indeed its influence ceases only with the animate creation: nay, if poetry speak truth, the very rocks and stones are subject to its magic power. The cause evidently is, that while the other arts address themselves chiefly to the understanding, music alone touches the chords of feeling; and feeling, thank God, is no less the possession of the lowly than the high; belongs alike to the wise and the simple.

It was by this magic wand, especially, I believe, that the priests swayed with such absolute power the minds of men in the dark ages. And even in this enlightened day, when reason holds such acknowledged supremacy over feeling (ay, and has exercised its power so rigorously as almost to extinguish the



pure flame of sentiment, losing at the same time the bright light that radiates from it,) even now, it is impossible to witness the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic church in their fulness, without emotion. This effect, however, is hardly produced, unless they are accompanied by music, which softens the soul for the impression.

The funeral ceremonies are, as they should be, especially touching. I was much affected at witnessing a funeral which I attended here a short time since, in the country. I think you will be interested with a particular description of it, as it will serve to display, in some degree, the manners of the people, as well as the forms of the church.

I had been spending a few weeks with an American gentleman who owns a plantation about forty miles from the Havana, when one day my host informed me, that a neighboring planter had lost a son, and asked me to accompany him to the funeral. I readily acceded to the proposal. On reaching the house, we found several gentlemen assembled, and awaiting the arrival of the priest from the neighboring village. In the mean time we visited the apartment where lay the deceased. He was a boy of about fifteen years—a noble boy; and his death a loss not to be supplied, and hardly to be borne. The body lay in an open coffin, dressed in full, and seemingly with studious care. With that feeling attention, which we love to pay even the senseless relics of a departed friend, his choicest apparel had been selected, and fitted about him with the nicest care, as if he were arraying for the brilliancy of the ball-room, rather than to go down to the cold, dark, viewless grave. I know not why, but I confess the idea did not strike me pleasantly; it did not appear to me in elevated taste. The fingers were clasped over the breast, and holding a bunch of flowers, as emblematic of the simple purity of youth: a delicate thought. Tapers were burning around the coffin; and an attendant fanned away from those lifeless features, the insects that could not harm them. And why all this? asks the utilitarian—that sordid creation of the present day, whose purse is his only measure of utility. (This utilitarianism, by the way, will be the ruin of the age.)

As soon as the priest arrived, he directed the coffin to be closed, though not fastened, as the lid was to be removed again; and preparations were made to bear the corpse away. Then was it touching to witness the tears of the black domestics, as they hung around the coffin, and took their last look at their young master, as the body was borne to the carriage. On arriving at the village church, the coffin was deposited upon a kind of altar, in the middle of the church, covered with mourn-



ing cloth, and supported upon cushions. The lid was then removed so far as to expose the face. The tall wax tapers were then lighted around it, and it was left to rest in the solemnity of the holy place.

Presently the bells began to toll forth their solemn peal, and the curate appeared, attended by two subordinate priests, clothed in the robes of their sacred office. Then arose that wild, melancholy chanting, which the Catholic priests pour forth with a kind of technical power, and which, of all the music I ever heard, is the most touchingly plaintive. For nearly an hour the pensive strain sunk and swelled, fell and rose again, till my heart melted within me. I durst not trust my eyes towards the coffin; once I did so, and the sight of that placid face reposing still and motionless, while those sad strains played around and floated over it, was enough to break open the bursting fountain, and I felt the tears stealing into my eyes. At length, the priest advancing moved slowly round the altar, on which the coffin rested, singing the while; then stopped, and taking from an attendant boy a vessel of holy water, sprinkled the pile; then moved again once round—then stopped, and receiving a censer, swung the reeking vessel thrice towards the altar, muttering Latin all the while. Thus ended the ceremony.

The body was then borne to the burial-ground. As soon as it was lowered into the grave, each of the company dropped a clod upon the coffin—the earth was shuffled in, and trodden down; and all departed leaving clay with clay—dust with dust. The party returned gaily to the house, and the remainder of the day, according to custom, was spent in feasting and merriment; and memory was drowned in the wine cup. I alone could not, wished not, to forget. I left the gay crowd, and went away to muse.

O.

#### TO A DARK-HAIRED LADY.

THE morning ne'er, in light arrayed,  
Was half so fair, as that fair maid,  
Whose tresses shroud her form of snow,  
Like some dark cloud on morning's brow.

A coronet they, rich raven tresses,  
For love's display of lovelinesses;  
An ivory neck, a form of snow,  
And smiles to deck fair morning's brow.

B.

## LA SALLE'S LAST EXPEDITION.

IN father Hennepin's 'Continuation of the New Discovery of a Vast Country in America,' is a detailed account of *M. de la Salle's* last expedition of discovery into the valley of the Mississippi. This expedition does not appear to have been connected with any permanent settlement of the country, but with the delusive objects which at that day occupied so large a share of public attention.

An outline of that enterprise must, at this day, be interesting to the inhabitants of a country which has been so recently reclaimed from the wildness in which the French adventurers found it; and nowhere with more propriety can it be presented than in the pages of a work, one of whose objects is the preservation of the early history and adventure of the west.

Father Hennepin's work, is, in the main, considered good authority, though the love of the marvellous and a desire to magnify, are sometimes perceptible. There is, however, a vein of good intention throughout the book, which induces us to believe, that a careful separation of the romantic and the probable, the supposititious and the real, will leave a pretty faithful account of the scenes and events of the expedition. The author's judgment appears to have been good when not swayed by wonder, which, without injustice to him, we may suppose was not seldom.

The grand object of this undertaking, is expressed by Hennepin in the following paragraph; though from frequent passages in the book, we are led to believe that La Salle had a view to the mines of Mexico.

'Our design was to endeavor to find out, if possible, a passage from the Northern to the South sea, without crossing the Line, which a great many have hitherto sought in vain. The river *Meschasipi* does not indeed run that way; but, however, *M. de la Salle* was in hopes to discover, by means of the *Meschasipi* some other river running into the south; and knowing his courage and ability, I don't question but he would have succeeded, had God been pleased to preserve his life. As that unfortunate gentleman was about it, he was murder'd; and if the divine providence has spared me, 'tis it seems, that I may acquaint the world with a short way to go to *China* and *Japan*, which I hope may be done by means of my discoveries.'

For the accomplishment of this object, to us so visionary, La Salle designed to discover the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, and after erecting a fort at that spot as a magazine and a place of retreat in the event of misfortune, to proceed up the river

on the voyage of discovery. His proposition was laid before the French king's council, was approved, and he was invested with all necessary authority, and supplied with ships, men, and money. Having obtained seven Catholic priests as missionaries, and been joined by as many young gentlemen as volunteers, besides other friends, a small fleet of two ships, a fly boat, and a ketch was fitted out in the harbor of Rochelle. He was then joined by ten families for the settlement of a colony. His preparations finished, the fleet sailed from Rochelle on the 24th of July, 1684, and after being once obliged to put back, suffering much from bad weather during the voyage, and being separated, they all arrived safely at different ports in the island of St. Domingo. Here the ketch, in attempting to gain the rendezvous of the fleet, was captured by a Spanish cruiser.

At this island, the adventurers were visited by a distemper of a malignant character; many died, and many were disabled for life. At length, however, he left the island on the 25th of November, 1684, his squadron well stocked for the settlement of the intended colony.

New difficulties, resulting from incorrect information, and from ignorance of the gulf of Mexico, were presented; and it was not until the 18th of February, 1685, that the fleet was collected in a bay named St. Louis, which was supposed to be the eastern estuary of the Mississippi.

After erecting a fort, and taking the first steps towards the permanent settlement of the colony, notwithstanding the encroachments of the neighboring savages, La Salle found, that the bay in which he first anchored was not the mouth of the Mississippi, and he started with a few men with the object of discovering it. On the 13th of February, 1686, about a year after the landing at the bay of St. Louis, he came to what he thought the mouth of the Mississippi, and having fortified a post on its bank, returned to his fort, 'charmed with his discovery.' Here he heard of the total loss of one of his ships, with all her stores and nearly all her men. Our historian here remarks, '*M. de la Salle* was a man of extraordinary courage and unparalleled constancy; yet 'tis likely he would have sunk underneath this misfortune had not God assisted him in an extraordinary manner.'

This untoward event so disheartened La Salle that he determined to return to Europe, and having now no means of accomplishing his object by sea, he set out on the 22d of April, 1686, for Canada, with about twenty men, directing his course to the northeast, with the hopes of striking the Mississippi. 'After three days march,' says Hennepin, 'they discov-



ered the finest champaign country in the world, and were met by a great many men on horseback, with boots, spurs, and saddles. This nation invited them to come to their habitations, but M. de la Salle having taken some information from them concerning his way, thanked them for their kindness, and would not accept of their offers. The reader may judge, that all this was transacted by signs, for they did not understand one another. Their equipage sheweth they had commerce with the Spaniards.'

Having marched two days through vast meadows, they met with a river 'broader and deeper than the Seine before Paris, its banks being adorned with great trees, so well disposed by nature, that they seemed as many walks artificially planted. One side of the river is covered with woods, and the other is a continued meadow. The country between this river and another they met few days after, is full of trees bearing all sorts of fruit, especially of mulberry trees, but the vines are so common that the whole seems a vineyard, and the highest trees are covered with them.' A trifling occurrence gave a name to the last river. 'They called it *Hiens*, because one of them, a German by birth, stuck so fast in the mud that they had much ado to get him off!'

Several days after, they found a country which 'may be called the paradise of the world, inhabited by a numerous nation, who received them with all imaginable marks of friendship and kindness; their women embraced them cheerfully, and caused them to sit upon some fine mats, near their captains, who presented them their calumet of peace, adorned with feathers of several colors, and wherein they desired them to smoke. They presented them afterwards with a dish of *sagamitsee*, which is a kind of pap made of the root of a shrub called *tique* or *toquo*, which looks like a briar without thorns: its root is very big, and having washed it and dried it by the sun, they pound it in a mortar. These honest savages presented them with some skins of wild oxen finely drest, and good for shoes. They continued some days among that nation, which time La Salle improved to give them some idea of the grandeur and power of the king his master, whom he represented higher and greater than the sun. These people understood something of it by his signs, and were struck with wonderful admiration.'

'That nation is called *Biskatronge*, but the Europeans called them the *Weeping*, and their river the river of *Tears*, because when they arrived there, those savages wept for about a quarter of an hour. They receive so all strangers, whom they think to come from remote countries, because this puts them in mind of their deceased relations, whom they think upon a long journey,



and whose return they expect. That honest people gave La Salle some guides, and supplied his men with whatever they wanted, and crossed them over their rivers in their pyrogues.'

From the absence of sufficient description, and from the name Hennepin has given these people, we are at a loss to conjecture who they are and where they were met with. Their conduct, however, furnishes additional evidence that the savages of North America were, at first, amicably disposed towards the whites, and that all their hostility is the result of injury and aggression. We cannot, in looking back on the unsophisticated state of the Indian tribes, at their first meeting with Europeans; their amiable and inoffensive deportment; their anxiety to render their rude, but native and genuine hospitality; and see them now, degraded and fallen; fierce and revengeful against their destroyers; driven from the graves of their sires, before the self-styled *civilized* conquerors of the soil—without heaving a sigh for the degenerateness of a people, who with the impress of true 'nature's noblemen,' have sunk to the degree of nature's vagrants. As every thing bearing on this point must be more or less interesting at this time, we need not apologize for the introduction of the following paragraph.

'They were met by another band of savages, who had ears of Indian corn in their hands; they embraced La Salle according to their way, and invited him by signs to go to their village, which he consented to. They made him understand, that there was a nation to the westward who destroyed all other men; and by the description they made, he judged they meant the Spaniards of New Mexico, with whom this nation was at war. The people of the village having noticed the arrival of La Salle, all flocked about him, expressing their joy, by signs and other gestures, and making him understand that he would oblige them if he would remain with them, to assist them against their enemies. This La Salle would not agree to, and when he left the place, the savages carried him and all his men over their river in their pyrogues. This nation is called *Kirononas*.'

Proceeding onward, in an easterly direction, they, several days afterwards, came to a broad and rapid river, which by means of rafts, they crossed in safety. It is possible this was the Mississippi, as one of the rafts was constructed of cane, which is very luxuriant on its banks. After crossing the river, 'having refreshed themselves, they continued their march eastward, travelling through a most delicious country, where they found savages who had nothing barbarous but their name. They met one of them who came from shooting, with his wife and family; he presented La Salle with a horse and some flesh, de-

siring him by signs to go along with him to his habitation, and lest he should have any suspicion, he left his wife and family with him, and went to his village, where he was accompanied by two men of the party. They returned two days after, with two horses loaded with provisions, and acquainted their master with the civility of that people, who sent their chief commanders and young warriors to compliment them. They were handsomely covered with dressed skins, adorned with feathers of different colors. La Salle thought fit to advance, and within three leagues of the village he met the savages, who presented them their calumet of peace in great ceremony. They conducted them in great triumph to the cabin of their general, where a great number of people came to see them. La Salle observed that the young warriors mounted guard, and were relieved by turns. The great civility of that people obliged La Salle to leave the village, and encamp about two miles off, for having observed the women were exceeding kind to them, and pretty handsome, he was afraid his men would be debauched, which might have been of a fatal consequence.'

Our worthy author's love of the marvellous is quite evident, when he remarks of this village, that it 'is about twenty leagues long, not in a continued street, but because the hamlets are so near one another, that the whole looks as if it were but one.' We can more readily credit him in what follows, as something of the same kind is now in existence among the Mandans of the upper Missouri.

'Their cabins are extraordinary fine, of about fifty feet long, and built as bee-hives. They plant trees roundabout, whose branches join over their cabins, and which they tie together. Their beds are placed roundabout their cabins, four foot higher than the floor; and they make their fire in the middle. Each cabin is for two families. They found among them several things which they must have had from the Spaniards, as some pieces of eight, silver spoons, lace, clothes, and horses. They had, also, a bull of the pope, exempting the Spaniards of New Mexico from fasting in summer-time. How they came by it, La Salle could never understand.'

'There were at that time, some ambassadors of the *Choumans* at the village of the *Cenis*, who paid a visit to La Salle, and at their coming in, made the sign of the cross, and kneeling down, kissed father *Anastase's* gown, lifting up their hands to heaven, and giving them to understand, that men clothed with like habits taught their neighbors. They made such signs, as convinced the French that they had been at mass; and one of them, drew with a coal, a tall woman weeping at the foot of the cross,

for the death of her son who was nailed to it. This he must have seen over an altar in the Spanish churches.'

Soon after this, four of La Salle's men deserted; he and another fell sick of a violent fever, and others becoming irresolute, he determined to return to fort Lewis, where they arrived on the 17th of October, 1686.

On the 7th of January, 1687, accompanied by twenty men, he again set out for the Illinois country. It was in this expedition, that La Salle, with three or four more of the party, was murdered. On the 17th of March, his nephew was slain by a blow on the head with a hatchet, and on the 19th, La Salle was shot.

'Thus fell,' says Hennepin, 'the sieur *Robert Cavalier de la Salle*, a man of considerable merit, constant in adversities, fearless, generous, courteous, ingenious, learned, and capable of every thing. He labored for twenty years together, to civilize the savage humors and manners of a great number of barbarous people, among whom he travelled; and had the ill hap to be massacred by his own servants, whom he had enriched. He died in the vigor of his age—in the middle of his course—before he could execute the designs he had formed upon New Mexico!'

The character of La Salle and his services, have not, until recently, been properly estimated by the American people. He was undoubtedly all that the partial affection of father Hennepin described him—a bold, enterprising, intelligent discoverer. Recently, his name has been brought prominently before the public, and his memory will hereafter be cherished with honor, among those of the illustrious founders of our nation. The state of Illinois has commemorated these early voyages, by calling a county lying upon the Illinois river, of which La Salle was the discoverer, by the name of that intrepid traveller; and a town by the name of Hennepin.\*

It was at the latter place, that the Illinois militia assembled, previous to the last campaign against the Saukies, for the organization of the army. Little did the philanthropic Hennepin imagine of the changes that this country was so soon destined to undergo; that his own countrymen would lose all the benefits of their arduous voyages of discovery, and be entirely dispossessed of the land; and that the Indians themselves would be driven away by a people not then in existence. D.

\* The work by Hennepin, referred to, was published in 1699.



## THE SONG BIRD.

Mother! the bird in yonder bush,  
That fills with songs the happy grove—  
Tell him those joyful songs to hush!  
For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

Tell him to sympathize—for this  
Is music's triumph—music's care;  
Persuade him that another's bliss  
Makes bitter misery bitterer.

Then bid him leave the emerald bough,  
Seek *her* abode and warble there;  
And—if young love have taught him how,  
Be love's sweet-tongued interpreter.

He thinks his notes are notes of joy,  
That gladness tunes his eager breath;  
Oh tell him, mother mine! that I  
Hear in his songs the tones of death.

If spite of all those prayers of thine,  
He still will sing, I'll pray that he  
May one day feel these pangs of mine,  
And I—his thoughtless ecstasy.

Then mother mine! persuade the bird  
To charm no more the verdant grove:  
Bid him his sweetest music hush,  
For ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

A10.

## REVIEW.

**MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA.** By the author of *Cyril Thornton*, &c. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833.

**TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES, &c.** By Captain J. E. ALEXANDER, Forty-second Royal Highlanders, F. R. G. S. M. R. A. S., &c. author of *Travels in Ava, Persia, &c.* Philadelphia; Key & Biddle, 1833.

WHENEVER a volume of British impertinence, more than ordinarily abusive of our country, makes its appearance, the English reviewers fail not to remark how very sensitive we are, and to preach us a lecture upon the folly of being so extremely thin-skinned and easily offended. We are told, that all nations have their peculiarities, and are alike exposed to the misrepresentations of ignorant and insolent travellers. We are admonished, too, that we are particularly given to the sin of national vanity, and unnecessarily touchy and resentful under reproof. These opinions are faithfully copied by some of our own ingenious countrymen, who have so long been in the habit of supposing a piece of linen or of logic, imported from the blessed island, to be, as a matter of course, infinitely superior to any similar home production, as to have lost the faculty of estimating the value of one or the other, by any other means than by the mark which shows its foreign extraction. Enough for them, if it shall have crossed the ocean: 'a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.' With the impudence of the British journalist there is a mixture of absurdity, like that of the captious buffoon, who having made you the laughing-stock of a whole company, quarrels with you for not joining in the mirth; but it is perfectly natural that a nest of pirates, who have oppressed and robbed the whole world time out of mind, should fancy they have a right to ridicule and abuse it. The American writer, who censures his countrymen for being *sensitive* on the score of national character, betrays a want of sound moral feeling.

A delicate and jealous regard for reputation, is one of the most certain evidences of moral worth. No man of sterling integrity or genuine feeling is without it. He who



places no value on his character, is either callous or depraved. He has no incentive to virtuous action, and is restrained from the practice of vice only by fear or self-interest. A nation is made up of a number of individuals, and the peculiar characteristics of the latter become impressed upon the aggregated mass which composes the former. That which is love of reputation in an individual, is patriotism in a people; and the one is as laudable as the other. If ridicule mortifies, or slander provokes a man, why should not a community of men experience the same feelings? It will surely not be contended, that the love of country is a less honorable feeling than the love of self. May the day never arrive, when the American people shall cease to be jealous of the honor of their country; when they shall become deaf to the voice of reproach, and shall suffer the slanderer to pass undetected in the perpetration of his mercenary office.

There is a peculiarity, too, in our situation, which renders it necessary that we should expose the misrepresentations of English travellers. Our own literature is in its infancy, and most of our books come from that country. We are repeatedly told by the same class of writers who are preaching to us the virtue of patient submission, that we have *no literature*, and are indebted to British intellect for *all* our thoughts and *all* our knowledge. Surely then it is important to us that the public mind of that nation should be correctly informed—that the fountain head of our knowledge should be pure. If it be true, that our opinions are silently moulded by English books, that our literature is growing out of theirs, and our national peculiarities becoming known to the world through their presses, it is a duty that we owe to them, and to ourselves, to see that they propagate only the truth; or at least, as nearly the truth as the national mendacity of that imaginative people will justify us in expecting.

Why should the American critic be debarred from the exposure of falsehood? Is he to become the wholesale eulogist of the prolific outpourings of the press? Must he be silent when he cannot praise, and voluble only in the reiteration of imported fallacies, or sickly home-made common-places? Such is not the office of the critic. If there be any reality in criticism—if its duties are to be performed with honest ability and zeal—it must exert a restraining, an invigorating, and a salutary influence on literature, by holding up to public ridicule and contempt every species of falsehood and imposture. It matters not in what shape, nor under whose auspices, a lie is thrown into circulation; nor is it important whether it be the result of ignorance, stupidity, carelessness, or malice; the duty of the reviewer is the same under all circumstances. The fact, that the author of a pernicious book is a foreigner, or that he is a near neighbor, should neither disarm the critic, nor provoke his hostility. The truth should be told without respect to persons.

Nor are we aware that we have ever shown, in relation to the misrepresentations of foreign writers, any degree of sensitiveness more than was natural and proper, or greater than any other people would have evinced under similar circumstances. We deny that the American people, or American writers, have been captious, or impatient under reproof. We submitted for years to reproach, sarcasm, and falsehood, in their writers, just as our government bore their impressment of our seamen, and their instigation of the savages to ravage our borders—with a meekness which gained for us the derision of the civilized world, while it conciliated no favor from the mercenary oppressor. We *fought* for the honor of our flag, and national rights; and never was war crowned with a more triumphant issue. The proud enemy conceded to arms that which she had denied to persuasion, to argument, to embassies and negotiations. In plain English, she was forced to do right. So must we *fight* for our national character. We have learned that the British cannot be coaxed, but may be flogged into civility; that they heap insult upon insult, and add one injury to another, so long as the injured party chooses to submit; but that they are most philosophically open to that kind of conviction, which is proclaimed at the cannon's mouth. Physically we have met them, repelled their attempted aggressions, and placed ourselves upon an equality with them, which they neither deny, nor dare attempt to subvert. Why not assert, and achieve the same moral equality? Why not hold them responsible at the bar of public opinion, for their breaches of confidence, their violations of the rights of hospitality, their falsehoods, and their ingratitude for kindness extended to them? Why not expose and lash them, until the contempt and derision of the reading world should force them to respect the ordinary rules of truth, courtesy, and decorum? And this can easily be done. If American writers, instead of twaddling about kindred blood, and mutual

forbearance, would systematically expose every British impostor who attempts to misrepresent our country to his own—if we would cease to court, invite and entertain the renegade foreigners who feast at our tables and then abuse us—if we would encourage a vigorous literature of our own—the British tourist would soon be rendered so contemptible, that few would covet the name.

But we are told that we are sensitive. Is it not natural that we should be so? Laying aside the injuries that preceded the revolution and the late war, there are existing causes of jealousy, which render the American and British nations watchful of each other. It will always be so. Britain and America, standing first as commercial nations and naval powers, speaking the same language, rivals in almost every thing, will ever stand in jealous emulation of each other. We cannot be indifferent as to what is said of us by them; nor are they—proudly and contemptuously as they assert themselves to be so—callous in regard to the opinions we may entertain of them. The nobles and dandies who have very vague notions as to the part of the world in which we live, and the poor who have enough to do to get something to eat, may know nor care nothing about us; but the reading part of the nation are curious about our opinions. It cannot be otherwise; a proper sentiment of self-respect, must lead patriots and men of letters on either side of the water, to desire to be correctly understood and estimated. Moore, after having been seduced by a paltry ministerial bribe, into the meanness of lampooning a people, who had received him with an enthusiasm of admiration due to his poetic genius, and entertained him with a hospitality as lavish as it was sincere, discovered that his melodies were sung over all this continent, and that there were millions of hearts and minds here, capable of feeling all that he felt and wrote. Mr. Moore saw that it would conduce to his fame and interest to be popular in America, and he accordingly took pains to have it understood, that he retracted all he had said about us. Lord Byron wrote respectfully of America for the same reasons; and Scott, who was a gentleman and a christian in his feelings and opinions, was gratified to know that his works were read from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

We could give many reasons why *we ought* to cherish the sensitiveness with which we are charged. And not the least important is, that there seems to be a *system* in the detraction of English tourists. They repeat the oft-repeated slanders of each other with an indomitable perseverance of impudent assurance, which can only be the result of an arranged plan of detraction. They lie by rule. Whether it be that the government is most ready to give pensions for particular falsehoods, that the English people swallow certain lies with more avidity than others, or that the most of these books, being written in garrets in London by persons who have never travelled except from one spunging-house to another, are mere compilations—the fact is as we have stated. Notwithstanding all the changes which have taken place in our country during the last fifty years, the same stale inventions are still stuffed into all their books of travels. An instance occurs to us at this moment, in relation to the word ‘help.’ An English traveller, some two or three generations past, asserted that we called our servants ‘helps,’ and every successive traveller repeats the statement, although we venture to assert that no traveller, nor any other person, ever heard the word so used, until perhaps very recently in some parts of New England. We have never heard this phraseology anywhere; and we doubt whether it ever was used, unless indeed very lately, and since it has been caught from English writers. Yet captain Alexander, who entered the United States by the Mississippi, and had seen no other than the states of Mississippi and Louisiana, while ascending that river, uses the expression ‘servants, or helps, as they are here called’—an epithet which he certainly never heard in a slaveholding state, and which therefore, as far as respects his own experience, is untrue. This is an example, an unimportant, but a striking one, of lying according to precedent. Mr. Hamilton publishes another. Twenty years ago the London Quarterly said, ‘a dirk is the constant companion of every gentleman in Illinois.’ Mr. Hamilton, in copying this statement, has thought proper to enlarge it thus: ‘the whole population of the southern and western states are uniformly armed with daggers.’

Heretofore we have been told that we ought not to show any sensitiveness on this subject, because English travellers were a pack of knaves and blockheads, too incorrigibly ignorant, and wretchedly vulgar, to deserve the notice of a critic or a country. But this remark will not hold good now, since we have had the hon. Frederick Fitzgerald Roos, captain Hall, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Hamilton (we beg pardon for not giving

him his military title, not knowing exactly what it is) and captain Alexander. All these purport to be gentlemen and men of education; all but one are officers in the army or navy—one of them is the author of Cyril Thornton, &c. another is an F. R. G. S. and an M. R. A. S. and author of travels in Ava, Persia, &c. and a third has written voyages to Loo Choo, South America, &c. They are men whose opinions deserve respect at home and animadversion abroad. Yet their remarks are not a whit more true, nor, with the exception of Mr. Stuart, more gentlemanly, than those of the disappointed radicals, the Birmingham clerks, or the travelling millionaires who preceded them. Hall, Hamilton and Alexander brought letters of introduction, which afforded them access into good company, and experienced kindness and hospitality, which they have repaid with rudeness, sarcasm and misrepresentation.

Passing all these things in review, it seems to us, marvellous—it is a phenomenon in literature, that out of a long list of travellers from the same country, of different conditions, sexes, and attainments, nearly all should adopt the same tone and language, repeat the same opinions, and adopt the same untruths—that with the works of their predecessors before them, so few of them should have attempted to correct the misstatements of which we complain—that they should arrogantly persist in the hopeless endeavor to describe a wide territory, a scattered population, and a set of institutions perfectly novel to them, from personal observation merely, without seeking aid from the mass of statistics, documents and books, to be found in our public offices and libraries—and that Great Britain should remain to this day totally ignorant of the actual state of a country so interesting to her as the United States. Are they so incorrigibly stupid as to be incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, or does an Englishman naturally prefer a lie?

Another suggestion is worthy of some consideration. We derive nearly all our knowledge of modern Africa and Asia, from the books of British travellers. We know little of Russia, of Persia, of the Ottoman empire, of Palestine, of the interior of Africa, except from the writers of that nation. Their attempts to discover the northwest passage have produced many volumes; they have penetrated every part of South America, and visited the countless islands of the ocean. The statements of these writers have been worked up by industrious bookmakers into an endless variety of compilations; they have been manufactured into geographies and histories; they have been introduced into school-books; they have furnished the plots of novels, and in short, they pervade the literature of the language. But what assurance have we that any of these travellers have told the truth; or from what evidence can we decide as to the proportion of them that may be trusted? Judging by the ignorance, stupidity, and want of honor, displayed by English travellers in America, what confidence shall we place in their accuracy when describing other lands? Let us imagine for a moment, that an English bookmaker, with access to no other books than those of their own travellers, should sit down to write an account of America: what a book it would be! Now a vast proportion of what is known of every nation in Europe, Asia, and Africa, not blessed with a literature of its own, comes to us through a source thus liable to suspicion. It is gathered by the enterprise of British travellers, and thrown into circulation by British presses. We know of a truth that not the slightest confidence is to be placed in the statements of colonel Hamilton, (we suppose he must be a colonel from his being a little more insolent than any major or captain that has visited us,) captain Hall or Mr. Stuart; and if we cannot trust the colonels, captains and esquires who explore our own land, why should we believe the esquires, captains and colonels who are sailing over all the rest of the world?

The truth is, that the British government exercises a controlling influence over the literature of that country, and has impressed upon it the same profligate disregard of principle which distinguishes the policy of their cabinet. If it does not, like some of the absolute governments, exert a direct censorship, it wields a more tremendous power, in silently corrupting by base bribes, the whole corps of authors. In Great Britain, money will purchase any thing; they have few writers whose consciences stand above the temptation of a bribe. Almost all the travels which are published in England, have been written with direct reference to some policy of the government. Her intrigues are now extended into every quarter of the world; and the ministry are very careful that every country in regard to which they have any point to carry, shall be visited by some myrmidon of their own—by some toad-eating captain of the army or



navy, who has been trained to the art of eaves-dropping and tattling, and whose conscience, like his time, is at the command of his superiors—some sensitive philanthropist, who can be perfectly horrified at the idea of eating at the same table with his own European servant, while he can rant in good set terms against those who debar him from the exquisite enjoyment of dining with a negro, or pressing the soft hand of a sable belle.

There can be no doubt that most of the British travellers in America, have been hired agents of the government—depraved men, whom a long career of subserviency had rendered callous to every principle of honor, and every feeling of gentlemanly pride. The emigration from Great Britain to America has recently increased, and is now bringing over a large number of the middle class—the only class whose removal would be a loss to one country, or a gain to the other. This is the class that feeds the poor and supports the idle; whose labors furnish pay for sinecurists, pensions for younger sons, tythes for the clergy, revenues for the gentry and nobility, and support for all who are prevented by laziness or gentle blood from supporting themselves. It is to prevent the removal of this valuable portion of their population, that this new effort has been made by the ministry. While therefore we might smile with contempt at the flippant ribaldry of Basil Hall, and the ‘author of Cyril Thornton,’ or the drunken reveries of Mrs. Trollope, taken singly, they become of more importance when regarded as parts of a stupendous plan of national detraction, in which the authors are the poor tools of a craven ministry who slander by proxy, and endeavor to strike through others the blow which they dare not avow as coming from themselves.

The two books before us are written by British officers, and are made up of wilful and deliberate falsehoods—of misrepresentations such as could not result from mistake or inadvertence. They are intentional and wicked fabrications, and corrupt perversions of the truth, written in an abusive spirit of calumny, which must stamp a character of no enviable notoriety upon their authors. Upon Mr. Hamilton’s book especially, we look more in sorrow than in anger. Cyril Thornton had been read with delight throughout the United States, and had acquired for its author a permanent reputation. His name was connected in our minds with many agreeable associations. There was about that work a tone of scholarship, and gentlemanly spirit, with a vein of amiable feeling, which combined to win the regard and confidence of the reader. Mr. Hamilton was as well known as a writer in this country as in Great Britain, and was everywhere received with a marked attention, with public honors and social kindnesses, the voluntary homage of a people to acknowledged genius and literary celebrity, which his appearance would not have elicited in a tour through his own country. A gentleman whose principles were sound, and whose heart was in the right place, would have felt himself flattered by this spontaneous tribute of approbation, and would have considered himself, at least bound in honor, to render justice to the character of those who had rendered such ample justice to him; he would have been disposed to reciprocate kindness, and not repay hospitality with reproach and sarcasm. Yet a more atrocious libel upon a people, a viler fabrication of improbable falsehood, a more malicious tissue of rancorous hatred, has never been written than the production of this mercenary British soldier. We shall quote a few passages in proof of this assertion.

‘The aspect and bearing of the citizens of New York, are certainly very distinguishable from any thing ever seen in Great Britain. They are generally slender in person, somewhat slouching in gait, and without that openness of countenance and erectness of deportment to which an English eye has been accustomed. Their utterance, too, is marked by a peculiar modulation, partaking of a snivel and a drawl, which, I confess, to my ear, is by no means laudable on the score of euphony.’ p. 15.

The colonel was fortunate enough to find out the origin of the phrase ‘go the whole hog,’ and certainly deserves a medal for the discovery.

‘The expression, I am told, is of Virginian origin. In that state, when a butcher kills a pig, it is usual to demand of each customer whether he will ‘go the whole hog,’ &c. p. 18.



The following scrap is worthy of special notice.

‘One nasty custom however I must notice. Eggs, instead of being eat from the shell, are poured into a wineglass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up with butter and condiment, the mixture, according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off like a liquid. The advantage gained by this unpleasant process, I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate, but I can speak from experience, to its sedative effect on the appetite of an unpractised be-holder.’ p. 21.

As there is, doubtless, reason in the eating as well as in the roasting of eggs, we should be glad to learn *why* it is more nasty to eat an egg from a glass, than from the shell: whether the external surface of an eggshell is sweeter to the lip of an Englishman than polished crystal; and how they manage at a British battalion mess, to convey this delicate article to the mouth, without its being ‘either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off like a liquid?’

At pages 28 and 29, there is an interesting disquisition on wigs, in which the author of Cyril Thornton very sagely infers, that ‘the decencies of life are habitually violated in the very seat of justice,’ by our judges, who have not the good manners to cover their skulls with a huge mass of horse hair plastered with pomatum and powder. This is certainly very indecent.

As a specimen of the good breeding of colonel Hamilton, and of his delicate choice of language, we select the following. The colonel intends to say, that the people in America eat faster than in England.

‘Around me I beheld the same scene of *gulping* and *swallowing*, as if for a wager, which my observations at breakfast had prepared me to expect. In my own neighborhood there was no conversation. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork his food down his gullet*, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighbor.’—p. 30.

We take a few passages at random.

‘When you enter an American house, either in quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary, he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way, in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage by counting the hat-peggs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance, and the choice only remains of opening the door on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bed-room of some young lady, or of cutting the gordian knot by escaping through the only one you know any thing about.’ p. 64.

‘I admit that there is a plainness and even bluntness in American manners, somewhat startling at first to a sophisticated European. Questions are asked with regard to one’s habits, family, pursuits, connexions and opinions, which are never put in England, except in a witness-box, after the ceremony of swearing on the four evangelists.’ p. 71.

‘On the road, and in the hotels, they are assuredly any thing but freemen. Their hours of rest and refection are those dictated by Boniface, the most rigorous and iron-hearted of despots. And surely never was monarch blessed with more patient and obedient subjects! He feeds them in droves like cattle. He rings a bell, and they come like dogs at their master’s whistle. He places before them what he thinks proper, and they swallow it without grumbling.’ p. 89.

‘In America there are no bells, and no chambermaids.’ p. 139.

— ‘toast, not made in the English fashion, but *boiled* in melted butter.’ p. 138.

At Worcester, in Massachusetts, the author arrived during the sitting of a court: the inn was crowded with lawyers and suitors.

'I attempted to discriminate between lawyer and client, but the task was not easy. There was in both the same keen and callous expression of worldly anxiety; the same cold selfishness of look and manner. The scene was altogether not agreeable; many of the company were without shoes, others without cravats, and compared with the same class of people in England they were dirty both in habit and person.' p. 139.

The only comment on the above passage, which is necessary is, that the colonel visited Worcester in the dead of winter, and had travelled, according to his own account, in a violent snow-storm during all the same day, in the evening of which he found the lawyers and their clients without shoes and cravats!!

'Every year must increase the perils of this federal constitution. Like other bubbles, it is at any time liable to burst, and the world will then discover that its external glitter covered nothing but wind.' p. 167.

There are whole pages of such flippant nonsense about our constitution; and yet the author has the impudence to assert, at page 165, that his opinions on this subject were corroborated by 'many of the most eminent Americans in the union.'

The most amusingly characteristic passage in the work, is that relating to the water-works at Philadelphia.

'A dozen times a day I was asked whether I had seen the water-works, and on my answering in the negative, I was told that I positively must visit them; that they were unrivalled in the world; that no people but the Americans could have executed such works, and by implication, that no one but an Englishman, meanly jealous of American superiority, would omit an opportunity of admiring their unrivalled mechanism.'

Now what would a gentleman, travelling to see our country, and actually engaged in writing a book on 'Men and Manners in America,' naturally do on hearing of a great public work, of such *unrivalled mechanism*? Let him speak for himself.

'I had not heard these circumstances repeated above fifty times, ere I began to run restive, and determined not to visit the water-works at all. To this resolution I adhered, in spite of all annoyance, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause.' p. 181.

'There is at this time nothing in the United States worthy of the name of a library.'

'Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant.' p. 196.

How this world is given to lying! In the library of Harvard alone, there are 35,000 volumes, to read all which, would take more than 90 years, supposing the student to gallop through at the rate of one volume a day, which no man could do; but if the student should take a week to each volume, he might get through in the moderate space of about 650 years, if he should live so long!

'Young ladies chant hymns, instead of Irish melodies; and the profane chorus gives place to rhythmical doxologies. Grog parties commence with prayer and terminate with benediction. Devout smokers say grace over a segar, and chewers of the Nicotian weed insert a fresh quid with an expression of pious gratitude.' p. 406.

‘One circumstance may be mentioned which is tolerably illustrative of the general habits of the people. In every steam boat there is a *public comb* and hair-brush suspended by a string from the ceiling of the cabin. These utensils are used by the whole body of the passengers, and their description the pen of a Swift could alone adequately describe. There is no tooth-brush, simply, I believe, because the article is entirely unknown to the American toilet.’ p. 296.

As the author of Cyril Thornton is a particular man, and does not specially except himself, we suppose he was one of the *whole body* who used the common comb.

Of the passengers in the steam boat in which the author descended the Ohio, he says:

‘Truth compels me to say, that any thing so disgusting in human shape, I had never seen. Their morals and their manners were alike detestable.’ p. 296.

One of our editors has suggested, that the colonel must have taken a deck passage; and we must say, that if a gentleman chooses to select low company he may certainly find it among a certain class of persons in a steam boat. Mrs. Trollope gave a decided preference to the company of negroes, and declares that she never heard any good singing in the United States, except among the colored folks—at some black tea parties to which she had the happiness of being invited. The colonel has a similar taste, and very carefully records the numerous instances in which he shook hands with negroes. The only good tavern he met with in the United States, was kept by a negro, at Charleston—and there he had—what think you reader mine?—clean table cloths and silver forks! The luxury of silver forks, of which we have heard so much, was found only in the domicile of a negro in a slave state!

Major Hamilton—for upon second thought, or rather, upon a *third* thought, we conclude that this must be his rank, inasmuch as he resembles the *major* part of British travellers, sets himself up not only as a particularly refined gentleman, but as a wit—neither of which characters he was suspected of while among us, for he was not only a remarkably awkward, but a very dull man. He shows his refinement by his propensity for silver forks—by his criticisms on chambermaids and *tavern belles*—by eating as he would have marched at a military funeral, to the time of a dead march—by taking a deck passage in a steam boat, and using a *common comb*—and by preferring the company of negroes to that of white people; while his wit is displayed in repeating the stale sarcasms which have garnished the travels of his predecessors time out of mind. Stuart, poor man, with all his silliness, was honest; but the major’s stupid plagiarisms are not enlivened by a single ray of integrity, or warmed by one beam of honorable feeling.

Two facts are worthy of notice with regard to this fastidious gentleman, who writes of men and manners, talks so much of refinement, and finds so much to condemn in American society. We are credibly informed, that during his stay at New York, he was so filthy in his person, and so gross in his manners, as to attract the attention of the gentlemen who boarded at the same hotel with him; and that they actually met and consulted upon the propriety of inviting this *distinguished stranger* to reform his toilet and address, or to refrain from coming to the table. We are also advised, that while at Philadelphia, when dining with the American Philosophical Society, on the occasion mentioned by himself, his health was drank. The British literary major was astounded at this unexpected compliment, and having probably not often witnessed the ceremony of drinking wine in public, was quite at a loss what to do—whether he must make a speech, sing a song, tell a story, or drink a bumper. In this dilemma he betook himself to his military tactics, and practised that evolution which he probably understands best—a *retreat*. Suddenly covering his face with his handkerchief he bawled out that his ‘tooth *hacked* *orribly*,’ and rushed out of the room, to the great astonishment of the grave and erudite fellows of the said society, who had thought they had caught a great *lion* for their anniversary, but found to their mortification that a military English author might be a mere jackass.



## A SKETCH.

*From the blank-book of a Sexagenarian.*

‘COME what may, you will never find the happiness you ask; you exact too much from the ideal.’

The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshipped the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I turned again to the ever-smiling countenance of Hope, who still urged me onward.

Oh, Hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and inexperience. Softly dost thou linger with us in the spring-time of existence. Beautiful are thy pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely, fair, but ever in the dim distance, is the goal of contentment and joy which thou dost point out to us: and we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sorrow—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of peace—in heaven.

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I stood at morning upon the peninsula of Apsheron, and the restless waters of the Caspian were sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and passed; but the promised boon came not. It never came.

‘Well, well,’ I exclaimed, ‘I can die here. The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their mourning shall outlive my name and the record of my fate.’

‘Follow! follow! follow!’ said my mysterious guide. ‘Follow—to the sunny clime of Italy, or die, a baffled wanderer, here.’

‘Have I not followed thee, faithfully and far? Have I not journeyed with thee through many a strange land! The banks of the Euphrates are imprinted with our footsteps, and in the groves of Damascus, and beneath the cedars of Mount Lebanon have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by the entombed grandeur of Laksor, and in the ever-green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain. Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of burning sands—through ocean’s calms and storms, with thee have I toiled—with thee I have journeyed—and thou—*thou* hast ever mocked me.——On! deceiver, I will follow thee still!’

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Gloriously the moonbeams glittered upon the towering spires of St. Peter’s. Softly they shone upon the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed upon the bosom of night, and sweet flowers mingled their perfume with the breath of zephyrs.



Who could have told that, on such a night, the dark angel of destruction was unfurling his banner?

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and shrieks of 'fire!' resounded wildly through the air. I started from the column against which I had been leaning, and flew towards the part of the city from which the alarum proceeded. Dashing onward, through hurrying men, and terrified women and shrieking children, the broad, bright blaze of the destroying element soon broke upon my sight. It arose from the dwelling of the Signor di Valendi.

'Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy virgin, save my child,' cried a gray-haired man, as I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised in agony towards the upper part of the building, as he spoke. Casting a single glance in the direction indicated, I beheld his daughter, leaning, pale, and apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the windows, at a fearful height from the ground. The fire originated in a back apartment below, and the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame. Below—above—around—all was smoking, blazing and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or the cries of the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing pile and rescue his daughter; but they were driven back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an instant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo, who was crouching and whining before me.

'If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!' I forgot, in that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall, and bounded up the fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger. I reached the third story, and found myself in a back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid flame and smoke, and falling brands; while the red rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way at my touch, and in another instant the object of my search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had fallen upon the staircase, and were blazing, and crackling, and sending up, and around, hot flames—hot as the flames of hell.

'God of heaven! do not forsake me, now,' I exclaimed, as I pressed my unconscious burden closer to my heart. At that

instant I saw a flight of stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room in which I then stood. I remember that I passed up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight, and found myself upon that part of the roof which looked upon the street. The flames were curling over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which the destructive element had not reached. I rushed towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and found that a chasm several feet wide separated the two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden to the very verge—over—but I grasped with one hand an iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw that I grasped her wrist with my right hand. I saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And I knew she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and parted lips, they stood, statue-like, gazing up at me, as I hung suspended from the roof.

'A ladder!' I exclaimed, in a voice which I did not recognize as my own. The words had an electric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of the rounds. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a muscle shook, not a nerve trembled. I reached the ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his child to his heart. I saw no more—I remember no more of what passed that night. The roaring of a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I staggered, and reeled, and fell.

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How long I remained insensible I know not. I awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small table near me. I was just awakening from the fever of delirium, and it was some time ere I could collect my wandering senses. The events of the night of the fire, however, soon recurred to my mind; and I remembered all. But I knew not where I was. Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those features could not be mistaken. I should have known them in eternity. It was the daughter of the Signor di Valendi. A sudden light burst upon my soul. Was my pilgrimage at last ended? Was

the boon at last found? Would *she* love me? Why would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of the spring-time of youth. My blood ran wildly through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knelt before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told her all my sorrows, and all my hopes. I was bewildered with the intensity of my own feelings. She did not turn from me. Her face was not averted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks. I thought I saw her white bosom heave with emotion, while a tear seemed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed she would love me. How could I doubt it. Maddened with ecstasy, I arose from my kneeling posture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—PICTURED CANVASS—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did I gaze for one moment on the portrait before me. I did not faint, nor fall—nor falter. But I laughed—ay, laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

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### HOME.

I CANNOT forget thee, for every bright scene  
Reminds me of joys and of hopes that have been;  
Not a breeze murmurs soft, not a bird in the grove  
Warbles fondly and gaily his wild note of love,  
Not a beam lights my path as I joylessly roam,  
That does not remind me of home—dearest home.

'That home! 'twas so beauteous, so pure, and so blest,  
And the spirit that ruled it was dearest and best!  
There are trees that we planted, that grew with our love,  
There are spots that we haunted in each shady grove.  
New friends may surround me, new pleasures may come,  
But the heart that loves fondly can have but one home.

Ah, now all is joyless and desolate there,  
The hearth-stone is cold, and the rose tree is bare,  
The jasmine has perished, she trained o'er the door,  
And the mock-bird she cherished, sings sweetly no more,  
And strange are the hearts and the footsteps that roam,  
O'r the Eden deserted, that once was my home.

c.

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### TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

A NEW THEORY OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM. BY SAMUEL L. METCALF, M. D.  
New York; Carvill; 1833, pp. 175.

THE annunciation of a new theory of terrestrial magnetism cannot fail to attract the particular attention of men of science. This subject has long been an object of peculiar interest with



philosophers. Many theories have been offered in explanation of the origin, phenomena, and laws of terrestrial magnetism; but all attempts of this kind, have hitherto resulted in little else than vague hypothesis and gratuitous assumption. It is therefore with much pleasure that we notice this 'new theory;' for we do not hesitate to say, that in our humble judgment, the author has gone far beyond all preceding inquirers in elucidating this interesting department of physical science. We would not be understood as intimating that there is entire originality in the author's leading sentiments on this subject: or that his views and arguments, on many of the topics embraced in the discussion, are not decidedly objectionable. On the contrary, some of the most important points in the author's theory, had been previously suggested as detached or insulated observations; and his views and reasoning in relation to the identity of caloric and electricity, are, we think, in the main, unsatisfactory and fallacious. The facts recently brought to light by thermo-magnetism, furnished the author with the cardinal point of his doctrine—namely, that the magnetic polarities of the earth, are the result 'of an unequal distribution of caloric, in the lower and higher latitudes.' These remarks are not made with the design of lessening the importance of the author's labors. So far from it, we are inclined to believe that the views and doctrines presented in this work, will be deemed by those most competent to judge, as forming an important epoch in the science of terrestrial magnetism.

The work is divided into two parts. The first part is occupied with a discussion on the identity of caloric, electricity, and magnetism. The author endeavors to show, that these powers are mere modifications of the same agent, and that many of the phenomena, usually ascribed to electricity, depend, in reality, on the agency of caloric. The notion, that these physical agents are radically the same—that they are nothing more than peculiar modes of one and the same pervading fluid, has been frequently expressed. No distinct facts and observations, however, have as yet been adduced, which can be regarded as raising this view above the vagueness and uncertainty of hypothesis; and we do not think that the author has added anything particularly calculated to strengthen our confidence in the correctness of this doctrine. He commences this part of his subject, 'by tracing some of the most striking *analogies* of caloric and electricity—to show that they are radically the same subtle, imponderable, and all-pervading element.' We may remark, however, that a rigid philosophy does not admit of *analogy*, however close and constant, as certain evidence of identity.



That there exists a most intimate relation between electricity and caloric, is very manifest; but we apprehend, that no analogy that may be traced between them, can be justly regarded as leading to any more definite conclusions. One of the analogies adduced by our author in evidence of the identity of these physical agents is, that caloric, like magnetism and electricity, causes bodies to attract each other. 'Two bodies,' he says, 'charged with caloric, one plus and the other minus, (one hot, the other cold,) attract each other, with a force proportioned to the different quantities of caloric they contain.' In proof of this statement, he observes, that, on a very cold morning, he 'applied his tongue to a plate of cold iron, while the mercury was  $15^{\circ}$  below zero, and that it adhered with such force that the skin was removed on separating it.' As to the correctness of this declaration—namely, that bodies charged with different degrees of caloric attract each other, unless rendered magnetic or electric by rapid heating or cooling, which is often the case, we beg leave to demur. We know of no facts or experiments confirmative of this position. We have, ourselves, made many experiments on this very subject; and we venture to assert, that when two cork balls, one heated and the other cold, are laid on a quiescent surface of water, they will manifest no greater tendency to approach each other, than balls of similar size and shape, and of equal temperatures. As to the fact mentioned by the author—the adhesion of the tongue when applied to an intensely cold plate of iron, we presume, that it can hardly be regarded as an unequivocal instance of attraction. If he had applied a substance perfectly dry, however hot it might have been, he would not have noticed any attraction. That a *moist* tongue, when applied to a piece of iron, at  $15^{\circ}$  below zero, should adhere, may be rationally accounted for without referring it to attraction. The instant the tongue comes in contact with the cold iron, the moisture is congealed, and the cuticle disorganized, both of which, of course, adhere firmly to the cold body.

Caloric, according to our author, is the cause of cohesive and capillary attractions. 'A certain amount of caloric between the particles of matter is requisite to maintain their cohesion. It is the attraction of caloric for water, that holds them together—that gives its drops their globular form. But when the amount of caloric is increased beyond a certain extent, it separates the particles, and thus diminishes or overcomes the power of cohesion.' Thus, then, the cause of attraction between the particles of matter when increased beyond a certain amount, produces a directly opposite effect, namely, separation and dis-

persion. This is certainly a very incomprehensible doctrine; nor has the author adduced a single fact which can be regarded as affording any satisfactory evidence of its correctness. We are, indeed told, that 'when the temperature of metals is greatly reduced, they become brittle, so that a slight blow will fracture them;' yet this can hardly be taken as a proof that the attraction of the particles for each other, is diminished by the cold; since bodies, as is well known, shrink on having their caloric abstracted, and it does not seem reasonable to suppose, that the shrinking of a piece of metal, that is, the nearer approach of its particles to each other, could be the result of diminished attraction. On the subject of solution, the author makes some judicious observations. We cannot however agree with him, 'that solution is merely the diffusion of caloric among the particles of bodies in search of an equilibrium.' Some substances are wholly insoluble in alcohol, however hot it may be, though readily dissolved by cold water; whilst others are insoluble in even hot water, though speedily dissolved by alcohol. These facts are decidedly adverse to the opinion expressed by the author. If solution were 'merely the diffusion of caloric, in search of an equilibrium,' how is the fact to be explained that a piece of camphor remains undissolved in *hot* water, yet is completely dissolved in *cold* alcohol? Can it be conceived that camphor will acquire less caloric from hot water, than from cold alcohol? and yet this must be the case, if the author's sentiments, on this point, be correct.

Thunder and lightning, and other meteorological phenomena, usually ascribed to the agency of electricity, are, according to Dr. Metcalf's views, wholly the effects of caloric. Clouds, or masses of vapor, he says, are differently charged with caloric. When the difference is very great, the caloric passes rapidly from the heated to the cold mass of ærial vapor, and gives rise to the phenomena of lightning. 'Water is expanded by heat into a transparent vapor, raised into the atmosphere, where it remains suspended, until it approaches the vicinity of a mountain, or a mass of vapor at a lower temperature, when the attraction of caloric for those bodies which contain less of it, causes it to leave the transparent vapor, and it coalesces into mist, clouds, rain, snow or hail. If the difference of temperature be great between the masses of meeting vapor, the equilibrium is restored *suddenly* by a violent explosion in the form of the electric spark or lightning. We often see the heavens filled with sheets of flame, produced by the sudden evolution of caloric from atmospheric vapor.' In confirmation of this doctrine, the author observes, that 'during winter, the difference of temperature between different masses of vapor is usually

small in the middle latitudes, so that the equilibrium is restored in a gradual manner,' and hence the infrequency of lightning during the cold seasons. For the same reason, 'there is no thunder and lightning in the polar regions.' Agreeably to these views, therefore, electricity is nothing more than caloric in rapid motion. The author's observations on this subject are ingenious and plausible; but we apprehend that his mode of accounting for the phenomena of lightning, will hardly be deemed satisfactory. We know of no facts or observations which countenance the idea, that caloric is ever accumulated in such a way as to acquire what is called *tension* in electricity; and without such a mode of concentration, we conceive it impossible, that it should burst forth in the manner implied in the author's observations. Whatever difference of temperature there may exist between bodies, the caloric, so far as we know, never passes from the hot to the cold, except by radiation and conduction—neither of which modes of diffusion can, we think, give rise to the phenomena in question. One should think, that if lightning resulted, as is maintained by the author, from the sudden passage of caloric from masses of heated, to cold vapor, something of a similar kind ought to occur, in discharging steam from a boiler, during intensely cold weather. We apprehend that the passage of caloric from steam discharged into an intensely cold atmosphere, must be quite as sudden and rapid, as can ever occur between 'two masses of ærial vapor;' for there can be no very cold vapor, nor is it probable that any body of atmospheric vapor, can be charged with a greater amount of caloric than is contained in steam issuing from a boiler.

The author expresses some very singular, and, we believe, wholly untenable views in relation to the affinity of caloric with the principle of vitality. Caloric, he says, is 'the primordial principle of life. Innumerable forms of life spring from caloric; while its absence is always attended by the entire extinction of life. Hence it would appear unphilosophical to call in the aid of some other unknown imponderable aura, as a vital principle, when the agency of caloric explains the phenomena quite as well.' This is, indeed, a summary mode of solving one of the most mysterious problems in nature! Because there can be no life without caloric, therefore caloric is the vital principle. Now, we may with equal justice maintain, that water is the 'primordial principle of life;' for, as Cuvier observes, without humidity, there can be no vital phenomenon, humidity is just as essential to the manifestation of vitality in matter, as caloric.

Light, according to the author, is composed of ponderable matter, in a state of ultimate diffusion. 'There is no matter



which does not become luminous when greatly expanded by caloric. The light of a candle is produced by the expansion of its combustible materials by caloric.' He thinks that solar light 'is composed of the matter of the sun so exceedingly expanded by caloric, as to become phosphorescent and imponderable.' These notions, certainly possess the merit of novelty, though we doubt greatly whether they will bear the test of a rigid scrutiny. The only fact mentioned in support of this opinion is, that according to the experiments of Fusinieri, 'the electric spark drawn from metallic conductors, carries off with it a portion of the metal in a state of fusion, or of incandescence.' Besides this wholly inadequate testimony, we have no other arguments on this interesting point, more satisfactory than such as this: 'in the case of a burning candle what is it, (the light) but the diffusion of its combustible matter?' How does this doctrine accord with the well-known fact, that by suddenly and forcibly compressing atmospheric air, we produce both heat and light?

But we must leave these topics, and proceed to the author's main subject, as expressed in the title of the work—terrestrial magnetism.

The general outline of the author's theory of terrestrial magnetism, may be thus, briefly, stated. Caloric, electricity, and magnetism, are essentially the same agent. When caloric is *unequally* distributed in bodies susceptible of magnetism, they acquire magnetic polarities. The earth is *unequally* heated by the sun, the equatorial zone being constantly under its calefactive influence, while the polar regions receive little or no caloric directly from this source: hence the magnetic polarities of the earth. The magnetic poles of the earth are always 'at the centres of the greatest cold; and the force of the polar attraction is proportional to the intensity of cold.' The *dip* of the needle is caused by an attraction tending to the centre of the earth; and would everywhere be the same, if the horizontal attraction of the magnetic poles did not divert its centripetal tendency. The attractive force of the magnetic poles is exerted in a horizontal direction, *and decreases as we approach the poles or regions of lowest temperature*; and, finally, the progressive variation in the direction of the magnetic needle, arises from a corresponding change in the position of the centres of maximum cold.

The principal point in this doctrine, is the position, that the magnetic polarities of the earth, are caused by the unequal distribution of caloric in the tropical and polar latitudes. That an unequal distribution of caloric, developes magnetic polarity, has been satisfactorily demonstrated by Dr. Seebeck, of Berlin,



in his interesting thermo-magnetic experiments; and we are surprized that the author did not avail himself of the strong evidence of these experiments, in favor of his views on this subject. Thus, let a piece of thin copper wire, about twelve inches long, be connected with a bar of antimony about eight inches in length, and half an inch thick, by twisting the ends of the wire several times round the extremities of the bar. Now if this bar is suspended by hanging the wire on a hook, and one of its extremities heated with a small spirit lamp, it will immediately become magnetic—the heated end manifesting negative and the other end positive magnetic polarity.

Dr. d'Yelin asserts that he obtained similar effects with a single piece of metal. Dr. Green, in his interesting work on electro-magnetism, states, that, 'if a band of any single metal be formed into a circuit of any figure, by riveting one of its ends near the other, and the projecting end be heated by a flame, whilst the circuit is plunged in cold water, this band will become magnetic, and its properties may be easily ascertained.' Dr. d'Yelin observes, that all metallic bodies 'acquire electro-magnetic properties when their various parts are unequally heated, and that the action is stronger as the difference of temperature is greater.

From these facts it seems reasonable to infer, that the magnetic poles of the earth are developed by the unequal distribution of caloric over its surface; for the equatorial zone is constantly under the heating influence of the sun, whilst the polar regions receive but very little caloric from this source, and are consequently intensely cold. If this be correct, then we ought to find the magnetic poles at the centres of greatest cold; and the author has brought together a number of authentic observations, which prove incontestibly that this is actually the case. It has been fully ascertained that there are two magnetic poles of unequal attractive powers, in each hemisphere. The strongest pole is situated near the northern extremity of the American continent, about latitude  $72^{\circ}$  north, and  $102^{\circ}$  west longitude; the weaker pole is on the north of Asia; in latitude  $85^{\circ} 12'$  north, and longitude  $140^{\circ} 6'$  east from Greenwich. Now it appears from the observations of captains Franklin, Parry and Ross, that these portions of the arctic region 'are the coldest parts in the known world'—the temperature of the American centre of magnetic attraction being, however, several degrees lower, than that of the Asiatic. Many facts are mentioned by those who have visited the polar seas, from which it appears evident, that the mean temperature at the geographical

or true pole of the globe, is considerably higher than at the magnetic poles.

The connection of the earth's magnetic polarities with the unequal destruction of temperature in the tropical and polar regions, is further illustrated by the fact, ascertained by Haussmann, that the magnetic force always manifests greater intensity during winter, than in summer. 'This is readily understood, when we reflect, that the mean temperature is always nearly the same at the equator, while it is from sixty to eighty-five degrees lower at the American north pole during the long winter night, than during the long summer day.'

We have already stated, that the author considers the *dip* of the needle, as being caused by the attraction of the earth, and that it would in every part of the globe assume a vertical direction, pointing to the centre of the earth, if it were not deflected from this position by the horizontal attraction of the magnetic pole. That this is the true cause of the dip, is evident, says the author, 'from the fact that when the needle is placed at right angles with the magnetic meridian, it always assumes a vertical position;' but when turned in the direction of the meridian, so as to enable the horizontal force of the magnetic pole to influence its direction, it is of course, drawn upwards. Now if the dip of the needle, as observed in different places, be the result of two forces, one acting in the vertical and the other in the horizontal direction, it is manifest, that as the dip progressively increases in passing from the equator to the pole, the *intensity* of the horizontal force—that is, of the attractive power of the magnetic pole, must *decrease*, in a corresponding ratio. This, we believe, is a new doctrine in relation to the causation of these magnetic phenomena; and it must be admitted that the author has fortified it with many very forcible arguments. There are, nevertheless, several considerations, which appear to throw no inconsiderable degree of doubt on the correctness of this view. It seems contrary to common sense and experience, to suppose, that a power which emanates from a focus, and extends its agency to remote parts, should *decrease* in force, in proportion as we approach its source. That which causes the polar direction of the needle, is also the cause of its declination or dip. We would explain this phenomenon, by ascribing it to the preponderance of the attractive power of the north magnetic pole, over the south in the northern hemisphere, and vice versa for the south. Thus, if the needle is at the magnetic equator, the attractive force of the north and south poles balance each other, and of course, keep the needle in a horizontal direction. As we depart from the equator to-

wards the north, the northern magnetic force predominates more and more over the southern, and declines the north end of the needle towards the earth. It must be observed that the magnetism of the earth is not confined to the polar regions. The globe is to be regarded as one vast magnet—the magnetic power gradually increasing as we depart from the magnetic equator, until it arrives at its maximum intensity, at the poles. Hence a magnetic needle, not balanced to counteract the dip, will be attracted towards the earth by its magnetic power. This force would, in all situations north of the equator, give the needle a vertical direction, were it not counteracted by the opposite tendency of the southern magnetism. As we approach the north, the countervailing power of the southern magnetic force progressively decreases, while the magnetic attraction of the earth increases; and hence the dip increases, in an increasing ratio, until we arrive at the poles, where it is at its maximum. The author has given a table of nearly two hundred observations made at different places of the earth, intended to show the correctness of his opinion, that the intensity of the magnetic poles *decreases*, as we approach the polar regions. These observations, undoubtedly, appear to justify the author's inferences on this point. An attention, however, to the isodynamic curves of magnetic intensity, as traced by capt. Sabine, will show, that although the intensity of polar attraction as observed on *different* meridians, would seem to confirm the author's opinion, yet when observations made on the *same* meridian are compared with each other, they afford unequivocal proof, that the intensity increases, progressively, as we proceed towards the magnetic pole.\*

If the magnetic poles are determined by the unequal distribution of caloric, and located at the centres of greatest cold, then the progressive change in the variation of the needle, must depend on a corresponding shifting of the centres of maximum cold. That such a change in the position of the centres of cold does actually take place, is rendered highly probable by the author; and this fact, in connection with those previously stated on the subject, presents, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of magnetic variation, that has ever been offered. It appears from many well-attested observations, that 'the Greenland sea was closed with ice from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. The northern ice, must thus have been prevented from floating southward, causing it to

\* See captain Sabine's letter on this subject, addressed to professor Fenwick. Silliman's Journal, vol. xvii, p. 145.



accumulate, and cover the arctic sea, and lower its temperature. During a long continued accumulation of ice around the northern coasts, the rivers would be perpetually frozen up in their beds, or accumulated in icy ramparts at their mouths. The valleys would be filled with snow and ice-bergs, and the whole surface of the northern interior would become a theatre of perpetual congelation, from Hudson's bay, to Melville island. During such a state of things, the centre of greatest cold would be found near the longitude of Melville island, which is near the northern centre of the continent. Accordingly we find, from observations made at the university of Cambridge, that the magnetic pole was several degrees farther west one hundred and fifty years ago than at present; as the western variation was then  $11^{\circ} 15'$ , at Boston, and is now only about  $6^{\circ}$  west.' Capt. Parry states, that the icy barrier was one hundred and fifty miles broader, in Baffin's bay, in the year 1824 than in 1819.

The most inexplicable circumstance in relation to magnetic variation, is the fact, that there are many localities where the needle never deviates from the true geographical meridian. At cape Hatteras, and some other parts of this country, there is no variation. This phenomenon has never yet been explained. The author thinks it probable, that 'between the points where there is no variation, and the true poles, there must be minor centres of attraction, which influence the needle more strongly than do the magnetic poles, which are farther off.'

The latter part of the work is occupied with a series of facts and arguments illustrative of the connection between variations of temperature and magnetic phenomena, and of the solar origin of the earth's magnetism. The author has introduced many highly interesting observations on these topics; but as we have already transgressed the limits which we had prescribed to ourselves, for this article, we must close our remarks.

We may observe, in conclusion, that in the general management and arrangement of the materials of this work, there is a looseness, and want of logical precision, which lessens, considerably, we think, the perspicuity and force of the author's arguments. It is nevertheless a work of great merit; and those who take an interest in its subject, cannot fail to derive both instruction and amusement from an attentive perusal of its contents.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**STATUTES OF OHIO AND OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY.** Edited by SALMON P. CHASE. Cincinnati; Corey and Fairbank. pp. 740. 1833.

THE first volume of this valuable work has just made its appearance, and we cannot but express the high gratification which it affords us to notice such a publication. It is one of the most important and expensive enterprises ever undertaken in the western country, and it has been executed with great fidelity by all the parties concerned. The publishers deserve the highest credit for their public spirit in undertaking such a work, as well as for the handsome style in which it has been got up. The paper, printing, and mechanical execution altogether, may be pronounced fully equal to the best specimens of such work produced in any of our eastern cities, and present the most honorable testimony in favor of the workmanship of our country. It is no small recommendation of this work, that all of it is of western manufacture. The paper was made by E. T. Coxe & co. of Zanesville, and the printing and binding done in this city.

This volume contains a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Ohio—Articles of Confederation and Constitution of the United States—Deeds of Cession from Virginia and Connecticut—Ordinance of 1787—Acts of Congress relative to this territory—Constitution of Ohio—United States laws respecting fugitives from justice, naturalization, records, &c.—Laws of the Northwestern Territory—Laws of the state of Ohio, down to 1810, inclusive. The repealed statutes are all retained, but carefully pointed out, so that the whole of the legislation of the state may be traced from the beginning, and a given subject investigated throughout all the changes of legislative action. The volume is furnished with ample side-notes, referring to the contents of the sections; with marginal references to the decisions of the supreme court of this state; and extracts from English statutes on several subjects, such as frauds and perjuries, wills, &c. which throw a strong light upon the construction of our own statutes. There is also a very perspicuous index.

We cannot be expected to give a more particular account of so large a volume, and one which at last must depend for its character, upon its practical utility to professional men. The fidelity with which such a work may have been compiled, and the convenience of its arrangement, cannot be ascertained by a hasty perusal, and can only be tested by the experience of practical men, who will value it in proportion to the accuracy and fulness of its details, and the ease with which a subject may be traced through its pages. But we will venture to remark that this volume seems to us to contain all that is necessary in such a book, and a vast deal more than is usual; that the arrangement appears to be judicious, and that it certainly contains a body of useful legal information which is indispensable to the lawyer, and is nowhere else collected.

Had this work been only a reprint of the early laws of the state and territory, without note or comment, it would have been an important acquisition to every law library, for those statutes are now out of print, and a complete set of them cannot be procured. The collection of them, therefore, in a single work, together with the most important acts of congress, and the documents containing the fundamental law of the

land, was in itself a *desideratum*. But the references to every successive alteration or repeal of a statute, and to the reported decisions, must stamp the work with a high value; and we have great reason to believe that this part of Mr. Chase's task has been performed with unwearied diligence, and eminent success.

The Preliminary Sketch of the History of Ohio, will be found convenient to the lawyer, in directing the attention to the leading points in our legislative history, and furnishing a ready reference to important facts and dates. It is somewhat singular that such a state as Ohio should have remained so long without a historian. Notice has been given of an undertaking by Mr. James, which we anxiously desire to see accomplished; and we have heard of another gentleman, of high standing, who is said to contemplate the writing of such a work. We have published some sketches in this Magazine, which are valuable as far as they go; but we are not aware of the extent of the writer's plan. But at this moment we know of no authentic account which covers the ground occupied by this Preliminary Sketch, which is compiled with great care, and written in a classical, pure and easy style.

This work therefore will be an invaluable acquisition, not only to every lawyer and public officer, but to every enlightened citizen of the state, as it concentrates the rays of a vast deal of knowledge, heretofore floating and inaccessible. Should the work even stop here, with the first volume,—which we are assured it will not—this volume alone will be worth the cost of the whole three, to which the work is expected to extend, simply because the profession could not do without it. Some such work, undertaken either by the state, or by private enterprise, had become a matter of absolute necessity.

We understand that the editor and publishers intend to proceed immediately with the publication of the two additional volumes, which will contain all the laws to the present time. It is earnestly to be hoped that the members of the bar, the politicians, the men of wealth, and of literary taste—all who are interested in the history and in the public institutions, will promptly extend their patronage to a work of such extensive usefulness, and decided merit, as the one to which we have endeavored to invite the notice of the public—a work which does credit to the state, and reflects high honor upon its able and spirited editor.

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#### MR. CATLIN'S EXHIBITION OF INDIAN PORTRAITS.

THERE is now in this city a collection of paintings, which we consider the most extraordinary and interesting that we have ever witnessed; and one which constitutes a most valuable addition to the history of our continent, as well as to the arts of our country. Mr. Catlin, engaged some time since in the very arduous and novel enterprise, of visiting the distant tribes of our western frontiers, for the purpose of painting from nature a series of portraits and landscapes illustrative of the country and its inhabitants, and has succeeded thus far beyond his most sanguine hopes. He ascended the Missouri river, to a point about six hundred miles beyond the Mandan villages, and was so fortunate as to procure specimens of Indian life and manners throughout the vast expanse of territory which he visited. His gallery now contains about *one hundred and forty* pictures; and we are informed that he has in his possession an equal number in an unfinished state, which have not yet been submitted to public in-

spection. Those that we have seen include portraits of individuals of *twenty-seven* different tribes. Of each tribe there are several specimens, male and female; usually the chiefs, orators, or distinguished warriors, and their wives or daughters—all clad in the full-dress costume of the nation. Among them we recognized Black Hawk—by far the best likeness that we have ever seen of that distinguished warrior—Neopope, the Prophet, and the two sons of Black Hawk. There we saw the ferocious Blackfeet, the warlike Arickaree, the mild subdued Menominee, and the bold Sioux, tricked out in all his savage finery. There is an aged Shawnee chief—a noble fine looking old man—with a countenance that indicates the warrior, the sage, and the patriarch of his tribe; and near him a very handsome female, his daughter, with an European complexion and contour of feature, which might entitle her to be considered as a beauty among the fair daughters of our own land.

These are not the portraits of the depraved savages who linger upon the skirts of our advanced settlements, debased and emasculated by an intercourse with the whites. They are those of the manly Indian, as he exists in his own wide plains, joint-tenant with the buffalo, the elk, and the grisly bear; and they exhibit in a striking manner the distinctive features of the tribes to which they belong. There is a vividness of portraiture, and a degree of life, and truth, and nature, about them, which attests their genuineness; and we have no hesitation in assigning to the ingenious artist who has collected them with a great expenditure of money, and hazard of life, the merit of originality in the conception of his enterprise, and of talent and fidelity in its execution.

The curious in dress, as well as the connoisseur in physiognomy will find a rich treat in surveying this assemblage of savage warriors, orators, and beauties. They will not see the wide sleeves or the distended skirts of our own fair belles; and the Indian beau will be seen in a far different costume from that of our more civilized dandy. Instead of ostrich feathers, diamond ear-rings, and tortoise-shell combs, the Indian lady adorns her head with the plumage of the eagle, and suspends a huge metallic ornament from the delicate cartilage of her interesting nose. Her bloom is heightened with red and black paint, and her shoulders covered with the fleece of the mountain goat, or the skin of the buffalo. The gentlemen ornament their heads with horns, wolf tails, and terrapin shells, and suspend scalps, and bear's claws from their necks instead of silk guard-chains. Some of them have picturesque robes of dressed buffalo skin, fancifully painted and decorated with feathers and porcupine's quills. On the whole, the display is fine, and the effect decidedly picturesque, fanciful and elegant. Many of the females are handsome—and we all know that a pretty woman always is an attractive object, either living or on canvass; either arrayed in the dignified graces of the drawing room, or waving her dark tresses in the wind that sweeps over the romantic prairies of the west.

Mr. Catlin has taken the likeness of the buffalo, in a variety of different attitudes; and his sketches of this noble animal, quietly grazing on the plain, plunging madly at the hunter, or convulsively struggling in the agonies of death, are not the least interesting in the collection; for these also are drawn from personal observation.

Our notice was forcibly attracted to a series of four pictures, exhibiting the successive scenes of a grand religious ceremony of the Mandans, in which the young men who are candidates for the rank of warrior are made to undergo a variety of ingenious and excruciating torture. Mr. Catlin was particularly fortunate in being permitted to



be present at a solemnity from which strangers are usually excluded; and we have no doubt that he has sketched with fidelity those ferocious rites which are known to attend the *graduation* of a warrior, but of which we have not before had so authentic and minute a description.

There is also a series of landscapes, embracing views of the scenery of the Missouri river. To us, who have traversed the prairie in its length and breadth, who have gazed with delight over its gracefully swelling surface, its verdant carpet, and its millions of gaudy flowers—and have seen the sun rising upon the dewy plain where the deer fed and the prairie-fowl strutted—these graphic delineations served to awaken agreeable images of past pleasure. To others they will communicate valuable information—to all who have never had the good fortune to see a prairie, they will convey some idea of the appearance of those vast meadows, so boundless, so beautiful, so rich in scenic attraction. The shores of the Missouri have a peculiar and strongly marked character. They are like nothing else in nature but themselves; and as many years must elapse before the tourist can traverse those vast regions in comfort and safety—we mean the annual tourist, who travels for fresh air and pleasure—the public must, in the meanwhile be indebted, for its knowledge of them, to the pencil of the artist. We are glad that we have a native artist, who instead of carrying his talents to a foreign land, and blunting his sensibilities by the study of artificial models, has had the good sense to train his taste in the school of nature, and the patriotism to employ his genius on subjects connected with his own country. We are proud of such men as Audubon and Catlin—of native artists who are diffusing accurate knowledge of natural objects, in the land of their birth, by means of the elegant creations of the pencil.

We lingered in this gallery of portraits with a melancholy pleasure. The day will come when the pictured sketches of painted warriors and dark maidens, will be gazed at with intense curiosity. The race is melting away as the winter snow before the vernal breeze. In a few years more we shall know them only in tradition and song, in painting and history. Then will every vestige of this unhappy race be valued, as we now prize a relic which bears the classic impress of a Roman or Grecian hand. Could even the fairest dream of the philanthropist be realized in the civilization of the Indian, the effect of such memorials as those to which we allude, will be the same; for the savage will have ceased to exist as such, and only upon the canvass will he be seen clad in the barbarian pomp of aboriginal finery, armed with the relentless tomahawk, and decorated with scalps and skins, the bloody trophies of war and the chase. Few individuals belonging to any civilized community, will ever see the Indian warrior in battle panoply, guiding the fiery war-horse; or the Indian wife in her own wild wigwam; or the dark maiden in the pathless forest. For they recede as we approach. We shall occupy their hunting grounds, and tread upon their graves; but we shall never mingle with them in council or sit by their firesides. There is a curse in our touch that withers them. Wherever we come in contact they perish, or are contaminated—they are swept from the face of the earth, or live in degradation.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Catlin's interesting labors are not to end with this collection. His enthusiasm is equal to his genius; and he has determined to persevere in his original and noble enterprise so long as the field shall continue to afford materials for his pencil, or until he shall have completed a gallery illustrative of the actual condition and physical character of our tribes. He will proceed again to the western



frontiers next spring—will visit the tribes on this side of the Rocky mountains from whom he has not yet obtained specimens,—will then proceed to the Columbia river and to California—and perhaps visit some of the islands in the Pacific.

Besides the products of his own pencil, Mr. Catlin has a valuable museum (not now in order for exhibition,) consisting of Indian dresses, weapons, curiosities, &c.; and will be able to test the accuracy of his pictures by displaying the originals of the articles of dress in which the characters are drawn.

POEMS. By Miss H. F. GOULD. Second edition, with additions. Boston; Hiliard, Gray & Co. 1833.

WE have been very shy of poetry books since we were inadvertently betrayed into reading some of the productions of a certain American poet, who is regularly reviewed, and re-reviewed, and lauded to the skies, by every new editor of a new periodical—one who may be, and doubtless is, a most amiable, inoffensive, and sentimental gentleman, and whose thoughts are very pretty poetic thoughts, only that they happen to be so much alike as to be rather tiresome to any body but the owner. We turned over leaf after leaf, on that eventful occasion, surprised to find what a *leafy* affair we had stumbled upon; for as we passed from page to page, the same verdant foliage everywhere saluted the eye. We marvelled to behold such a goodly progeny, all so much alike—such a profusion of gurgling streams and waterfalls—such a parterre of flowers, ‘the fair young flowers,’ ‘a beauteous sisterhood,’ ‘the gentle race of flowers,’ ‘the lovely ones,’ ‘the wind flower and the violet’—and many more which probably would smell as sweet by any other name. We liked the perfume well enough, only there was a little too much of it, and having no disposition to ‘die of a rose in aromatic pain,’ we were compelled to lay aside this highly gifted gentleman’s very gurgling, and sentimental, and nosegay-like poetry.

Catch us reading another volume of poetry! Mrs. Hemans was bad enough. A bookseller very politely sent the volumes, and pretty things they were,—neatly bound, gilt, and lettered, all in very lady-like style. And they were very genteel poems, full of beautiful words, and sweet lines; but there were too many words and lines, and too much finery for our taste. We were in fault, doubtless; and we have felt humbled ever since, at the reflection that we possessed such obtuse sensibilities as to be untouched by the pearly gems that fall in such profusion from the prolific pen of Mrs. Hemans. There is no accounting for tastes. We quarrel not with those that can weep over the wordy wonders of these and other great geniuses of the sentimental school; Moore is good enough for us, if he will quit travelling in search of a religion.

We confess however, that Miss Gould has arrested the growth of a prejudice in our mind, against our poetic contemporaries, which was rapidly gaining strength. We had begun to fear that the prettiness, and the wordiness, and the sparkling *gemmy* nonsensicality of the American Lake School, as it has been very aptly denominated, would pervade the whole of our versification, and effectually banish the grace and spirit of nature and genius. Miss Gould has had the good sense to follow the bent of her own mind and feelings, and has written with that simplicity, ease, and vigor, which can only be reached by genuine poetic talent. Her lines are always spirited and graceful. Her images are drawn from the most familiar scenes of life and na-

ture. There is kindness, and love, and feeling in all she says. Totally destitute of that dreamy childishness which magnifies a silly thought into a fine affair, or overloads a common idea with meretricious finery, she is content to express her conceptions in the simple language of feeling. How spirited is her *Song of the Bees*, beginning with

‘ We watch for the light of the morn to break,  
And color the eastern sky,  
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,  
Then say to each other, “Awake! awake!  
For our winter’s honey is all to make,  
And our bread for a long supply.” ’

How tender and truly feminine are the lines entitled ‘*The Little Foot!*’

‘ Its print will be in childhood’s hours,  
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;  
But youth will bid it leap the rills,  
Bathe in the dew on distant hills,  
Roam o’er the vales and venture out,  
When riper years would pause and doubt,  
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink  
Where youth’s unguarded foot may sink.’

The feelings and affections of childhood are often touched upon by this lady, with a skill and delicacy, which evince an intimate knowledge of the workings of the infant heart, and a keen perception of the beauties of the young mind. Few there are who understand the heart of childhood—who are acquainted with the susceptibility, the ardor, the simplicity, the hopes, the fears, of the young bosom. Yet many undertake to portray childhood. It is a favorite theme; but the heart of a child, like that of woman,

..... ‘ was made  
For poet’s hand alone;  
By other fingers played,  
It yields not half the tone.’

We like Miss Gould’s lively creations the best. The fashion of poetry-writing just now, is to be very fine, stiff, and sentimental, and to clothe our ideas as the ladies do their precious little graceful persons, in dresses that would stand alone, and which conceal the beauty of a good form as effectually as the deformity of a bad one. Miss Gould clothes her gay thoughts in simple attire, and charms by the graceful playfulness of her fancy and the unaffected beauty of her language. How pleasantly, for instance, does she describe the doings of *the Frost*; and which of us have not realized the admirable truth of these lines:

‘ He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped  
By the light of the morn was seen  
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;  
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;  
There were cities and temples and towers; and these  
All pictured in silver sheen.’

But we shall never have done, if we continue to select the passages that please us. The volume is full of poetic beauty. It is the production of an elegant and cheerful

mind, and is full of tender thought, and unaffected feeling. The writer delights by her amiability and benevolence, but most of all by her artlessness. Some of our poets, in aiming at vast intensity of feeling, become awfully profound and unintelligible, and sicken us with their continual excursions to the stars, and their graminiverous propensities while in the green fields. The lady whose volume has offered us so great a treat, is entitled to the praise of writing well without any apparent effort. Pure in thought and language, she never violates propriety by far-fetched allusions, or exaggerated diction. We hold this to be the greatest beauty of good writing. A thought that is worth expressing, will generally appear to most advantage in the simplest attire. A grand idea will bear to be ornamented—a mean one may require it—but natural and just thoughts neither need the drapery of inflated words, to recommend them, nor receive, when thus disguised, the admiration which they would otherwise deserve.

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**DOMESTIC PORTRAITURE**; or the successful application of religious principle in the education of a family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the Rev. Legh Richmond. New York; Jonathan Leavitt. 1833.

FEW writers have been so extensively read as Legh Richmond. If he had written solely to obtain celebrity, his highest ambition must have been sated, and his most sanguine hopes more than realized. We question whether the works of Scott have been more extensively circulated, or more eagerly read than those of this highly venerated philanthropist. The popularity of Mr. Richmond's tracts, affords another proof of the power—the gigantic, unlimited, and almost mysterious power, of an original master mind. There is a magic influence in the productions of such a mind, which we feel powerfully acting upon us whenever we come within its sphere; but which we can hardly understand or account for. There is scarcely a man who can take up one of Scott's novels, without becoming absorbed in it. No matter how great his prejudices against novel-reading may have been, he feels that his mind is under the influence of a master spirit—that he is drinking at a rich fountain—that the treasures of a mind greater and higher than his own are poured out before him. A spell comes over him—he reads, condemns, and admires—alternately deplores his own infatuation, and marvels at the wonder-working genius of the great enchanter. The mortal who can thus overmaster and sway the intellect of another, is as much superior to the great mass of mankind as if he belonged to another race.

We may search in vain, by the ordinary rules of criticism, for the secret of the popularity of Legh Richmond's tracts. They are simple tales of real life, strictly true, and unembellished with the graces of style, or the arts of authorship. They make no display of learning or accomplishment, nor exhibit any attempt at eloquence or pathos. The scenes are laid in the abodes of poverty; the actors are humble cottagers, miserably poor and wretchedly ignorant. Yet we read their little history with intense interest, their concerns fasten about our hearts, and our affections become insensibly linked with theirs. Such is the power of genius. Whatever it touches it turns to pure gold. These simple legends of cottage life—the details of sickness, sorrow and privation—the conversations of a good man at the bedside of the sick—the simple history of the worship where 'two or three' knelt together—uninteresting as these may seem, they have gone through multiplied editions, and have been read by tens of thousands of readers. Legh Richmond therefore, is one of the very few successful writers

whose name stands without a rival in his own department, and whose fame and influence have been extended into every country where the language in which he wrote is spoken.

We naturally feel curious to know all that can be known of such a man. We expect to gain instruction from all that he did and said; and we are seldom disappointed; for such men have original minds—or rather they are *the men* who *have minds*, while the rest of us are only blessed with memories; they think for the rest of the world, and originate ideas for the use of their species.

The volume before us, is a collection of Mr. Richmond's familiar letters to his children, and is useful in showing the topics to which he thought fit to turn their young minds. He is said to have been eminently successful in the education of his children, and his example is on this account valuable. We need not recommend a volume bearing the name of this popular writer, and conceive that we do all that is necessary in placing the title before our readers.

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ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE, at its annual meeting on the 2d of October, 1833. By WASHINGTON BARROW, Esq.

EVERY day brings us new and cheering suffrages in favor of the great cause of education. Gentlemen of the highest intelligence and talent, are everywhere throughout our country, the enlightened advocates of the universal diffusion of knowledge. Mr. Barrow's address is a classical and elegant plea for education, and especially for the higher institutions of learning. He ably vindicates our colleges from the vulgar prejudices so commonly indulged with regard to them, and enforces the great truth, that 'the poor should be among the foremost to support and cherish them.' The views embraced in this excellent production are sound, and are expressed with the perspicuity and elegance of the scholar.

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#### UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE.

THE eighth annual commencement of this institution took place on Wednesday the 2d of October last, when the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on *sixteen* gentlemen, and the degree of Master of Arts on *forty-four* of the Alumni of the University, of three years standing and upwards. Oraisons were delivered by *eleven* of the graduating class. We look with interest for the baccalaureate address of the president, a zealous and able champion of literature and education, who usually improves an occasion of this kind to great advantage.



## INTERESTING ITEMS.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC STATISTICS.

TABLE I. Catalogue of Men, who have had a remarkable influence upon the affairs of mankind.

Nation	Name, Profession, and Performances.	Birth	Death	Age
Jew.	<i>Abraham</i> , the great progenitor of the Jewish nation, through whom the world has been influenced from that day to this. B. C.	1995	1821	174
Barb.	<i>Alaric</i> , king of the Visigoths, who more than any one person, contributed to the destruction of the Roman empire.		411	
Barb.	<i>Alexander the great</i> , founded the Macedonian empire, and overturned many kingdoms.	356	323	33
Eng.	<i>Alfred</i> , the great, who reclaimed Great Britain from the power of the Danes, and founded a system of wise laws. A. D.	849	900	51
Eng.	<i>Arkwright</i> , inventor of the <i>spinning jenny</i> , who has contributed more than any other to the introduction of the cotton manufacture, and the consequent cultivation of cotton.	1732	1792	60
Eng.	<i>Bacon, Francis</i> , who made a total change in the received philosophy, and in the improvement, and diffusion of science.	1561	1626	65
France	<i>Charlemagne</i> , emperor of the west, who founded the system of modern Europe, and consolidated the French empire.	742	814	72
Italy.	<i>Columbus</i> , the discoverer of America.	1441	1506	65
Ger.	<i>Faust, John</i> , one of the inventors of <i>printing</i> , which is revolutionizing the whole world.		1466	
U. S.	<i>Fulton, Robert</i> , the introducer of steam boats.	1767	1815	48
Italy.	<i>Galileo</i> , who discovered the <i>telescope</i> , and furnished the means of observing and calculating the motions of the heavenly bodies.	1564	1642	78
Por.	<i>Gama, Vasco de</i> navigator, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and thus introduced the commerce with the Indies.		1524	
Greece.	<i>Homer</i> , 'the greatest of poets,' who has influenced the poetry and literature of all subsequent ages. B. C.	907		
Ger.	<i>Luther, Martin</i> , great chief of the reformation. A.D.	1484	1546	62
Tur.	<i>Mahommed</i> , the founder of the Mahometan religion, which has prevailed for several centuries, through a large portion of the earth.	569	632	63
Eng.	<i>Newton</i> , the greatest of philosophers.			
Rome.	<i>Romulus</i> , founder and first king of Rome.	1642	1727	85
U. S.	<i>Washington, George</i> , the father of his country; the chief of the American revolution, which was the foundation of a new order of things in the world.	1732	1799	67
Ger.	<i>Schwartz</i> , inventor of gunpowder.		1330	

The reason why the above table is apparently so meagre, is, that the inventors and discoverers of many things which have greatly influenced the world, as for example, the mariner's compass, are not known. Another is that, of all the conquerors, as Cæsar and Bonaparte; and all the philosophers and literati, who, from time to time, have attracted the admiration of men, but here and there one have changed the relations, or influenced the concerns of mankind. The above list comprehends nearly all, who are known as great *founders* or *reformers*.

**TABLE II.** A catalogue of those arts, inventions, or discoveries, which have had great influence in *changing* the habits and relations of men, or in *controlling* the affairs of the world.

**Arithmetic**.—By the Arabian figures, or the science of *numbers*, was introduced into Europe by the Saracens of Spain, in the ninth and tenth centuries of the christian era. It is supposed, with others of the exact sciences, to have been chiefly cultivated by the Arabs, at Bagdad, the seat of their empire.

**Astronomy**.—Astronomical observations were traced as far back as 2000 years before Christ. *Lunar eclipses* were accurately observed at Babylon, 720 B. C. *Dionysius* was the first who found the true length of the *solar year*, 289 B. C. The *procession* of the *equinoxes*, and the places and distances of the planets, were discovered by Ptolemy, after Christ 130. This science was introduced into Europe by the Moors, in 1200. Copernicus revived the true doctrine of the planetary motions, 1530. *Galileo* invented *telescopes* 1610. *Kepler* defined the true laws of planetary motions, 1626. *Newton* published his system, as now firmly established, in 1687.

**Banks**.—Banks began about the beginning of the ninth century. The bank of Venice was established in 1157; that of Geneva, 1345; of England, 1640; Hamburgh, 1710. *Saving banks* were first established in England, 1816. Banks produced a total change in the mode of doing business, and in the currency of the world.

**Canals**.—The first regular chain of canal navigation of which we have any record, is that between the Nile and the Red Sea. The authors of this work are now unknown. A canal was made on the Rhine, by Corbulo, the Roman general, about the commencement of the Christian era. The system of modern canal improvement is said to have commenced at Milan, in Italy, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the introduction of large sluices. Canals have made, and in connection with rail-roads, are now making vast changes in the commercial affairs of the civilized world. In Holland alone 1,400,000,000 of dollars are said to have been expended within three centuries upon canals.

**Cotton manufacture**.—Cotton was very little used till within a half century. The invention and perfection of the cotton machinery by Arkwright, immediately introduced the manufacture of it in great quantities. The cotton spinning apparatus was invented in 1769; till then the quantity of cotton consumed in manufacturing was very small; now it amounts to more than 300,000,000 lbs. annually, and is rapidly increasing. The change thus wrought in the *clothing* and in the *agriculture* of large portions of the world is very great.

**Coffee and tea**.—The introduction of these articles made a revolution in the *diet*, and it might also be said, in the *diseases* of a large portion of mankind. *Tea* was introduced into Europe by the Dutch East India company in 1591. *Coffee* was first brought into England by Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan, who used it at Baliol college, Oxford, in 1641.

**Colleges**.—As places of academic instruction, and the conferment of degrees, were first known at Paris in 1215. As seats of education for those who are destined for high stations, they have had vast influence upon society.

**The compass**.—Is one of the greatest, and as to its author, most uncertain of human improvements. It was used in Europe, as early as 1180; its variation was observed by Columbus in 1492; the dip in 1576.

**The kine poe**.—Was introduced into England by Dr. Jenner, in 1800. This has nearly excluded one of the oldest and most inveterate diseases to which the human frame is liable.

**Gunpowder**.—Was invented in 1330; first used in Spain 1344; first made in England 1418. Gunpowder has made a *radical* change in the *art of war*, and a great improvement in civilization. It diminished the ferocity and the slaughter of warfare.

**Juries**.—Were first instituted by Ethelred in 979. The trial by jury is now introduced into the codes of all constitutional governments, and regarded as the greatest safeguard of the people.

**Newspapers and Gazettes**.—Papers called Gazettes were first published in Venice; they were introduced into England in 1588—into the United States in 1704.

**Printing**.—Was first made use of by the Chinese in tables, in 930. It was first used with types by Coster, at Haerlem, in 1430, and by Faust in 1444; it was introduced into England in 1450.

*Geometry*—Like astronomy, was cultivated in very ancient times; the first known author was Thales, a Greek philosopher; Euclid, however did more than any of the ancients towards the improvement of the science.

*Rail-roads*.—These were first used near Newcastle upon Tyne, about 1650. A locomotive engine was first employed upon a rail-road in Wales, in 1804.

*Steam Engine*.—Was first invented by Savary in 1618, for raising water. It received, however, its greatest improvements from Watt, at the close of last century.

*Steam boats*.—Were invented by Fitch, in 1794, and first successfully put in operation by Fulton in 1807.

*Sunday schools*.—First established in Yorkshire by Robert Raikes, 1784; became general in England and Scotland in 1789. These have made, and are now bringing about a great moral revolution in the education of children.

*Wine*.—Sold as a cordial in 1300. Since then it has constantly increased.

Augusta, Ga. has been visited by a fire, which destroyed 30,000 dollars worth of property.

A letter from *Cuba* states, that the island experienced several severe shocks of an earthquake, on the 17th and 20th ult.

At a colonization meeting held in New York on the 10th inst. 3,406 dollars were contributed.

At the late commencement of Columbia college, in New York city, 24 young gentlemen received their A. B. Bishop Doan, of New Jersey, Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, Rev. J. H. Pindar, of Barbadoes, and Rev. C. H. Burroughs, of Portsmouth, were made D. D's.

Nine young gentlemen graduated at the Centre college, Ky., at the late commencement.

Six officers of the first rank in the British army have lately testified that the common received report, that '*beauty and booty*,' were watchwords given before the battle of New Orleans, is a falsehood without the least foundation.

Charles Brown, broker, lately absconded from Boston, after having committed forgeries to the amount of \$100,000. He carried off this amount in cash, politely sending back a note stating the facts, and saying he would not be taken.

At a recent temperance meeting in Boston, \$5,000 were raised to promote the cause of temperance.

Sixty-three persons were prosecuted in Boston during the last three months, for selling ardent spirits without a license.

*Fertility of Western New York*.—In an article commenting upon the abundance of the harvest, the Onondaga Standard asks—'What will the farmers down east say, when we inform them that we can name individuals in this country, who have harvested the present season 1,500, 1,800, and in one instance, 3,000 bushels of wheat?'







Longacre Sc

R. H. BISHOP, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY

THE  
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1833.

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LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

THE influence of literature upon good morals, is so obvious, that it seems strange that any should indulge the idea of advancing the one without encouraging the other. It is the most powerful lever that can be used for the direction of public opinion. A taste for literature is, in itself, a pure and elevated taste, and is an evidence of a high degree of refinement. Literature softens the manners while it extends the views of a people, and gives elegance of thought, and benevolence of feeling, at the same time that it communicates knowledge.

In our times, more than at any previous period, must the influence of literature be manifest, because the number of those who read is greater, and books are more abundant, better, and cheaper. And this is an influence which must increase with time. Public opinion cannot now be affected by a rumor, a song, or even an oration; but the press affords a source of information as abundant as the intellectual wants of man, as extensive as the thirst for knowledge, and as unfailing as the mountain stream; always flowing and always full. People may now, as heretofore, be excited by a public speech, but their knowledge is gained by reading; their thoughts are formed, and their actions directed by the potent agency of the press.

How little do those who aim at reforming the hearts of men, seem to understand these obvious principles. The great object of reflecting and virtuous men in all countries, is to support religion and morality, and nothing is more easy than to sustain

that which has the talent of a country on its side. Mind is directed by mind; and that great portion of the public intellect which lies idle and inactive, receives its impulse from the smaller portion which is in motion. It is important, that all who operate upon public sentiment should combine, and be brought to act simultaneously, and in perfect harmony, in favor of the few great leading principles of religion, which we hold in common.

No priesthood has ever yet sustained itself, for any long period, without the kind of aid to which we allude. A priesthood which does not engraft itself upon the sympathies of the people, and become identified with their interests—their temporal as well as their ultimate interests—must dwindle into insignificance. In every country, and under every form of religion, where the clergy have maintained a commanding influence, they have invariably been *the teachers*, controlled the literature, or held the keys of the treasuries of knowledge.

The Roman Catholic clergy understood this principle, and ruled whole nations for a long series of years, by means of their superior knowledge. They educated youth, and directed the matured judgment of man. They interwove their influence throughout the whole of the complicated web of human affairs, and contrived to be distinctly seen and felt in every department of human action. Their influence, however, was chiefly owing to their being the depositories of learning, the sole agents in the distribution of knowledge, and the artificers of public sentiment. But they attempted too much for themselves and too little for mankind. Instead of faithful stewards, they became misers. They locked up the treasure, which they should have impartially distributed, and circulated counterfeit coin instead of pure gold.

The master-minds that gave impulse to the reformation were highly cultivated. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and others, were men of extensive learning, and brought to the support of the great cause in which they were engaged, rich stores of acquired knowledge. They were great by nature. God gave them minds of gigantic capacity, and they filled them full of the treasures of wisdom. These men did not bring about that extraordinary revolution which changed the whole face of society, and even affected the forms of all the governments in christendom, by appealing to vulgar prejudices, but by the force of argument. They had nothing to conceal, nothing which needed to be glossed over, or perverted; truth, in its native sublimity, was the object of their search, and that which they taught to others. But though truth is mighty and will prevail, its cause cannot be advanced by ignorance. The men to whom we have

alluded, were opposed by the ripest scholars, and the greatest geniuses of their age, and they met them upon their own field, clad in the panoply of knowledge, armed with the weapons of piety and reason, and animated by patriotism and benevolence.

We might, if we could do so without invidiousness, refer by name, to some of the sects of our own country, and show, that while one has gained influence by its attention to polite literature, and another by its patronage of collegiate education, a third has lost ground by despising these human acquisitions. We content ourselves with making this suggestion.

There are few sectarians in this country who repudiate learning altogether—yet there are some. They do not reflect, that for one man that thinks, there are a hundred, perhaps a thousand, who borrow their thoughts from others; that for one man whose morals are formed by his own perceptions of right and wrong, there are a thousand whose minds are imperceptibly moulded by public opinion. Public opinion is formed by the press. Books and periodicals are read, and have influence, where the preacher has none. Take away the influence of religion from literature, and leave the latter to form itself without reference to any good effect upon the morals of society, and it will most probably become licentious and anti-religious. Let this be the case, and the result will be, that while the preacher converts one individual to the truth, the press will seduce a hundred into error.

It was quite natural, that immediately after the reformation, there should have been a popular disgust against that learning which the priests had hoarded, and perverted. There was a powerful reaction going on in the public mind, the obvious effect of which, was to desecrate all that had been revered, except the naked gospel itself. It was the interest, too, of those who had no learning, to decry that which they could not possess.

The influence of the popish system continued to paralyze the usefulness of all institutions of learning, long after the system itself had been overthrown. All professional and scientific literature continued to be enveloped in the dead languages, and the colleges remained the gloomy depositories of learning, which shed little radiance beyond their own walls. This has continued to be the character of colleges until lately; and we are not certain whether it is not too much their character now. Until lately, therefore, the difficulty of obtaining a liberal education, has afforded to some sects, a good reason for dispensing with it; the foppery, the superstition, and the illiberality of the learned, have disgusted others.



These objections to learning operate no longer. There is now no privileged class in this country, who can shut out others from the fountains of knowledge. Education is becoming cheap and accessible; and those sects who deride or neglect the acquisition, will soon fall, if they have not already fallen, behind the times, and sink into contempt.

But our business now, is not with the ignorant; we wish to make some suggestions to a class of the well-informed, who do not live up to the spirit of their belief. We would call the attention of the educated clergy of our country to the subject of polite literature.

What is called polite literature, embraces a vast proportion of all that is read in our country—it includes the whole circle of poetry, of fiction, and of imaginative composition. Most of our periodicals, and of our popular literature come within its scope. It exercises, therefore, a controlling and pervading influence; a greater influence, perhaps, than the more serious and elaborate productions in the several departments of science. There is no prospect that the quantity of this kind of writing will decrease, or the taste for it become diminished; because human nature is always the same, and that which has employed the highest powers of genius from the days of Homer to this time, will probably engage the same faculties throughout future periods. Indeed, we may reasonably expect, that the taste for this species of literature will increase; for knowledge and refinement are increasing, and as the faculties of man become enlarged and polished, the mental appetite grows fastidious, and requires to be fed with the more elegant creations of genius. Mankind is growing more and more intellectual, and becoming more and more addicted to mental pursuits and amusements.

In almost all civilized countries, except our own, the clergy have endeavored to conciliate the affections of the people, or to use a more American form of expression, *to be popular*, by mingling in their innocent amusements. We are not about to inquire into the expediency of that seclusion from social society which is practised by the clergy of this country. There is perhaps more gained than lost by it. But there ought to be some common ground on which they could meet, and interchange thought with other gentlemen. There should be some spot where they could meet other professional men as equals, where their minds could come into collision with the minds of those who are experienced in the ways of the world, and where the man who has been investigating abstract truth in his closet, could compare notes with him who has gathered practical truth in the haunts of business. Literature and literary intercourse,

offer a field for this kind of mingling of mind, and friendly conflict of opinion.

We doubt whether, in any other country, the clergy have abstracted themselves so much from literary pursuits, as in this; or whether they have ever done so in this country, at any former period, to the same extent as at the present time. In some of the most numerous denominations, they study little e'se than theology, and though deeply versed in this branch of knowledge, are ignorant of all others. The consequence is, that their sermons are deficient in that freedom of thought, that vigor and originality, which characterize the compositions of those who can illustrate one science by figures drawn from another, or explain its principles by those of a kindred department of knowledge. It follows too, that the clergy acquire a peculiar phraseology, which they use in the pulpit and in conversation, by which they render both unpalatable to ears accustomed to elegant language. This is the natural course of things; any man who addict himself to one art or science, to the exclusion of all others, will acquire its *cant* phrases, and use a language which is convenient to himself, but vulgar to others. In our best pulpits and most elegant churches, we hear a vast deal of such language from gentlemen of learning and talents, who read on one subject, to the exclusion of general literature.

There is one reason for this, which has been unavoidable. The rapid increase of our population, and the still more rapid extension of inhabited territory, has created a demand for ministers of the gospel, greater than the ordinary natural supply. The want was one of great interest and importance, and it was happy for the country that there was benevolence and public spirit to meet it. A hot-bed process was resorted to, which produced the desired result to a considerable extent. In several denominations, the wealthy contributed generously to educate indigent young men for the ministry. Many gentlemen have thus been placed in stations of eminent usefulness, who might otherwise have been left to toil in the ranks of manual labor, and in the gloom of ignorance. We applaud and honor every effort, by which one mind has been elevated by education into a higher sphere of action than that in which nature placed it, or a single laborer added to the cause of benevolence or religion. But that which is done by a public charity is generally badly done. It was necessary, and it was thought right in conscience, that the money thus applied, should be expended with rigid economy, and the young men thus educated, were well instructed in the few attainments which were thought actually necessary, but left in total ignorance of all others. They were

made sound theologians, but not general scholars. Many excellent ministers have thus been brought into the field, fully competent to discharge the sacred office; and we cannot condemn that which was thus necessary, and has been thus successful. But we should hope, that the practice may not extend beyond the emergency which has produced it. Nor would we invidiously apply this remark to the ministry alone; all professional education has become superficial, and general scholarship is in none of them required as an indispensable prerequisite to professional study.

It is also true, that ministerial labors are greater now than formerly; and that the multiplication of benevolent societies, and the various methods of moral action, invented in late years, for the dissemination of religious truth, leave the minister but little time for other employments than those strictly clerical.

Still we cannot yield the point, that they form, legitimately, a component part of the literati of the nation, and are bound to contribute their part to sustain the vigor and purity of the national literature. Generally speaking, and adhering of course to the exception just made, they are the best educated class of our citizens. Other men of liberal education throw aside their books, when they plunge into the eager career of professional ambition; the clergyman alone leads, or ought to lead, a life of study, of thought, of calm and benevolent reflection. He lives to do good to others; others live to do good to themselves.

Education has always been, and always will be, conducted chiefly by the clergy, because they are the most capable—because the tuition of the young is a pursuit congenial with their calling—because they are more benevolent than other men—and because, not having the same sphere of ambition open to them, they are more willing to make sacrifices, and to do good in a humble station. It is a fortunate thing that it is so; for if they do not implant virtue together with knowledge, they will at least not vitiate the young mind by bad principles or dangerous speculations.

For similar reasons they should be the chief supporters of the national literature. Reading constitutes the prominent amusement of the vast population scattered over our wide union. The reading and the writing portions of this mass, act and react on each other; each exerts a powerful influence on the other. The writer wields a direct power upon public sentiment; but the readers constitute an immense majority, and support the writer, whose obvious interest it is to please them, and who is therefore under great temptation to bend to public opinion. Writers, therefore, should be men of principle, independ-

ent thinkers, and men, if possible, who have no ulterior views to seduce them into an abject flattery of popular error, or fashionable vice. Who would be better fitted to discharge this duty, than a high-minded and highly-principled clergyman, accustomed to learned research, and to the habit of drawing boldly and rigidly the line between virtue and vice? Who would be so apt to rebuke, by calm exposition, the fallacies of the fashionable essayist, or the profane rhapsodies of the half-fledged poet?

On the other hand, it would be advantageous to the clergyman to enlist his sympathies with those of the world; to cultivate his own affections, and win the love of those around him, by contributing to their amusement and instruction. It would materially promote his usefulness, by rubbing off the rough edges of his hard sacerdotal style of composition, and giving him an elegant and graceful manner. It would exercise his thinking powers and give them new fecundity and vigor; and it would invest him with the faculty of clothing his ideas in that pure and classical diction which is the universal language of common sense and good taste. Instead of an abstruse technical phraseology, rather uncouth, and not remarkably perspicuous, which is liable to be misunderstood by the uninitiated, would be substituted the language of the scholar and the gentleman. Above all, it would extend almost infinitely, his field of usefulness. He could mingle wholesome admonition, and elevated thought, with poetic feeling and classical ornament. He could reach the tasteful, the sentimental, and the idle reader, who would shrink from a lecture, and fall asleep under a sermon. He would place himself on terms of community with the scholar and the man of science, and his profession would lose in their eyes its repulsive severity, and its supposed illiberality. There is no incongruity of character between the christian, the gentleman, and the scholar; the most attractive qualities of all, blend harmoniously together, and it is desirable that they should be always united. The clergy should set the example. They should take the lead in elegant acquirement, and show themselves the patrons of polite learning. Beauty of composition, and the graces of eloquence, have always been among the legitimate adornments of the pulpit; why should they not be universally cultivated, carried into private intercourse, and extended to the pages of the periodical? But no clergyman ever attained a fine style, who was not a good *belles lettres* scholar, and a general reader; few clergymen have ever been extensively popular who were not literary men. Robert Hall was an able writer and an acute critic; so are Chalmers and Channing. They



have earned more reputation by their pens, than in their pulpits.

We would press our remarks especially in reference to polite literature. Somebody once said, in proposing the improvement of church-music, that we ought not to let the devil have all the good tunes. Neither should he have the good writers. There must be, and always will be, a popular literature. There will always be a vast amount of industry and intellect employed in furnishing to society amusement and employment of an intellectual character. Books, periodicals, pamphlets, newspapers, will continue to be made to the full amount, as regards mere quantity, of the demand; and this species of writing will continue to furnish employment for the leisure hours of a large majority of the people of this country. It is perfectly idle for the preacher or the critic to inveigh against light reading; it is as necessary to have light reading as to have light food. The keenest appetite, and the best digestion, will tire, if fed upon gross, strong diet, and will be gratified by an occasional change. Every mind requires relaxation; every mind will have it. The human mind can no more exist in a healthy state without amusement, than a vegetable without sunshine; the latter will lose its color if doomed to perpetual shade, and the former its elasticity, if the kindly beams of fancy, feeling, and sentiment, be withdrawn. There must be a popular literature. It cannot be smothered; it is not desirable that it should be. Intellectual amusements are the most innocent, and the most instructive; no other form of relaxation is so laudable, and liable to so little objection. Let us keep it pure. If men will read, and if they must have something light, elegant, and amusing, let them have it; but let us take care that it shall also be innocent, pure, instructive, and elevating. To condemn polite literature, is folly; the course of wisdom is to improve it.

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#### REVIEW.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND 1832. BY AN AMERICAN. New York; J. & J. Harper; 1833.

WHILE we condemn the ignorance, the arrogance, and the faithlessness of English travellers, it is a source of high gratification and pride, that we can refer to those of our own nation with confidence, as affording evidence of superior attainment and fidelity. Mr. Slidell's *Year in Spain* is infinitely superior to any similar English work; the voyages of Fanning, and of Mo-

rell, have the merit of strict veracity, the faithful narratives of Stewart and of Dwight are full of interest, and we had occasion lately to remark upon the chaste and gentlemanly volume of Mr. Rush. The interior of our own continent has been described with a degree of modesty and strict adherence to truth, which have no parallel in the mendacious volumes of that country whose writers have systematically libelled the whole world, and poisoned all the great fountains of knowledge; in the accounts of the expeditions of Pike, Lewis and Clark, and Long, and in the writings of Stoddart, Breckenridge, Schoolcraft, and McKenny, we find a mass of materials which may be relied upon with perfect safety. And we may add, that of some of the oriental nations, the truth never was told with simplicity and fairness, until these countries were visited and described by the undaunted and intelligent missionaries of our country.

The volume before us, is the production of a highly-gifted American, who has thought proper to withhold his name; from the New York papers, however, we learn, that the writer is Dr. De Kay, of that city. He is evidently a man of talents, a ripe, and thorough scholar; a man who has read much, travelled extensively in this country, and in Europe, and reflected maturely. His style is easy, vigorous, and polished. His views are cheerful and benevolent; such as show the author to be equally above the narrow prejudices of national vanity, and the petty irritations of the captious traveller. In a word, it is a sensible, judicious work, written in an agreeable, classical style, and full of interest.

Who is there that has not read the Arabian Nights? Who that has ever read these enchanting tales, has not felt his heart burn with intense curiosity, as he pours over the page fraught with simple and engaging descriptions of manners and sentiments so opposite from our own. Yet we find mingled with much that startles or surprises us, a great deal of feeling congenial with our own, among those singular orientals. With much that is actually barbarous, they are far from being savages. Though not christians, they worship the true God. They pursue commerce, agriculture, and the mechanic arts; they enjoy domestic comfort; and they have written languages. We read of their rapacity, their cruelty, their despotism, and especially of their wanton disregard of human life, and we see no trace of what we esteem just in government, or social intercourse; but in their beautiful fictions, we find tenderness, fidelity, conjugal affection, and other noble virtues. We have often felt embarrassed by these contradictory appearances, and have been una-

ble to reconcile the statements of travellers with the light thrown upon oriental character by the few but valuable fragments of their literature which have reached us. This remark applies especially to the Turks. Their proximity to the nations of Europe, has rendered them particularly interesting to the christian public. They are the masters of Greece, and the inhabitants of one of the fairest portions of the globe. European nations have waged war against them, have negotiated treaties with them, and eagerly sought the privileges of commercial intercourse with their country; yet after all, we know but little about them.

It is strange how travellers have perverted the truth, with regard to a people who have been so often visited by the ships of civilized nations. One of the most intelligent of the Europeans who have written of Turkey, says: 'as soon as ever you perceive in the streets of Constantinople, any persons making towards you in a waistcoat and drawers, bare-legged, with only pumps on, and a poinard in their hand, you must unsheath your sword. Some indeed take the precaution to carry it naked under their coat.' Dr. De Kay visited that city under the impressions instilled by reading such writers, and resided there nearly a year before he learned to estimate properly the character of the Turks; but he finally records his coincidence of opinion with a reverend traveller, who asserts, that 'there is no people without the pale of christianity who are better disposed towards its most essential precepts.'

In the account of his outward voyage, the author introduces an anecdote, which is so characteristic, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. He boarded a vessel, with which they fell in at sea, on board which, he found an English army officer and his family. 'In the course of conversation,' says our author, 'I happened to incidentally mention, that I had been in England.' 'Oh, I understand now,' exclaimed my military acquaintance, with the air of a man who fancies he has made a brilliant discovery, 'why you speak English so well.'

The following extract explains the origin of a word which has been much used in our country.

'At eight in the morning we were abreast of Tarifa, an old Moorish town lying near the shore. It is at present only remarkable for having originated that unhappy word *Tariff*, which occasions so much angry and fierce contention among our countrymen. It was at Tarifa, that the first list of articles subject to duty was drawn up, and hence the word *tariff* became applied to all subsequent lists of a similar nature.'

The following extract contains several interesting facts. Few

of our readers are perfectly aware of the origin of the design upon the Spanish dollar, as explained by this author.

'The exact distance from Gibraltar to Cape Leona, the nearest point on the African shore, is eleven and a half miles, but the height of Gibraltar (1439 feet,) and of Ape's Hill, which is still higher, causes the passage between them to appear much narrower than it actually is. These two remarkable eminences were the Mons Calpe, Mons Abila of the ancients, and were formerly designated as Pillars of Hercules. They were said to have been once united, until Hercules undertook to separate them, and thus made a communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. This, like all the other improbable fictions invented by the most lettered nation of antiquity, to torture and disguise historical facts, was most probably founded on some tradition of a sudden disruption of the straits. It is, moreover, in accordance with the speculations of many geologists, who suppose the Mediterranean to have been at some former period an inland sea. These Pillars of Hercules are attempted to be portrayed on that interesting specimen of silver coin, so universally known and respected, the Spanish dollar. Poor Spain, is, however, deprived of one of these pillars, but still parades them ostentatiously on her arms, and keeps possession of Ceuta with a tenacity which is truly absurd, when we take into view her limited resources, and the utter worthlessness of the property.' p. 6.

The following anecdote is interesting, as it shows that the facilities for travelling through some parts of Asia, are much greater than we had any idea of.

'I formed an acquaintance this morning with a young Englishman, who has just arrived from India, by a rather unusual route. He left Calcutta five months ago, and from thence proceeded to Bombay, and in a steamer from that place up the Persian Gulf to Bushire. He traversed Persia by the way of Tabriz, Ispahan or Teheran, Ararat, and Erzeroom. From Trebizond he coasted along the southern shore of the Black Sea to this place—Constantinople. A part of this journey was made in company with caravans, but the greatest portion was accomplished without any companion. He spoke no language but his own, had no servant or guide, and yet performed this long journey without danger or impediment. He describes the panic occasioned by the cholera to be so great throughout Persia, that many towns refused to permit him to enter, and he was consequently compelled to *bivouac* frequently in the open fields. Bands of robbers were roaming about the country, and taking advantage of the general consternation, would knock at the door of a house, at midnight, and in answer to the demand of who they were, would reply "I am cholera." The affrighted inmates would immediately take to their heels, and leave their houses to be pillaged by these ingenious miscreants.' p. 134.'

The author gives a very favorable picture of the honesty of the Turks. Persons are often seen at a late hour in the night, asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which are lighted up to receive customers. During the day, if a shopman wishes to step out, or to take a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles nearest the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut; a hint that is universally understood and respected. He declares, that the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience in the ordinary transactions of business, than his Jewish or christian neighbor. When a piece of money is put into his hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. The honesty of this procedure is the more



remarkable, inasmuch as the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, and the dealer, in this instance, not only confides in the good faith of his customer, but exhibits his own in no small degree. Great quantities of this money are manufactured at Birmingham, in England, which, according to Southey, furnishes counterfeit coin for the whole world. There are branch-banks for the issue of this base coin, at Lyra and Hydra, and the agents carry on their business openly and above-board. They defend their proceeding upon the ground of its being 'a fair business transaction.' They aver, that it is meritorious to injure 'a natural enemy,' in any and every possible way, and although they are no longer at war with the Turk, yet the latter is an infidel, and of course every body's enemy. Such arguments might be expected from the Greeks, who, in their best days, were never celebrated for purity of morals or good faith, but it is a little queer, that it should be '*a fair business transaction*' in England, to make counterfeit money. The Turks are said to be very bad judges of money, and that the business of passing counterfeit coin upon them has been a thriving branch of industry since the year 1656, when it was commenced by the French.

Dr. De Kay visited one of their colleges, the principal of which, exhibited a work in four octavo volumes, written by himself, and just issued from the press at Constantinople. It was a clever compilation from the French, embracing elementary introductions to the sciences; a sort of Turkish Encyclopedia, which served as a text book for the students. This school had a library of from eight hundred to one thousand volumes, chiefly in the French language, and a number of manuscripts, with a few printed works in Persian, Arabic, and Turkish. The author remarks:

'We were informed by our young companion, that the number of students in this institution was 200; that most of them were destined for the army; and that the term of study was three years. I inquired what text-books were used by the students, and he exhibited the four volumes of the principal, assuring us, with much simplicity, that when they had faithfully gone through these volumes, they would have acquired all the knowledge in the world. I have been much struck upon various occasions with the modest demeanor and simplicity of character of the young Turks, and their eagerness to acquire information. Their national shyness and reserve, are the only serious obstacles to their rapid acquisition of knowledge. French and Italian, are now commonly taught in their higher schools, and the knowledge of a foreign language, so far from being, as in former times, a reproach, is now quite a distinction in Turkey. The library contained a pair of large globes, various models of useful machines, and several philosophical instruments. p. 141.'

'Each of the sixteen royal mosques, (in Constantinople,) has a maydresay or college, attached to it, and the number of students in each, varies from three to five hundred, besides free schools in the vicinity which are supported out of the funds of

the mosque. I need hardly remark, that elementary schools may be found in every street of Stamboul; indeed their loud recitations compel your attention, and the see-saw motions and sing-song spelling of the little urchins remind one of our own village schools. Fifty years ago, the number of schools in Constantinople alone, exceeded five hundred, and it is asserted, that there are more than one thousand at the present day. The children of the nobility and wealthier classes are generally educated at home.' p. 142.

Printing was first introduced into Turkey, in 1727, by Achmet III. but with great caution. At this office, were published an Arabic and a Persian dictionary, nine historical works, one on the compass, and strange to say, one on the various forms of government throughout the world. The death of its learned projector, Basmahgi Ibrahim, put a stop to this establishment. It was then suffered to sleep twenty-seven years, when it was revived by Abdool Hamid I, and kept up by Selim, who established several printing presses about the capital; but the blind and bigoted opposition of the ulemah prevented them from becoming extensively useful. It is related of this learned body, that they objected to the printing of the Koran, because it was unlawful to squeeze the word of God, as must necessarily be done by the printer and bookbinder. The present monarch, however, has successfully restored and carried into execution, further than the warmest well-wisher to Turkey could have anticipated, all the improvements connected with printing, of the unfortunate Selim. Works now appear daily from the presses of the capital, which would do honor to any city of Europe. Thus it seems, that the printer, as well as the schoolmaster, is abroad in Turkey; and if there be any truth in a certain old adage, we apprehend that there will be no agency so potent in the great work which must soon be accomplished, of overthrowing the works of his Satanic majesty in this land of despotism and bigotry, as that of the printer's devil.

To recur to the topic of schools. The reigning sultan pays particular attention to this subject, and personally visits the schools of the metropolis. The author of the work before us, had the pleasure of being present at a great festivity, which took place on the occasion of the delivering over of the heir-presumptive to the throne to his instructors. Three days were occupied with the rejoicings which attended this ceremony. The ceremony itself was performed on a large plain, near the city, where a throne was erected for the sultan, under a splendid pavilion, which even exceeded our author's previous ideas of oriental magnificence. One hundred and fifty thousand persons were on the field, and as far as any opinion could be formed from the demonstrations of popular feeling, the sultan seemed to be beloved and respected. Among the persons present, were

the children of the free schools, who had been summoned to witness the ceremony, and for whom seats were expressly provided. The number assembled on this occasion was about six thousand, which is probably the aggregate amount of the school population of Constantinople. The author also visited a Greek school in the neighborhood, in which sixty scholars 'went through their exercises with great spirit and commendable accuracy.' He was gratified to perceive, that to America, this, and almost every great school in Turkey and Greece, is indebted for its elementary books of instruction. These books are printed at the American printing press, at Malta, which has been unwearied in its efforts to do good. According to an official statement, it appears, that from the year 1822 to 1829, there were issued from the Malta printing press, two hundred and fifty thousand copies of various religious works, containing more than ten millions of pages in Greek, Italian, and Turkish. The author suggests, that many of the tracts which have been translated from our language, are totally unsuited to the condition of those for whom they are intended. Instead of such compositions, he says, 'let the missionaries be instructed to compose on the spot, short stories, filled with local allusions, and naturally arising out of the scenes and manners around them.' These, he thinks, will be read with avidity. Of this Malta printing press, he states the singular fact, that although the English government permits its operations, it is with the express condition, that no tracts shall circulate on the island. What liberal people these British are! We conclude our extracts on this very interesting subject, with the following anecdote:

'During our residence in Constantinople, some of the European Catholics had insinuated into the ears of the government, that the Americans were busy with a new plan of enlightening the Greeks, and that it would be advisable to watch their proceedings. The head of one of the schools was sent for by the sersaiskier, and questioned as to his system. The teacher exhibited his works, and gave a detail of his mode of instruction. "I see nothing but what is good in this," said the old sersaiskier; "but I know no reason why it should be confined to our Greek subjects. I must visit your school some day, and see how your system works. If it is good, our own people shall have the benefit of it. Leave your books with me, and I shall take care to show them to the grand mufti." Since that period, the number of schools has greatly increased in and about Constantinople.' p. 288.

From a long and very interesting chapter, on the condition of the Turkish women, we shall make a few extracts.

'If the uniform weight of evidence on any given subject is to be depended upon, we fear that the souls of the Turkish women are in a bad way. It is gravely stated, and repeated by every traveller in this country, that the Turks firmly believe their females to have no souls. We once asked a sly old Musselman, the opinion of his country men on this subject, and the only reply was, a contemptuous sneer at our gullibility; but when he was assured that such stories were printed all over Europe, he took the liberty

of indulging in a most undignified fit of laughter. Nothing can be more explicit than the language used in their religious code, in reference to the souls of women. In the third chapter of the Koran, it is said, "the Lord sayeth, I will not suffer the work of him among you, that worketh good, to be lost, whether he be male or female; the one of you is from the other." In chapter 13, we have "the reward of these shall be paradise, whether he be male or female, we shall surely raise him to a happy life." In chapter 16, "whoso worketh good, whether male or female, and is a true believer, they shall enter paradise." In chapter 33, we have even a still more positive declaration: "verily the Moslems of either sex, and the devout women, and the women of veracity, and the patient and humble women, and the alms-givers of either sex, and the women who fast, and the chaste women, and those of either sex who remember God frequently, for them has God prepared forgiveness and a great reward." p. 264.

'Equally absurd with this general opinion as to the souls of the fair Moslems, is the idea entertained with respect to their bodies. But this is a more excusable error, inasmuch as various circumstances in the manners of the Turks, would lead one to infer that the women were kept in a constant state of rigid and jealous seclusion. In all oriental countries, women, in consequence of their deficient education, and the multiplicity of their household duties, form no part of general society; but that they are considered as important helpmates is manifest from the Turkish proverb—"a wife causes the ruin or prosperity of a house." p. 264.

'The general use of veils in the east, is also set down to the score of the husband's jealousy, although it would be quite as easy to attribute it to the modesty of the women themselves.' p. 264.

'The reluctance of the Turks to converse about women, has been alleged as a proof of their jealousy. The whole amount of all this is, that they consider it an improper topic, and that to introduce any conversation on this subject is an undoubted evidence of ill-breeding.' p. 265.

'Marriage is highly honored among the Osmanlis, and a widow almost invariably marries again. Indeed, so far is this opinion of the honorable estate of matrimony carried, that old maids are considered by the more orthodox, as living in perpetual transgression of the law.' p. 268.

'Although, by law, a man may have four wives, yet few are willing or able to avail themselves of this doubtful privilege; and so strong is the sentiment against it, that a minister of Abdool Hamid I., who had four wives, was openly satirized by the Turks as a luxurious voluptuary.' p. 268.

'The expense of the dowry, and of maintenance, domestic broils, and the scruples of parents to give a daughter to a man already married, operate as so many discouragements against a plurality of wives. It is indeed often the case, that when a man marries, he enters into a solemn contract with the parents, not to contract a second marriage during the lifetime of his first wife.' p. 268.

'Women in Turkey, actually enjoy more liberty than in the other countries of Europe, or in America.' p. 269.

'In Constantinople, and the same may be said of all Turkey, the women occupy the markets, fill the streets, and barricade the bazaars.' p. 269.

'The class of discreet and sensible husbands, maliciously termed henpecked, is as numerous in Turkey, as in any other part of the globe.' p. 269.

But we have already occupied as much space as we can spare to this subject; and we take leave of this admirable volume with the expression of a wish, that it may be generally circulated throughout our country, and its contents made known to our fellow-citizens. Those who read it, will find that they have



entertained many erroneous opinions of Turkey; and that the government of that country is more mild, and the people more estimable and better civilized, than we have been accustomed to believe.

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## WINTER.

OLD TIME hath laid his mantle by,  
His summer suit of gaudy green,  
With all its rich embroidery,  
Of sunlight poured on rustic scene.

No beast, or bird, in earth or sky,  
Whose voice doth now with gladness thrill;  
Since Time hath laid his mantle by,  
That gayly clad each grove and hill,—  
His summer suit of gaudy green,  
With all its rich embroidery.

River and fountain, brook and rill,  
Through leafless groves of sober grey,  
O'er frozen rock, and icy hill,  
Now hold their solitary way;  
And e'en the winds in sadness sigh,  
Since Time has laid his mantle by,  
His summer suit of living green,  
With all its rich embroidery.

The birds have ceased their notes of love,  
And winged to sunnier climes their way;  
There is no music in the grove,  
No warmth nor beauty in the day.  
All nature droops, all pleasures die,  
Since Time hath laid his mantle by,  
His summer suit of living green,  
With all its rich embroidery.

A10.

## MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

WE have embellished this number of the Magazine, with the portrait of a gentleman, whom we esteem as one of the most useful in our country, and who is therefore entitled to be honored as a public benefactor. Dr. Bishop is a native of Scotland, and a clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination. He has lived many years in this country, devoting his whole time and talents to its highest interests; and we know of no man who has

been more eminently successful in his avocation, or who has won within the sphere of his influence a more unanimous suffrage of esteem and affection.

We propose to say a few words of Miami University. In the original sale of one million of acres of land, including the spot where Cincinnati now stands, to judge Symmes, one township of land was to have been reserved for the support of a college. It so happened, that the selection of this township was delayed until it became inconvenient to make a proper choice within the boundaries of the grant; and this township was eventually located on the west side of the Miami river, and without the limits of Symmes' purchase. It is called Oxford township, and is in Butler county, in the state of Ohio. The village of Oxford is situated nearly in the centre of the township, on an elevated and commanding spot, embracing an extensive view of the high and hilly region by which it is surrounded. The prospect from the top of the college is splendidly beautiful. The distance of Oxford from Cincinnati is thirty-seven miles.

The permanent revenue of the university arises from the rents of the college township, the lands in which are under lease for ninety-nine years, renewable forever. The annual amount of the income from the lands is now about four thousand five hundred dollars, and the receipts for tuition about two thousand dollars. The number of students at the last term, was one hundred and ninety. During the present term, the number has been considerably increased.

Miami University was opened for the first time in November, 1824, and the first commencement was held in September, 1826. The labor of rearing an infant institution, in a new country, and in a forming state of society, is very different from that required to build up a seminary of learning in the bosom of a regularly organized society. The first thing to be done is to arrange the outline of a liberal course of education, and to adapt it so to the state of things, that it may go into immediate execution, and admit of successive improvements, as future exigencies may demand; and then year after year great and varied exertions are necessary, to induce parents and their sons to submit to the course prescribed. The president remarks:

‘There have always been, also, in the Miami University, a considerable number, who, during the greater part of the year, could not be attached to any regular class, and who, of course, have had to be attended to, in what have been called, extra classes. This kind of labor is not diminished, nor is it likely that it will soon be much diminished. There are, however, some important advantages, which may be considered as secured. A course of education has been adopted, not much inferior, it is believed, to the course in any college of the United States. All the means for carrying through

the course, have been obtained. The whole course is now pretty well understood, and is soon understood by every young man, who has an opportunity of seeing it—its value is duly appreciated by a greater number, than when it was first proposed; and the regular classes in college are more respectable both as to number of members, and as to the attainments and promise of the majority of the members of each class. A larger amount of useful information, can now, therefore, be given to the college classes, in the course of the year, and a greater amount of intellectual and moral improvement be made by the members of each class, in the course of a year, than could have been done only two years ago.

The general principle of the whole course is, that every young man shall be fully and profitably employed while he may continue, let that time be either long or short, and that particular exercises shall be continued or changed, as the circumstances of any individual, or of any particular class may demand, and that no one shall be encouraged to continue in attendance, who does not afford promise of becoming in due time, a respectable scholar and a useful man.'

The following is an extract from one of the president's addresses:

'The government of the institution has been, and is conducted, upon a new principle for the government of colleges. We have no code of bye-laws—nor any official visiting, or locking up of rooms. We have a course of education, and a particular, specified object to be obtained; and every instructor is left to take his own way, in discharging the duties of his department. Every young man is, also, put entirely upon his good behavior. If he is capable of being instructed, he knows what is right, and what is wrong—what is proper, and what is improper—what is worthy of his character and prospects, and what is not worthy, and if he is not, in a very few months capable of governing himself, and of respecting all the rights and privileges of his associates, he is dismissed as hopeless. It is believed, that this is the only principle of government, which suits the sons of freemen, and which will render the youth of our land, capable of being useful members of our great, extended and extending republic. The experiment has also succeeded far beyond expectation. We have dismissed very few as hopeless. But of all the means to be used, for the government of youth, and for the forming of their characters and habits for future usefulness, there is nothing like the influence of bible instruction, and regular and full Sabbath-day employment.

It has also been a leading object, to give a full and thorough course of academic instruction; and to encourage no one to attempt to go through the course, who did not give considerable evidence, that he possessed the talents and the disposition, which, with ordinary exertion, would make him, in due time, a respectable scholar. Three things are supposed to be necessary, to make a body of respectable scholars:—

1. There must be a full and extended course of education, distinctly set before the proposed scholar; and the arrangements connected with the course, must be such, that oral instruction, to almost any amount, shall be communicated during every step. A narrow and limited course of education is like putting an iron shoe on the foot of an infant.

2. There must be in the school, a body of well-disposed, and active and enterprising young men. No teacher, whatever may be his talents or attainments, can create intellect; and very few teachers have even the power of rousing and bringing into action, confirmed indolence. Nor can there be a greater cause connected with any public or private institution, than one half-dozen of indolent young men, particularly if they have their pockets full of money, and have high notions of their personal and family dignity.

Upon this principle, a considerable number of boys and young men, from the grammar school, and from the lower class in college, have, in the course of the last four years, been, at different times, sent home privately. It is considered as an act of great injustice to parents, and to the community, to allow any young man to continue to spend his time and his money, after there is little, or no prospect of his fulfilling the just expectations of his friends. Besides, there are many young men, who are, on many accounts, not capable of becoming scholars, who might immediately be very profitably employed in some other kind of pursuits: but allow them to linger about a



college some two, or five, or six years, and you render them unfit for every thing that is good. And,

3. To make any body of respectable scholars, there must be sufficient time allowed. The great object of all useful instruction is, to unfold the powers of the human mind. And you cannot force nature here. A young man who is to be a scholar, must be allowed *years* for the gradual, orderly, and full development of his powers. And, if he is to have the advantage of a college course, he must be well prepared before he enters college. It is something more than a mere deceit, it is a murdering of the powers of the youthful mind, to admit a young man to sophomore or junior standing, when he ought to be attending to the studies of the grammar school. *One* year's study, in a lower class, or in a lower school, will enable a young man, of ordinary talents, to double his acquisitions, in a higher class, or a higher school, next year; but push him, without that preparation, into a higher place, and one of two things must be the result:— Either, the studies of the higher place, are not more than what the studies of the lower place would have been; or, what is turned over and proposed to be studied, is not understood. And, in either case, you have something else than—a good scholar.'

The instructors are: a president and four professors, a master of the grammar school, a teacher of the modern languages, viz: French, German, and Spanish, and six tutors taken from the two higher classes of college.

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#### THE FADED HEART'S-EASE.

TAKE back thine emblem of repose,  
Thy crushed, and faded flower, again;  
The only lesson that it shows,  
Is hope too fondly nursed in vain.

Could but thy heart have inly known,  
How true, how sad a type to me,  
Of friends departed—pleasure flown,—  
Too early flown—thy gift would be—

Thou ne'er hadst bade me wear the flower,  
I ne'er had spoke of grief to thee;  
Nor this pale heart's-ease of an hour,  
Called back the thoughts that sadden me.

To clothe some flattering dream, awhile,  
In visions fond, and bright, and rare,  
Then waking, find how false the smile,  
That gleamed prophetic of despair.

This is the present and the past,  
That flowers like thine to me have read;  
Miscalled, though blooming, while they last,  
Unwept, though fragrant still, when dead.



## A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

IT is indeed a dreary day. The sky entirely enveloped in mist, and the thick, foggy atmosphere dimming the delightful prospect, which our elevated situation would otherwise afford us—while the drizzling, interminable shower, confines us closely to the house, and precludes the possibility of enjoying our contemplated ramble. But let us display more of a philosophic spirit, than to allow circumstances of such ordinary occurrence, to make us totally despair of amusement. Step here to my cabinet, and view for the hundredth time my little collection of birds, and let us see if we cannot point out some object of curiosity, which may have previously eluded your observation. Ah, here is something to amuse us. Observe, as I raise the feathers from the back of this duck; the little cylindrical substances, which are scattered about in different parts of them, and which you would suppose were detached portions of some of the feathers, were it not for their animated appearance. But observe them a little more closely, and you will perceive their motions to be occasioned by a little worm, of which you can plainly distinguish the head, and forepart of the body, the remainder being ensconced in what appears to be its little habitation. Observe, as I advance the point of my pencil towards this little fellow, who appears so voraciously occupied, how timidly he retires within his strong-hold, having first taken the precaution to retain it in its place, by a little cable of silk, which he has just spun, and which you may plainly perceive, from the reflection of the light, by placing your head where mine now is. We will take the liberty of removing this one, which has particularly attracted our notice, to the table, where we may observe him at our leisure. I see that his little dwelling has particularly attracted your attention, and that you are wondering how, and of what materials, it is composed; take this double-convex lens, and advancing it to its focal distance, observe those little, brilliant, varied protuberances, with which the exterior portion of his case is studded; you now perceive that they are small portions of the feathers, on which we found him feasting so luxuriously, united, by some means or other, together. You observe, that, though arranged in no regular order, they nevertheless afford him a very beautiful and commodious habitation. But see, the little fellow has overcome his terror, and is thrusting his head forth to reconnoitre; see how bewildered he appears—probably, experiencing the same sensations that we should, were we suddenly transported to a strange, uninhabited country. Observe, how actively he courses his way over the green cloth, with which the table is covered, extending his body about the

eighth of an inch beyond his little portal, seizing firmly hold of some of the fibres, of which the cloth is composed, and dragging by main strength his body and his house after him. Yet, infer not, from the delicate appearance of our little friend's skin, that, dame Nature has acted unwisely, in the distribution of her gifts; that she has given him the powers to construct a habitation, without the ability to bear it about with him, in all his peregrinations. If you think that little fellow is weak, you are very much mistaken, for in proportion to his size, he is very considerably stronger than yourself, and is gifted with an ample sufficiency of muscle for all necessary purposes. That little, industrious, active insect, carries his house with him, wherever he goes, with infinitely more facility, than some of our dissipated acquaintances do their bloated and diseased carcases.

But I see that your curiosity, with regard to his case, is, in a degree satisfied, and that you have transferred your attention to the little architect, himself; he is in every respect worthy of it. Observe; his method of moving is very singular, differing from all other insects not belonging to his own genus; this is owing to his peculiar conformation; his body, as you may perceive, is composed of a series of rings, the intermediate spaces between which, he can contract and expand, at pleasure; stretching his body, therefore, to its utmost extent, and seizing firmly hold of some immovable object, he can, by contracting it, advance his load about half its length. But let us commence at the beginning, and give the history of our little friend, in order; it is a brief one, and soon told.

He is the offspring of the little moth, which we observe issuing from our cabinets and closets, during the summer months, and to which, we justly attribute the destruction of our clothes, and all other articles composed of animal substances, though the mischief is all done, while in the condition of the little caterpillar before us, previous to its final transformation into the perfect state. The moth deposits its eggs, where instinct teaches it that its offspring will find a sufficiency of food. This is the only maternal office which it performs, for its life, during the imago state, is a brief one. It dies within a few days, and leaves its young to the unassisted control of the extraordinary instinct, with which nature has endowed it. As soon as the life-diffusing heat of summer has excited the little creature before us into existence, he commences the construction of a habitation, similar to that of his parent, but displaying all the varieties, which natural diversity in taste, might suggest. He is a strict economist—for instead of casting aside, as useless, the garment which he had constructed in infancy, and which

he, in a short time outgrows, he makes additions to it, correspondent to his increase in size. To lengthen it, we may conceive to be an easy matter, but to increase its width, calls for a greater exertion of ingenuity: for this purpose, with his sharp teeth he makes two incisions, one on each side of his garment; the parts are thus separated from each other, and he fills up the intervening spaces with a web, composed of silk, and portions of the article on which he is feeding. He then performs the same operation on the other extremity of his coat, and in this manner, renders the whole of it equal in width. He thus proceeds until the approach of cold weather. When, aware of his approaching change, and of his utter impotency during that period, he selects some secluded spot of security, carefully closes both ends of his habitation, which he secures with a ligature of silk, and patiently awaits his approaching change. This change occurs the succeeding summer, when it issues, a perfect insect, gives birth to a succeeding generation, and dies.

Let not your humanity be shocked with my proposal, but I am about to suggest that we should deprive him of the habitation which he has constructed with so much ingenuity and perseverance, and observe his operations in fabricating another; yet, if you have any conscientious scruples with regard to the legal or moral right, which we may have to eject him from his castle, in '*toto*,' I faithfully promise, that if he have not a sufficient supply of silk, or, that if he be too indolently disposed to form another, that I will return to him, the one of which I deprived him, and leave him in its unmolested possession. Ah, now we have him as naked, as when he came into the world—and as soon as he recovers from the feelings of astonishment and surprise, which the novelty of his situation must necessarily excite, he will recommence his labors in the construction of a new habitation.

You will find the same rule that '*necessity is the greatest incentive to exertion*,' so strikingly applicable to the human family, equally true as regards himself; for the habitation which he will now construct, though displaying an equal degree of skill and labor, yet in consequence of additional perseverance, will be formed in considerable less time than was occupied in making the first. I doubt not, that in three or four days at farthest, if he exercise his wonted industry, that you will find him clothed with a green garment, fabricated from the cloth of the table, on which we will leave him.

We have now finished with our little friend, and I hope that you have spent your time more agreeably than you would have



done, in railing at the dreary weather; if so, we will continue our occupation, on some equally favorable opportunity, and I hope that we may derive from our observations both amusement and instruction; for the gratification which is afforded by researches of this description, will not be confined to the momentary amusement which is derived from an observation of the remarkable skill, which the whole insect world displays; the mind will be insensibly led to the contemplation of higher objects—for the transition from created things, to their creator, is easy and inevitable. The grander objects of nature, we have been accustomed to regard since childhood, with awe and admiration.

The fact, which philosophy teaches, that every twinkling orb, with which the heavens are studded, is but the centre of a system like our own, governed by the same grand laws, and inhabited by intelligences equally wonderful, conveys to the mind the idea of infinity of power, and fills us with unmingled sensations of awe and wonder.

But when we descend to the consideration of the minuter creatures of our own globe, and observe the admirable provisions which have been made for their protection and gratification, during the brief hour of their existence, awe and wonder are not the only sensations which are excited, for we adore the great and good Being, who has so lavishly bestowed his blessings on all animated nature.

L. M. N.

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#### ABERCROMBIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS; by JOHN ABERCROMBIE, author of 'Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers,' &c.; New York; J. & J. Harper, 1833.

THE author of the abovenamed unpretending volume, has laid the lovers of sound philosophy under lasting obligations. Nor are these obligations less, because the author is not, and claims not to be a man of superior intellect, or more than ordinarily profound research. When such a mind, with but little effort, succeeds in demonstrating, as our author has unquestionably done, the consistency of the christian religion with the soundest deductions of philosophy, we feel an increased confidence in the proof, from the very mediocrity of the author's talents. Nothing but truth is so easily defended, we rationally infer, and rest unhesitatingly in the conclusions of a logic, which is incapable of making 'the worse appear the better reason.' Thus,



the feebleness of Prior and Boswell gives credibility to the great superiority of Burke and Johnson. These biographers must have drawn from the life. They never could have imagined such splendid characters. We know that the originals must have been before them.

But we do not intend to depreciate the talents of our author. On the contrary, we think he has shown, both in this and his previous work on the intellectual powers, a soundness, if not a depth of judgment, and a felicity of illustration, not frequently to be met with in these departments of science.

Doctor A. wisely confines himself to the practical part of the subjects which he discusses, and thus happily avoids those fruitless, or at least interminable controversies, which serve but to distract the ordinary reader. He does not profess to add much, if any thing, to the territory already discovered; but assumes the humbler, though more important task, of improving and beautifying that which is already in the possession of those for whom he labors. He takes the materials furnished to his hand, and constructs a more beautiful, because more simple, and therefore, more convenient edifice, than, perhaps, any that have preceded him in this department of science.

Under his hand, the rugged principles of metaphysics, and the moot points in morals, are made to harmonize in the general portraiture of human nature. He throws upon them the strong light of divine revelation, and thus shows their importance in a practical point of view, to the entire depreciation of their importance, as matters of theory and debate.

Nor ought any one to complain of this. It is better, far better, for the world, that scientific men have not confined their attention, and wasted their energies upon the questions, 'what is magnetism? gravitation? and electricity?' but have turned their knowledge on these subjects to good account, in navigation, astronomy, and the arts. True, there are questions in science, both physical and metaphysical, which are legitimate subjects of discussion; and which, when settled, may yield an incalculable revenue to the arts of life. But, until they are fairly solved, the discussion of them should be confined to the lecture-room, and the laboratory; or, at least, to works professedly devoted to scientific investigations. The discussion of such questions should never find its way into works of popular literature—nor education—nor even theology. Had this been the character of the work before us, the good sense, and correct taste of the publishers, give us assurance that it would never have been admitted into the number of their 'Family Library.' Nothing could be more preposterous, than to introduce the speculations of

Coleridge, or Kaut, into the popular literature or theology of this, or indeed of any country, unless, forsooth, it be the attempt to render *phrenology* subservient to the cause of science and education!

But there is an extreme on the other hand; and to this, we think, our author is rather too much inclined. He has endeavored, (or perhaps it has happened without endeavor,) to render his work, on the philosophy of moral feeling, too popular. He ought, in our judgment, to have stated some of the fundamental principles of moral science, such, for example, as that of moral obligation, a little more distinctly; especially, as he seems to have intended his treatise as a manual for subordinate schools and female academies. It is a mistake, to suppose, that an entire absence of principle and analysis will render a book more easy of comprehension, or more interesting even to a juvenile mind.

So far as mere memory is concerned, it will, at least, be no fault; and for the multitude, who never think, (if they are to be permitted to remain so,) such a work may be best adapted. But for the active, though uninformed mind, we fearlessly assert, that a work exhibiting a good degree of philosophical precision, and somewhat refined analysis, will possess incomparably greater interest.

The modern method of printing music, may serve as an illustration. Few, if any, acquire a knowledge of that delightful science, or even a taste for it, until they have thrown aside their '*block-head notes*,' and commenced the study on scientific principles. The scheme of '*block-head*' systems is, unhappily, not confined to music, though it may, for aught we know, have originated in that science. It has attained to equal perfection, in almost every branch of education. Hence, we have '*easy methods*,' alias, '*block-head systems*' of grammar, of geography, of arithmetic, and even of geometry! The same empiricism, too, has found its way into the pulpit, and through the press; and bids fair, by the mawkish character of too many of our Sunday-school books, and religious tracts, to defeat the patriotic designs of these benevolent associations. The effect of all such spiritless manuals, for the instruction of the old, or the young, must ever be mental imbecility, a reluctance to think, and a distaste for literary pursuits. Or, in cases of more than ordinary application, a distorted development of the faculty of memory, and an overbearing importance attached to its stores; though they can, at the best, render their possessor a mere gazetteer of other men's opinions.

But we are by no means disposed to class Dr. Abercrombie's

system of moral philosophy, with such empirical effusions. We only say, that it leans too much to the popular fault—a want of precision in style, and analysis, in the statement and investigation of first principles.

Our author is singular, so far as we remember, in distinctly claiming divine revelation as a source of knowledge, on the subject of 'moral philosophy,' strictly so called. We well remember the air of pity, for our ignorance, with which a remark, to this effect, was received by a reverend professor, of even distinguished piety, when, in our boyish days, we hazarded this opinion. 'What then,' he replied, 'will become of the *philosophy* of the thing, if you explain it by the bible?' And even the distinguished Dr. Witherspoon, in his definition of ethics, tells us, that 'it is called *philosophy*, because it is an inquiry into the nature and grounds of moral obligation by *reason*, as distinct from *revelation*.'

But on this subject Dr. Abercrombie is triumphant. Why should the architect stop to make out the character and style of a ruined building, from the fragments that remain, when he may be furnished with a complete drawing of the whole edifice by the original architect? Can his art of '*restauration*,' make out, from a fallen column, or a fragment of the entablature, or a single stone from the cornice of the pediment, or from all these, and such as these taken together, a draft so complete, a description so accurate, and an analysis so perfect, as would probably be furnished by him who reared the fabric at first, and who has minutely noted its changes and decay? Would not the Egyptian priests, themselves, the *inventers*, be more competent to explain the hieroglyphical memorials, found on their marbles and porphyries, than even the ingenious Champollion himself? And can any one doubt that the author of man's nature is the most competent to describe that nature in all its principles and operations. But we must allow the author on this topic, to speak for himself.

'In making this statement,' namely, that the light of divine revelation, is an infallible guide in our ethical inquiries; 'I am aware that I tread on delicate ground, and that some will consider an appeal to the sacred writings, as a departure from the strict course of philosophical inquiry. This opinion, I am satisfied is entirely at variance with truth; and in every moral investigation, if we take the inductions of sound philosophy, along with the dictates of conscience, and the light of revealed truth, we shall find them to constitute one uniform, and harmonious whole, the various parts of which tend, in a remarkable manner, to establish and illustrate each other. If indeed, in any inves-



tigation in moral science, we disregard the light that is furnished by the sacred writings, we resemble an astronomer who should rely entirely on his unaided sight, and reject those optical inventions which extend so remarkably the field of his vision, as to be to him the revelation of things not seen. Could we suppose a person thus entertaining doubts respecting the knowledge supplied by the telescope, yet proceeding in a candid manner, to investigate its truth, he would perceive in the telescopic observations themselves, principles developed which are calculated to remove his suspicions. For, in the limited knowledge which is furnished by vision alone, he finds difficulties which he cannot explain, apparent inconsistencies which he cannot reconcile, and insulated facts which he cannot refer to any known principle. But, in the more extended knowledge which the telescope yields, these difficulties disappear; facts are brought together which seemed unconnected or discordant; and the universe appears one beautiful system of order and consistency. It is the same in the experience of the moral inquirer, when he extends his views beyond the inductions of reason, and corrects his conclusions by the testimony of God. Discordant principles are brought together; doubts and difficulties disappear; and beauty, order, and harmony are seen to pervade the government of Deity.

There is something approaching to originality in the Doctor's application of the principle of first truths to moral phenomena. Buffier, and after him Beattie and others, have successfully employed these in opposition to scepticism in mental science; and there would seem to be no good reason why they should not find a place in our moral reasonings. First truths, in mental science, are those convictions of the mind which *necessarily* arise from its rational action. The mind, therefore, though it may exist, cannot act without developing to its own consciousness those truths which form the foundation of all our reasoning, and which must be taken for granted even by those who would disprove their existence. Now, as most of our conceptions are attended by corresponding emotions, it would seem to follow, that those thoughts, which must be developed in every rational mind, would, just as extensively, be accompanied by their specific emotions. Consequently, primary moral feelings will be coextensive with primary mental convictions, which would considerably extend their list beyond the catalogue furnished in the work before us.

We cannot, however, speak so favorably of the author's *analysis* of man, as a moral being. We think there is here a distinction without a difference. Desires, affections, self-love, and



all the rest, may be well enough distinguished in relation to their respective objects; but in relation to the *will*, they are alike motives or principles of action, and ought therefore to be classed together. Desires, says the author, have reference to things to be obtained—affections to actions that are to be performed. This last we deny. Affections have specific reference to *persons*, for whose benefit we act—but the action itself is never the object of affection. In short, affections are desires, and desires are affections, under certain modifications—and so also is self-love both an affection and a desire. But we dislike to find fault, especially in a work where there is so much to commend. Still we must be permitted to say, that we think the sections on the desires and affections are the least valuable part of the essay. We would except, however, from this censure, the remarks on the influence of *habit* and *attention* upon the exercise of our moral feelings. It is sound philosophy that dictates the remark, that ‘a close connexion exists between our *intellectual habits* and *our moral feelings* which leads to consequences of the utmost practical moment.’

On the subjects of the *will* and the moral principle, or *conscience*, our author we think, has been still less successful. On the former subject we much prefer Edwards and the introduction to his elaborate work by the author of the ‘Natural History of Enthusiasm.’ On the latter, Dr. Abercrombie has not improved upon Hutcheson, and has fallen far below the masterly analysis of Butler, in his sermons.

In the appendix to part third, the reader will find but little that is new or interesting. Indeed the Doctor is hardly just to the authors whose systems he reviews, especially Clark and Wallaston. But we can hardly speak in terms sufficiently commendatory of part fourth of this interesting volume. On the subject of man’s moral relations to the Deity, the author seems to rise above himself. The theme is, indeed, an inspiring one. Our relations to the Deity involve the most important phenomena that are predicable of moral agents. Why should they not form a part, an important and conspicuous part, in every system of morals? Is it because it is difficult to treat of them without becoming religious in our strain, and giving expression to something like sentiments of piety and devotion? The Doctor is not writing for infidels. He does not seem to have imagined that any one, whose reading on such subjects, was not sufficiently extensive to take in at least some one of the almost innumerable systems of irrefutable evidence which have been given to the world, in defence of the christian religion, would ever find time to peruse his book on the philosophy of moral feeling.

His views of religion are clear and evangelical. His analysis of the mental condition designated by the term *faith*, is complete and highly satisfactory. It is 'the substance of things hoped for,' says an inspired writer. It is such a conception of its object, says our author, as gives it a permanent and present existence in the view of the mind. It works by love and purifies the heart, says the sacred text. When we ascribe important results to *faith*, says the Doctor, we ascribe them not to the operation itself, but to this followed out to the consequences which it naturally produces, *according to the constitution of the human mind*. Faith, then, is not contrary to reason, being consistent with the constitution of our rational nature. Nor is it involuntary, and therefore irresponsible. Though no man can obviate conviction, when sufficient evidence is actually before the mind; yet every man may, if he will, refuse to attend to facts or to admit the evidence necessary to produce belief. He may even—the case is not an uncommon one—stultify himself by intemperance, or obliterate his moral faculty by debauch, expressly to prevent the conceptions and convictions which he knows facts must force upon him in a sound state of mind, and a healthy exercise of moral emotions. In this way, belief will be prevented, conviction avoided, and *unbelief*, in one sense, will become involuntary. The man could not now understand nor believe, if he would. But is he therefore guiltless? Is his unbelief irresponsible? Is the death of the suicide innocent, because, after he has swallowed the fatal dose or inflicted the incurable wound, he repents and dies involuntarily? And shall he be deemed innocent, the extinction of whose moral life results from the rash acts of his own voluntary hand? But we forget the space allowed us for this article, already far too long. We shall only add, that one of the author's happiest paragraphs, is that in which he shows the oneness, in origin, of enthusiasm and scepticism. 'It is singular,' he proceeds, 'to remark how these two modifications of character may be traced to a condition of the reasoning powers essentially the same. The enthusiast receives a fiction of the imagination, and rests upon it as truth. The sceptic, acting upon some prejudice or mental impression, which has probably no better foundation, puts away real and important truths, without any examination of the evidence on which they are founded. The misapplication of the reasoning powers is the same in both cases. It consists in proceeding upon a mere impression, without exercising the judgment on the question of its evidence, or on the facts and considerations which are opposed to it. Two characters of a very opposite description

thus meet in that mental condition, which draws them equally, though in different directions, astray from the truth.'

With this extract, we take leave of our author. If what has been written shall induce others to peruse the book for themselves, they will not, we are sure, repent it, and we shall have our reward.

H.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

### THEMES FOR WESTERN FICTION.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

THE nineteenth century has thus far been eminently distinguished for the variety, the abundance, and the quality of its imaginative literature. In poetry, new and beautiful creations have arisen into being. To the rich stores of language, of imagery, and of kindling thought which previously existed, large and valuable accessions have been made. Amidst the noise and bustle of this practical age, the muse has not ceased to utter her inspired tones, and with the sublime harmonies which have come down to us through past ages, have been mingled other strains of surpassing strength and sweetness. In the department of poetic prose, there is much to excite wonder and admiration. We are astonished when we reflect upon the vast and variegated mass of romantic fiction, to which the last thirty years have given birth. It furnishes the most imposing proof of the fruitful intellectual energies of the times. Each year abundantly teems with fancy's offspring, animated by the peculiar spirit which their creator deemed worthy to impart. It is indeed a mournful truth, that many of these productions possess a character well calculated to startle the apprehensions, and to call down the rebuke of wise and good men. But while we grieve that God's best gifts should be so perverted as to administer to the gross elements of our nature, and while we most earnestly deprecate the prejudicial tendencies that may result from this perversion, we are consoled and cheered by the reflection, that transcendent genius has not disdained to ennoble and purify this elegant department of literature; breathing around it a celestial charm and purity; embodying within it the achievements of patriotism, and the holy martyrdom of virtue; making it the vehicle of kind-



ling truths; through it defending and denouncing systems and institutions; quickening and exalting our noblest sympathies; opening the heart to a perception of moral beauty, and rendering it all feelingly alive to the fair and the good. True, it is a master-spirit that hath wrought thus mightily; but if we can read aright the signs of the times, a tone has been given to public taste and sentiment that will not soon die away. The thirst for works of the imagination is as strong and universal at the present time as at any former period; and we trust that of the floods which annually pour in upon the reading world, there are some fountains at which the soul may drink and feel itself refreshed and invigorated.

Whether our own country has contributed its proportion to satisfy the literary demands of the age, it is not our present purpose to inquire. It may be true, as is often asserted, that those of our countrymen who are endowed with the richest intellectual gifts, captivated by the laurels which so early crown the champion, and panting for the highest rewards in the power of a free, an intelligent, and a mighty people to bestow, have invariably been enticed into the broad and spirit-stirring arena of political rivalry. Happily, however, public and political avocations do not monopolize the genius of the land. It is no small gratification to know, that there are among us, an unpretending few, who have successfully pursued the still and solitary pathway to literary eminence. We look upon them as dauntless pioneers into regions over which the fancy had never roamed; and while we indulge a rational pride in contemplating the intellectual monuments which they have reared to their own and their country's fame, we are delighted with the prospects of beauty and grandeur that lie beyond, and of which they have given most cheering, though but partial glimpses. Whatever a zealous and uncompromising criticism may insinuate to the contrary, we firmly believe, that within the borders of our country, in the past and in the present, is an abundance of fine materials, endowed with capabilities of being wrought by the hand of genius into an original, a rich, and various literature. It is proposed, in this essay, briefly to suggest some of the subjects abounding in the broad valley of the Mississippi; within which the poet and the novelist may find the elements of their imaginary creations. We engage in this task, in the impression that here are literary facilities exceedingly peculiar in their nature; that our past history is fruitful in events of a deeply thrilling and romantic character; that, scattered along our shores, are mysterious memorials of generations long since forgotten, calculated to awaken solemn moral interest; that in this wilderness of the west, human



nature has been manifested under original and striking aspects; and that in these far-extending prairies, magnificent streams, lofty mountain-tops, majestic forests, silver lakes, and tumbling cataracts, is such a rare and mighty combination of God's handy work, as no other portion of the earth can exhibit. We deem these noble themes, and worthy to be preserved in the embalming spirit of poetry. It is also our humble hope, that views may be presented, which will induce the writers of western fiction to confine their range more within western boundaries, and to feel, that while the body of western literature is fashioned from native materials, its spirit should be an inspiration of western genius.

We remark, that in various original and romantic displays of character, seldom has a land been more fruitful than this western wilderness; and that our annals are remarkably full of incidents and events possessing deep dramatic interest, and oftentimes leading to most momentous results. If we look back a century and a half, we behold Canadian adventurers, led on by an eager spirit of curiosity and gain, and missionaries, conducted by the hand of religion over the great northern lakes, and through the forests of the Illinois, planting their standard, and fixing their home upon the solitary shores of the Mississippi. The brief and imperfect chronicles which have descended to us from those remote periods, abound in scenes of novelty, perilous adventure, pious sacrifices, and curious manifestations of character. They disclose how wonderful was the mastery of a proverbially mercurial people over the stern and ice-bound affections of the savage; how gaily they mingled in their wild and fearful sports; how thoroughly they understood the springs of Indian action; and how dexterously they availed themselves of their superior knowledge. We are all aware with what mournful garrulity the lean and slippered relic of those primeval settlers, dwells upon the golden era of the French regime. In his enthusiastic imagination, it was an Arcadia of simplicity and bliss. No government with its vile machinery of jails and court-houses, of sheriffs and lawyers, then bound free spirits in its iron chains; and no tax-gatherer thrust his importunate hand into the purses of well-meaning citizens, to obtain wherewithal to execute the new-fangled projects of modern ingenuity. However exaggerated may be these eulogies of times now no more, it is sufficient for our end to know, that strange and fantastical peculiarities grew up beneath both the French and Spanish regime. There were the contrasts between the haughty, plumed hidalgo, the loquacious, flexible Canadian, and the unbending, voiceless 'children of the leaves.' The foreign intruders were soon

characterized by new traits. Far removed from the despotism which had ruled them at home, they rioted in the luxury of free, unbounded action. Too often was the rein flung upon the neck of capricious passions, and their freedom sometimes degenerated into a stormy licentiousness which has left dark and enduring stains upon their memory. Yet were there striking singularities in their manners and habits of life, and attractive as well as repulsive features shining forth in their wild career, which render them not the least interesting of those who have strutted their brief hour and passed away forever from these western shores.

It is not necessary, however, to extend our view back beyond the comparatively short period of seventy years. From the moment when the first adventurous hunters ascended the Alleghanies, and from their lofty summit surveyed the beauty and magnificence of this western world, our annals are crowded with events of an all-absorbing interest, furnishing opportunities for the most ample development of intellectual, moral, and physical energies, while they have given birth to impulses that are destined to exert an influence for ages. Connected with the original settlement of these wilds, there is much to arouse our deepest sympathies, much to excite and keep alive our highest admiration. At this point we pause. Glancing an eye around, we behold a scene of solemn grandeur, beauty, and solitude. Forests of surpassing verdure expand far beyond the reach of vision, their monarchs raising their high crests into the heavens, and tossing their gigantic limbs in every gale. Through them streams, a thousand leagues in length, roll, as they have rolled for centuries, their melancholy waters to the sea. The footsteps of civilization have never been imprinted on the bosom of this soil. The hand of industry has never erected here the monuments of social and domestic life. The voice of intelligent, cultivated, christianized man has never been heard along these shores. The scream of the panther and the roar of the bison might mingle at times with the wild shouts of savage exultation, and be echoed and reechoed among the hills. Here was nature clothed in virgin majesty. Such had she been for ages. Such was she when she sprung from the hand of her Creator.

This was the region into which, a little more than three score years ago, a few hunters from the Atlantic states first penetrated, their imaginations kindled into enthusiasm by the glory of the surrounding scene, and their steps sustained by an intrepidity that never quailed. Here commences an era among the most memorable in the history of our country. Now is the simple, and may

we not say, romantic beginning of that series of events whose tendencies are rapidly unfolding to the world, and whose magnificent results are destined to exist and increase throughout all coming time. We know not where are themes more worthy the highest efforts of the pencil and the pen, than those presented in the incidents, expeditions and displays of character which distinguished these early periods. We know not if there be within the wide limits of our land, a theatre upon which more solemn, thrilling tragedies have been enacted, than on the spot once known by the appellation of 'the dark and bloody ground;' and seldom have the sublime qualities of perseverance in most disastrous chances; fortitude under bereavements and torture; self-possession in appalling crises, and of courage in battling with a ruthless foe, shone forth more brightly than among the actors in those fearful scenes.

The situation in which the first emigrants found themselves was extraordinary. Their feelings and character were acted upon by new and peculiar influences. Concealed energies were brought into action. An unusual vigor was imparted to their physical and intellectual natures. A determination was given to their conduct and tempers which strongly distinguished them. If it be inquired what were their predominant traits, we answer, that they possessed in an eminent degree the elements upon which education is designed to operate; those strong and original virtues which constitute the basis of efficient character. They were abundantly gifted with patience, perseverance, frankness, generosity, a dauntless heroism and an enthusiastic love of liberty. These are the qualities which were developed, amplified and brought to maturity by peculiar agencies, existing only in the wilderness. Their power is visible in the mighty revolutions which they have wrought; in the new world which within the period of fifty years has sprung into being. Their traces are still legible in the manners of their descendants, and are impressed upon the customs and constitutions prevailing at the present day. Considerations like these have induced us to believe, that in the modes of thought, feeling and utterance; in the habits, adventures, and striking character of the Pioneers, are most appropriate and original subjects for the pen of fiction. It is not the design of this Essay to enter into analytical details. It may not, however, be uninteresting in this part of our observations, specially to indicate some of these subjects. When glowing with truth and power upon the canvass of the novelist or the poet, it is presumed that they will image forth the spirit of those times far more happily than the cold and formal pictures on the historic page.



Among the early emigrants to the west, whose original features attract and fix attention, we think that the Hunter is entitled to a conspicuous place. The profession which he adopted, and the world in which he lived, were full of charms to his captivated fancy. There was the valley of flowers to gladden his eye. There was the woodland melody to enchant his ear. There were the fountains of crystal waters to quench his thirst, and the delicious banquet of the chase to regale his appetite. There were his companions, his rifle and his hounds, to keep alive his warm affections, while above and around him was an ever-present sublimity to fill his soul with awe. Even the extremest toils and perils were cheerfully encountered; for while they gave an astonishing acuteness to the senses, and imparted vigor and elasticity to the frame, they stirred up tumultuous feelings, and called into exercise, to render perfect, his powers of invention. Contemning the forms and trammels of regulated society, he clothes himself in picturesque costume, and bounding over the hills and along the valleys, he

"Would not his unhoused free condition  
Put into circumspection and confine  
For the sea's worth."

Far removed, for long periods of time, from any human intercourse, he converses with the echoes of the forest, or communes in silence with his Maker and the divinity that dwells within. He is happy in the solitude of the deep woods, and rejoices in the ampleness of his undisputed range. But the tide of emigration swells, and roars, and sweeps onward. He hears the axe of industry, and sees the smoke from the intruder's dwelling overshadowing his fair hunting-grounds. The buffalo and the deer have already taken their flight. Gazing for a moment at the encroachments of civilization, he turns his face towards the setting sun, and uttering a malediction upon the hand that so ruthlessly wars with nature's peace, he plunges again into the far depths of the wilderness, that he may roam unmolested in his own appropriate home. This is a portrait from real life, tinged though it be with the softest hues of poetry and romance. Of the thousands who abandoned the refinements of cultivated society, for the wild charms of a Huntsman's life, perhaps the most illustrious model may be found in the far-famed Patriarch of Kentucky.

Less romantic, though not less interesting, are the character and fortunes of those, who with their wives and children, and implements of husbandry, first crossed the mountains, and braving danger and death, deposited as it were, their household gods on the bosom of a savage wilderness. They may emphati-



cally be denominated the Fathers of the West. They are properly the renowned Pioneers, whose names are on every tongue, and whose deeds we would have perpetuated through every age. Their industry first awoke the long slumbers of the forest, letting in the sun upon its gloom, and making it to smile as a garden. It was their intelligent enterprise which laid broad and deep the foundations of an enduring empire. It is in their energy, privations and bloodshed that we may discover the germ of those great blessings which have sprung up to gladden the hearts and to enrich the understanding of millions.

The various circumstances connected with the settlement of a new country, are never devoid of interest. Whoever reflects upon the unrelenting ferocity of Indian hostilities; the extremes of hope and fear that so long agitated the breasts of the emigrants; the exceeding beauty of the scenes in which their solitary labors were commenced; and the grand results that have followed so immediately in the train of their simple beginnings; must acknowledge, that the early settlement of this region is distinguished by features that have peculiar claims upon attention. Reposing beneath the vines and fig-trees, which were planted by the enterprise, and watered by the blood of the Pioneer, we have but faint conceptions of the hazards and sufferings through which he was compelled to pass. We may see him engaged in the peaceful occupation of the husbandman, yet armed at every point, for defensive conflict. We may read how sudden was his transition from the domestic hearth to the murderous battle-field. Yet how little do we know of the anguish that rent his bosom, when returning from his labors, he beheld his dwelling wreathed in flames, and his wife falling with her children beneath the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. Although a great portion of his time was spent amidst peril and slaughter, still he had his moments of enthusiastic enjoyment. In the past, was the recollection of victories won, and of tremendous obstacles subdued. In the present, was the delicious sense of healthful existence, enjoyed in freedom among the fairest works of creation. In the future, was the dim vision of a glory whose similitude no eye had seen, and no imagination had conceived. Nor was he altogether removed from gentle and holy influences. Here was woman's love stronger than death, and her heroic fortitude which no calamities could bow down. The kind affections over which time cannot triumph, which bloom under every sky, and grow in freshness and vigor, when all things else decay, were often manifested in a strength and delicacy, that well proclaimed their celestial origin. Instances abound among the tempestuous scenes of border-warfare, in which the

female character burst forth in forms equally novel, romantic, and attractive. Here also was the devoted missionary of the cross, with his consoling voice, cheering his people with glimpses of an eternal beauty, and pointing the vengeful sons of the forest to that equal sky, into which the distinctions of this world never enter, and where oppressor and oppressed are no longer known. We have ever regarded this character with unusual interest. In his heroic sacrifice of self, that his Master's temple might be built up in the hearts of stern and savage men, shines forth a spirit as beautiful as it is sublime. It may not be improper, in this connexion, to suggest another class of character, which, though it was created by temporary circumstances, and at this day has almost ceased to exist, is remarkably distinguished by original features. We allude to that which is expressed by the simple and familiar appellation, 'The Boatmen of the Mississippi.' Their existence began with the introduction of commerce upon the western rivers. It continued until the great era, when the steam-engine began to supplant every other boat-propelling agent, at which period they numbered several thousands. As is well known, they constituted a race by themselves. From the communities around them, they were separated by broad distinctions. Their singular employment; their almost absolute exemption from the restraints that prevail in civil life; the frequent hazards which it was their fortune to encounter; and the splendid scenery, in the bosom of which their brief lives were spent; all combined to mould a character of bold and romantic originality. They were original in their tastes, as indicated by costume and amusements. They were original in their views of justice, as made manifest by their sovereign contempt of law and its professors. They were original in their general habits of thinking, as well as in the strange and idiomatic phraseology which served as a vehicle for their thoughts. Their life was an alternation from extreme idleness to extreme toil. From the former, they were aroused by the sounds of music, or the shouts of an affray in which it was their glory to participate. From the latter, whose severity warred upon the physical powers, they were relieved by an early death. When living, they were recognized by their lordly tone and bold, swaggering air; their graves may here and there be seen dotting the shores of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Perceiving in them, as we do, a new and curious exhibition of human nature, when operated upon by peculiar circumstances, we consider their life an interesting topic for the pen, and their character worthy of a glowing portraiture.

Nor are we deficient in *materiel* for exquisite humor and sar-

castic wit. The ludicrous anomalies in human nature have stood out as broad and glaring in the simple, as in more artificial states of society. Professional pedantry; the ingenious frauds of avarice; the shifts of an ambition which aimed at an ascendancy over an unlettered people; have here abounded and furnished agreeable illustrations of character. To the least attentive spectator, it must be immediately apparent, how conspicuously have the fraternities of Pedlars, Petifoggers, Pedagogues, and Disciples of *Æsculapius*, figured in the Western drama. This is not the place to vindicate or to assail the right by which these, and other gentlemen of equally grave pretensions, are invariably deemed the appropriate victims of satirical wit. Whether justly or unjustly; for good or for ill, the right appears to be very generally assumed; and we here dismiss the topic, by repeating, that seldom has an ampler and more diversified field been spread out to invite its most relentless exercise.

We have thus, in this branch of our subject, particularly designated some of the character, whose traits should be so embodied as to move the heart while informing the understanding. History, 'as leaning upon her elbow, she waits for time,' only waits the coming on of grand events, the overthrow of dynasties, the rise and fall of kings and conquerors. Her tones are always solemn; her walks are in the high places. There is a world of life, feeling and beauty, which she seldom or never condescends to enter. This is one of the delightful spheres of the novelist and the poet. Here may they be seen, preserving costume and dialect, sketching scenery, delineating character, portraying manners, tracing customs, adorning incidents, and picturing the various arts of social life. We long to see them thus engaged under this western sky, ere these topics have become a prey to oblivion. This, however, is not their exclusive sphere. Their range knows no limit. The Muse is gifted with an immortal power to embrace and consecrate the loftiest themes. The Novelist, not limited to common-place adventures, ascends to higher walks, and dwells among great historical truths, inspiring them with new interest, and clothing them in more attractive beauty. In this Western land, we long to witness an exercise of their best powers. Let them kindle patriotism into new life, and warm our bosoms with more fervent gratitude, by stirring exhibitions of our fathers' bloodshed, toil and struggles. Let them breathe their magical influence around spots which an enthusiastic courage has made sacred to American liberty. Let them rescue from forgetfulness those heroic achievements, and sublime self-sacrifices, which redeem and exalt our fallen nature. The waves of time are sweeping onward, burying the



past in its silent depths. A thousand beautiful incidents illustrative of character, and many a noble veteran will be forgotten, because they have no chronicler.

*‘ Illacrymabiles*

*Urgentur, ignotique longa*

*Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.’*

Let the poet and the novelist pour their light over these themes. We know them to be full of moral and romantic interest; for the few which the historian has preserved, even when contemplated by his pale and sober lamp, quicken the pulses of the blood, thrill us with intenser admiration of virtue, while they reveal hidden and mighty energies of the human soul.

We pass to another topic. It embraces the character of the aboriginal proprietors of this territory; their habits of life; singular customs and institutions; their mournful fortunes, and their approaching doom. We are not among the eulogists of savage character and life. We know that their fancied happiness is all a dream. Nor are we moved to shed sentimental tears over the graves of their departed power, or to mourn that those who still linger among us are fast fulfilling a destiny over which man has no control. Yet we cannot contemplate them with indifference. To us they have ever appeared an extraordinary people. True portraits of their character and modes of existence, possess attractive as well as grand and commanding features. Even those which, to the eye of Christianity and civilization are most forbidding, often have a wild and original charm that commends them to every observer of mankind. Invincible love of independence; filial and profound veneration for age; affectionate remembrance of the dead; a solemn sense of the omnipotence of the Great Spirit; a fortitude that impassively brooks the extremes of good and ill; a fearlessness that laughs in the very face of danger; friendships and gratitude, over which years have no influence;—these are magnanimous qualities, and these were deeply impressed upon the pilgrims of the wild. On the other hand, their terrible, unforgiving, unforgetting vengeance; their cruel and often abject superstitions; the severe and chilling gravity of their deportment; their contempt of sympathy with external nature; may exhibit them in a less amiable aspect. Yet must it be acknowledged, that these traits lose much of their repulsiveness, when associated, as they usually were, with the burning recollection of imagined wrongs; the vigorous and exciting action of the chase; the ingeniously devised schemes of artful minds; and with displays of bold, impassioned and figurative eloquence.

However strange the lights, and deep the shades of Indian



character, when transferred to the canvass with truth and spirit, they reveal in

‘This stoic of the woods, this man without a tear;’

one of those mysterious beings whom the Genius of Romance may justly regard as created for her own especial use. It is the passions, the affections, the capacities, the likes and dislikes; in short, all that goes to constitute the mind, the character of the Indian, which we hold to be worthy of delineation. In our view, these are the supremest objects of interest. Original and masterly exhibitions of the spiritual elements of man, are ever contemplated with pleasure. We wish to know how they are modified by solitude, scenery, peculiar customs and occupations. The knowledge is gratifying, inasmuch as it imparts an amplitude to our conceptions of human nature, and awakens within our own bosoms, feelings and capacities of which we had never dreamed.

The Western Muse will in this theme find exhaustless materials for her fairy creations. We trust that she will rejoice to take the abused child of the forest into her gentle keeping, and to embalm his traits and melancholy destinies in immortal song. To her vision he will seldom appear in the debasement to which an inhuman avarice has subjected him. She will go back to the brighter periods of his history. She will there behold in him the monarch of a thousand hills, rejoicing in the greatness of his strength, and free as the chainless winds. She will exhibit him erect and thoughtful amidst the glorious beauty to whose inheritance he was born. She will see him, now voiceless before the dignity of age; now kindling the ambition of a thousand warriors by his impetuous and fervid eloquence; now falling in deadly conflict with a foe, yet happy that his spirit is soon to join those of departed Braves in the flowery prairies and plentiful hunting-grounds of another world. Whether dashing through solitudes in pursuit of game, or sporting in his light canoe upon the bosom of his native lakes, or casting his proudest trophies at the feet of her in whom are garnered up his gentle affections, or silently worshipping the Great Spirit amidst lightnings and storms, he is always romantic, always poetical. Around him, in his declining fortunes, gathers tenderer interest. He has been borne down by events whose onward march was resistless. The council-fires are no longer lit up in their wonted places. The graves of mighty chieftains are trampled beneath foreign footsteps, and powerful nations have passed away as the trace of a cloud. Remnants of others have retreated to the west. Despair, at times, has prompted them to raise an arm against the physical and political agencies that were working

their doom. Their faint efforts have but revealed to them the hopeless truth of departed power. They are the convulsive struggles of the giant, whom for ages the conqueror has been chaining to the earth. A few more years, and darkness and silence will close around them forever. We can hardly conceive of topics more inviting than these to the writer of fiction.

It is not, however, in the past, in thrilling incidents and romantic character, among heroes and achievements over which time is spreading its shadowy veil, that the novelist finds his sole materials. The present is all open before him. Society as it is now organized, educated and refined, is within his sphere. There are existing modes and customs to be described. The tendencies of existing institutions are to be unfolded. Professional traits, peculiar occupations, poverty and wealth, intelligence and ignorance, with their respective effects, are all to be exhibited. The shades of character, multiplied as the ever-shifting scenes and conditions of human life, are to be rendered visible by the pencil of the novelist. It is for him, surveying the world of action, feeling and thought, which expands on every side, to make choice of suitable elements, and harmoniously combining them, to form new creations of truth and beauty. It is the glory of his art, that by a judicious arrangement of circumstances, by forcible contrasts and happy resemblances, he is enabled to present the most vivid and impressive pictures of life and character. We can appreciate the melancholy charm which lapse of years flings around every object. We know how fondly and successfully the writers of romance dwell among scenes that are almost viewless through the mist of ages. Yet we are not of the number who would banish the novelist from the Real and the Present. This is a field in which he has heretofore reaped, and we doubt not is destined still to gather, some of his fairest honors. There are in English literature no more delightful specimens of descriptive and creative energy, than those which are designed to represent society as it is.

It may not be deemed necessary to enlarge upon the remarkable circumstances which, at the present day, characterize the West, and render it a most attractive subject to the painter of real life and living manners. Whether it be viewed in its physical, moral, or social aspects, extraordinary features everywhere meet the eye. The aged Pioneer, as he looks around and beholds the triumphs of a well-directed industry; the beauty and abundance of harvest-fields; the life and splendor of thronged cities; the mighty agents of commerce traversing their courses a thousand miles from the ocean; as he listens to the multitude

of human voices, and perceives on every side the heavenly influences of liberty and peace, can hardly realize, that into this region, but fifty years ago, he came with his rifle and his axe, and found a howling wilderness. He is confused, confounded. The astonishing change surpasses his powers of conception. He is ready to believe that his fancy is cheated by the wild vagaries of a dream.

If the elements which contribute to form the moral, social and intellectual features of the country be examined, curiosity and surprise are equally awakened. We are surprised at their wide and strongly contrasted diversities. Hither are congregated the representatives of almost every clime: They have brought with them their national traits, the impress of other times, stamped by peculiar circumstances. Hence have originated the strange and pleasant varieties which distinguish Western character. It is in this population, associated in a favorable spot, under the broad protecting wing of free institutions, that those energies have been developed, which are carrying forward the West with a rapidity that has no parallel in past ages. Enterprise, emulation, inspiring hopes, free thought and unfettered action, are working their mighty miracles among us. Society is in ceaseless motion. It is active almost to restlessness. It is continually engaged in perfecting what has already been begun, or in devising and commencing new schemes for its advancement in happiness and virtue. Hence is it singularly free from tameness and dull monotony, those fatal foes to the descriptive novelist. It must be confessed that the extremely practical tendency of its general operations, seems to wage deadly warfare with the ideal visions of poesy and romance. Yet it is by these operations that dormant capacities are awakened into action; strong feelings called from the invisible depths to the surface of the soul; that stability is imparted to grand achievements, and mankind are made sure of an ever-growing progress in truth and excellence. This exceedingly partial view will, perhaps, sufficiently disclose to the novelist the superior opportunity for the exercise of his skill, in the present character and condition of the western people. Let him show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Let him reveal the spirit of institutions, customs and professions, by exhibiting their influence on individual and social happiness. Let him hold up to universal scorn and reprobation the follies, the affectations, and the vices, which insidiously steal into the bosom of society. Let him enthrone virtue upon her pure and lofty eminence, give her a voice of celestial harmony; and clothe her in living light.



We cannot close our observations upon the materials for Western Imaginative Literature, without suggesting the topic of western scenery. None but the poet's pencil can adequately sketch its fresh and gorgeous beauty, as it was gradually unfolded to the enraptured vision of the early Pioneer. There was the prairie expanding far away into one boundless ocean of fragrance and bloom. There arose the hills,

‘Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,’

as yet unshorn of their native glories. There slumbered the landscape, over whose bosom danced chrystal waters to the minstrelsy of birds, imaging a purity and loveliness that belong not to earth. It is true that the hand of cultivation has somewhat changed the aspect of our scenery; yet does it retain features, whose beauty and grandeur must recommend them as rich themes for descriptive poetry. Its primeval freshness has not faded away. That wild, indescribable charm, peculiar to the handy-work of nature, has not disappeared. Although no baronial towers, no emblems of feudal despotism, may beetle over our bluffs, yet here shall the eye behold monuments of forgotten nations, whose origin no tradition can speak, and around which lingers a mysterious moral interest to link the present with the past. Into this sublime, and beautiful, and virgin world, we would that the descriptive muse might soon wing her way. We would have from her pencil the first delightful pictures of scenes that must soon pass away, and be beheld no more. We desire that here, as in other climes, she may shed a sweet and consecrating influence around hills, and streams, and lakes. Through the transparent beauty of her delineations, we would contemplate the beauty and sublimity of that Power which has so wisely framed the visible world without; filling it with the most lovely and magnificent images of the invisible world within, and endowing it with capacities to soothe, to quicken, and to elevate the soul.

Such is a very general survey of the Themes for Western Fiction. How abundant, how various, how rich, and how original are these materials! How fine is their adaptation to the noblest purposes of the novelist and the poet! How do they teem with the germs of a beautiful, diversified, and useful literature! In their neglected repose, they wait the enchanter's power. Although as yet but little may have been attempted, still we trust that the time is coming, when that genius which moves so triumphantly in other departments, will enter these fair regions, and that from its hand will spring new and splendid creations, fitted to delight, to improve, and to exalt our natures. It is to be hoped that our gifted writers will banish the thought, that in distant lands alone can be found a worthy theatre for the dis-



play of their best powers. Here, by the side of sturdier plants, may bloom the fair flowers of poetry and of song. And as we hasten onward to the fulfilment of our sublime political and physical destinies, may it not be forgotten that our only enduring glory, our noblest fame, will abide in the lofty and imperishable monuments of intellectual excellence.

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#### THE COON-SKINS.

IN the county of ——— there dwelt in the year ———; no matter about dates and places; for I am not writing a dissertation on chronology, nor geography; but—but what shall I say? If I put down ‘metaphysics’ my piece will be put down at once, as a dark, intricate, unintelligible matter, that *nobody* understands. If I say ‘morals,’ it will be voted dull, prosing, dry—and laid aside. If ‘politics,’ there will be anticipation of the bank question, or some other questionable affair, and the Magazine may possibly be thought in danger of explosion from the admission of such inflammatory stuff. If I speak of ‘manners,’ I fear a classification with certain foreign tourists, which would be entirely foreign from my inclination.

What then? My readers may find metaphysics, morals, politics, and manners in the article, if they can; but my intention is, simply, to write a *simple* story.

In the county and year, therefore, which I have *not* mentioned, there lived three boys; which circumstance, though the county was small, may not be considered, in the whole, very singular. These boys, however, used to hunt their horses and cattle on the same prairies, go to the same school, when there was any to go to, attend the same meeting, and hunt deer, turkies, prairie fowls, and raccoons in company. It may be added, that they were ‘forted’ often in the same block-house, and endured together the hardships and perils of a frontier settlement during an Indian war. Thus they grew up, side by side, and were associated in all the sports and efforts of youth, until the days of manhood led them by different paths to the pursuit of the usual objects which present themselves for man’s ambition.

A few years after they were thus separated—though not so widely as to lose sight of each other in the mean time—an

election took place in the little county which I have not named, of such general interest, as to make it worth while for some of the leading men in the state, of commanding influence at this particular point, to attend. A judge of the circuit court and the attorney general of the state were accordingly seen on the day of election busily engaged among the electors, exerting their talents, learning and personal influence with great effect, on the opposite sides of the pending question. It is no part of my business to say which succeeded, or which was most powerful in ability, or in popularity. They were honorable men, and were respected as such.

In the course of the day, and while these gentlemen were standing near each other, a shabbily-dressed fellow, bearing substantial marks of improvidence, poverty and degradation, came reeling up towards one of them, and with a knowing and somewhat sarcastic leer, cried out, 'I say, Sam, has you and George ever settled it about them 'ere coon-skins yet?' A hearty and general laugh was the consequence, in which the dignified officers joined, it is believed, with as hearty goodwill, as any of the company; all of whom understood the allusion to the scenes of youth as well as the parties themselves.

Here were the identical three boys, who had grown up together on the spot where they were now standing. And they were standing among those who had seen them grow up, or who had grown up with them; every individual, perhaps, knowing them as intimately as members of a large family are known to each other. And they knew the difference! Two of these boys were now operating with efficiency on the mass of mind around them—the other only receiving impressions and acting under extraneous influence. Two of them high in standing and high in office—the other sunk to the bottom of society.

What made the difference?

Not talents. It is believed that in native intellectual power, the hunting-shirt boy was fully equal to his school and play-fellows.

Not literary advantages. They fared alike in childhood and youth—all enjoying all the 'schooling' that could be had in the county. And when they were grown to manhood, the same advantages were within the reach of all three—and in an equal degree. I must correct myself here. The least cultivated had, it is believed, the means of obtaining an education in a greater degree than either of the others; and would have had fewer difficulties to meet and overcome.

Not wealth. The advantage was altogether on his side.

Not strength of constitution. They at least had nothing superior to him in this respect.

Not family. All were respectable; but he had the decided advantage, if it be an advantage, to have friends in prominent stations. His father was extensively known and stood high, having at one time occupied a judicial office; his brothers, two or three of them, were popular members of the legislature, &c. *They* had to win their way without such help.

Not ambition. His was equal to theirs.

Not industry. So far as labor was concerned, he would perform as much as they.

What then made the difference? Was it not *temperance*?

L.

#### EDUCATION CONVENTIONS.

THE schoolmasters have been abroad again. We hail their movements with pleasure, and shall do all in our power to give them publicity and effect. The cause of popular education is looking up. The people are beginning to arise in their majesty in its favor. The convention of teachers held in this place last fall, has awakened much interest, and laid the foundation of proceedings which cannot fail to be eminently useful. Arrangements are making for another meeting during the ensuing spring, at which it is expected that an organization will take place, and efficient practical measures adopted, for the improvement of our common schools, and the advancement of popular education.

During the early part of last month, a convention of teachers was held at Lexington, Ky. A happy coincidence of circumstances rendered the assemblage of members and spectators numerous and respectable. The commencement at Transylvania University—the dedication of the new college edifice—the convention of teachers—the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Thames, being that of the death of Tecumseh and the political birth of colonel Johnson—all concurred to give interest to the exercises of this week. Not only were the teachers abroad on the occasion, but many others—the wise, the witty, and the fair. The delegation from this city was numerous; and we are glad to learn from the newspaper reports, that some of our citizens acted conspicuous parts in these interesting and philanthropic proceedings.



Some excellent speeches and lectures were delivered. Among the speakers, the most conspicuous seem to have been Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Drake, and the Rev. Dr. Beecher. The latter was as usual, strong and eloquent; but the effort was not, as we understand, one of his finest. The doctor bursts out occasionally like a volcano, with a brilliancy that astonishes while it enlightens. But a man cannot be a volcano always. Dr. Drake made one of his happiest efforts, and delivered a lecture which we have heard spoken of in terms of the highest admiration. There are few men who are capable of handling a popular subject with so much originality of thought and felicity of illustration, as Dr. Drake. We have not heard any special account of professor Caldwell's address, except that it was characteristic of his manner. He is a man of undoubted genius, and wonderfully prolific in new theories, one of which he brings out on every great occasion, as certainly as a bridegroom gets a new coat to be married in.

The effect of the convention was, we hope, salutary. Public attention has been awakened on this deeply important subject, and practical men have been enabled to exchange their sentiments, and compare the results of their experience. Another convention has been appointed to assemble at Frankfort, in the beginning of January next, for the purpose of taking further steps in relation to the same subject. As the legislature of Kentucky will then be in session, it is highly probable that this meeting will be numerously attended, and that some of the best talent in that state will be displayed in advocating the neglected rights of that multitudinous, that interesting, that helpless class—the children, who are growing up in ignorance. If there be a reformation for which the christian should pray, and the patriot be willing to exert all his talents, and to expend life itself freely, if necessary, it is this. There are thousands of young citizens growing up, whose minds will never be lighted by the genial rays of education, unless it be sent to them—unless it be diffused throughout the whole community by a public effort. That effort must bear with it the united energies of the law and of public sentiment. Intelligent and spirited men must take up the subject, and persevere until the end shall be accomplished. We have heretofore said, and we repeat the proposition, that it is as much the *right* of the citizen to be educated as to be protected; and that the legislature of a state might as well deprive a portion of the rising generation of the right of suffrage, or of the trial by jury, by neglecting to extend to them the requisite facilities for the exercise of these high privileges, as to omit to carry education to every man's door. That which is for



the benefit of all, which cannot be sustained by private support, but requires the aid of the combined influence of all, must be a public concern; and as all, or even a majority, cannot be induced to act in concert spontaneously, the government should take up the work.

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#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with sincere pleasure that we present to our readers in this number, the very elegant Prize Essay, written by a highly gifted inhabitant of this city, ISAAC A. JEWETT, esq. It is a production which combines much beauty of thought with a singular felicity of expression, and one which, if we mistake not, will be read with delight by every admirer of good writing in the west. Among the unsuccessful essays are several of a highly valuable character; the publication of these will be continued in each successive number of the ensuing year, until the whole shall have been given to the public.

We regret to say that the competition for the premium offered for the best Tale, was not such as to render it desirable, that an award should be made at the appointed time. It has therefore been determined to defer the decision of that prize until the first of February, in order that all who are competent, may have the opportunity of entering into the competition.

We are requested by our publishers to state, that they have learned with much concern, that the misconduct of one of their agents in the south, has caused a considerable deal of dissatisfaction in that quarter. It is said that the Magazine has been sent to some persons who have not subscribed, and that others were induced to take it by representations of the agent, which have not been realized. The publishers have always taken great care to select, as travelling agents, persons of good moral character and strict fidelity; and have succeeded in procuring the services of such individuals, in every instance, except the one alluded to, and in which they believe there is great room for complaint. As they have been, however, by far the greatest losers by the misconduct of that agent, they hope it will be readily believed, that the mistake committed on their part, was involuntary, and consists only in their having been deceived in a person in whom they placed confidence.

The publishers will take great pleasure in rectifying promptly

any inconvenience or misconception which has resulted from the cause above indicated. If the Magazine is sent to any one who has not subscribed, he is under no obligation to take it out of the post office, and it is the duty of the post-master to advise the publishers of the fact; but if the numbers are taken from the office by such persons, they surely cannot blame us for considering them as subscribers. If any persons have been induced by the agent alluded to, to subscribe to this work, under any false representation of its character, they are at full liberty to decline taking any of the future numbers. We hope that in every instance the decision will be made promptly, in order that we may not be put to the expense of forwarding the work to those who are unwilling to receive it; and that those who commence the new year, which will begin with the January number, will do so under the responsibility of remaining subscribers through the whole year.

The entire failure of our local agents, in almost every instance, to perform any of the offices with which we presumed to burthen them, has induced us to determine to dispense with their services, except in a few of the larger towns and cities. The names of the agents retained will appear on the cover; in all other cases our subscribers will be good enough to make remittances direct to the publishers. Any money remitted by mail, post paid, will be at our risk.

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#### METEORIC PHENOMENON.

ON the night of the 12th ult. a magnificent display of meteors was witnessed in this place; and from the statements that have been published, we learn that this extraordinary meteoric phenomenon extended itself over the whole of our hemisphere. We witnessed this truly sublime spectacle from about three o'clock until the meteors became indistinct in the opening light of a bright and beautiful morning. We are unable to give expression to the mingled feelings of awe, sublimity, and humiliation, which were excited by the wilderness of meteors. The sky was serene and peculiarly transparent. The smallest stars shone out with a bright lustre, and the milky-way, with its myriads of suns, exhibited a distinctness which we never witnessed before. In the eastern verge of the horizon, 'Lucifer,' the bright messenger of morning, shone with resplendent lustre, 'as if rejoicing in some wonder, walking in the firmament.'

There was a continued succession of meteors streaming from every part of the sky. During the time we witnessed this magnificent spectacle, there was, probably, not a square yard of the firmament from which meteors did not issue. So far as we were able to observe, their direction was from south to north. They were of various sizes. Some of them were large and brilliant, throwing out sparks in their course, and leaving a long train of gradually fading light in their track. The majority, however, were small, apparently two or three inches in diameter, without sparks or remarkable brightness. Here and there, a large meteor, after traversing a space of five or six degrees, exploded, throwing out sparks like a rocket, and leaving a large brilliant disc of light, which, in some instances, remained stationary, and undiminished in brightness, for, perhaps, thirty seconds. The greatest number of these meteoric lights originated about  $45^{\circ}$  above the horizon; but we observed many darting from the zenith, and some of them appeared to proceed from near the verge of the horizon. They all left luminous trains in their course, which, in many instances, exhibited a pale phosphorescent streak for five or six seconds after the disappearance of the meteoric body.

A meteoric phenomenon, in all respects similar to this one, was observed by Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland at the city of Cumana, in South America, on the night of the 11th of November, 1799. The night was cool and extremely beautiful. Towards the morning, from half after two, the most extraordinary display of meteors was witnessed in the eastern section of the sky. The direction of the meteors was from north to south. 'There was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, that was not filled at every instant with meteors.' All the meteors left luminous traces from five to ten degrees in length, continuing visible in many instances for seven or eight seconds. Many of the meteors gave out large and brilliant sparks as they darted through the sky, and at the termination of their course burst, as by explosion. This phenomenon was observed over the greater portion of South America, in the West Indies, and in the southern sections of the United States. The late Mr. Andrew Ellicott witnessed it on the Gulf of Florida, and it was noticed by many others in the United States as far north as lat.  $30^{\circ} 42'$ . On the same night, a similar meteoric spectacle was observed near the arctic regions—in Labrador, at the missions of Nain, lat.  $56^{\circ} 42'$ , and Haffenthal, lat.  $58^{\circ} 4'$ ; and in Greenland, at Lichtenau, lat.  $61^{\circ} 5'$ , and New Herrenhut, lat.  $64^{\circ} 14'$ . 'The Esquimaux were



frightened with the same phenomenon; some of the meteors appeared a foot broad.'

In relation to the origin and nature of meteoric bodies, philosophers have as yet arrived at nothing that can be deemed satisfactory to the understanding. Humboldt observes, that 'the direction of the line which meteors describe, seems to him the only difficulty in supposing them planetary or cometary bodies, analogous to the minor planets, Ceres, Juno, Vesta, and Pallas, and to be occasionally rendered luminous on approximation to this earth, by friction of its atmosphere.'

This may possibly be the case with that variety of meteoric bodies called *meteorolites*, the explosion of which is attended with a fall of stones to the earth. The ordinary phosphorescent meteors, or falling stars, however, appear to be composed of some light, inflammable matter, and it seems more reasonable to presume that the materials of which they are constituted, are derived from the earth. We may presume, that both sulphureous vapors and hydrogen, are raised into the atmosphere by the influence of solar heat. Many vegetables, in a state of decomposition, yield small portions of sulphur; and there can be no doubt that some portion of hydrogen is constantly developed on the surface of the earth, when acted on by the solar rays. The gradual decomposition of pyrites and pyritic soils, must also tend to diffuse through the atmosphere sulphureous atoms. Should these meet with hydrogen, they would unite and ascend to the upper regions of the atmosphere. That this is, probably, the origin of meteoric bodies, seems to derive some support from the well-known facts, that meteors of this kind are much more common in tropical climates than in northern latitudes; that they occur much more frequently on continents, than in the firmament over the ocean remote from land. It has also been stated that meteors occur much more frequently, and exhibit greater splendor in volcanic countries. M. Humboldt states, that in 1769, 'there was seen in the sky, above the volcano of Cayanco, so great a number of falling stars, that the mountain was thought to be in flames;' and a similar phenomenon was witnessed, about sixty years ago, in the atmosphere over Vesuvius. It is not unlikely that the meteoric elements or materials floating in the superior regions of the atmosphere, may unite occasionally into more or less dense masses, by cohesive attraction; and we may presume that when the upper strata of the atmosphere become highly charged with passive electricity, the sulphureous masses, being in a state of negative electricity, would become ignited by the sudden union of the two opposite electric powers.



## INTERESTING ITEMS.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

**HANNAH MORE.**—This celebrated writer, one of the first and foremost in an age adorned by so much of female genius, died lately at Clifton, in her eighty-eighth year. From the humble station of the daughter of a village schoolmaster, near Bristol, she raised herself, by her talents and virtues, to high literary distinction and universal respect. Having early in life attracted friends, she was, principally through the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse of Bristol, enabled to set up a school in conjunction with her sisters, which soon obtained great reputation. An acquaintance with Garrick led her to write for the stage, and her pieces were very successful; but, on taking a religious turn, she abandoned this pursuit, and expressed an opinion that the drama and its performances were not in unison with true piety and christianity. Having realized a competency, she retired to Mendip, and earnestly devoted herself to the propagation of moral and religious principles, not only among the colliers and lower orders in that neighborhood, but throughout the country, by her tracts and other publications.—*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, published in 1809, was a novel of much originality, and led to a multitude of imitations: it ran through ten editions in twelve months. Miss More had the honor of being consulted on the education of the princess Charlotte; and on that occasion printed (1805) *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*; in 2 vols. 8vo. Her works, but by no means including the whole, have appeared in eight volumes, and display a mind of extraordinary fertility and power. A mere list of those most generally known will show this:—

*The Search after Happiness*, a pastoral drama, 8vo. 1773. *The Inflexible Captive*, a tragedy, 8vo. 1774. *Sir Eldred of the Bower and the Bleeding Rock*, two poetical tales, 4to. 1774. *Ode to Dragon*, Mr. Garrick's house-dog, 4to. 1777. *Percy*, a tragedy, 8vo. 1788. *Essays on Various Subjects*, designed for Young Ladies, 12mo. 1777. *Fatal Falsehood*, a tragedy, 8vo. 1779. *Sacred Dramas*, with *Sensibility*, a poetical epistle, 8vo. 1782; 17th edition, 1812. *Biographical Preface to the Poems of Ann Yearsley the Milkwoman*, 4to. 1785. *Florio*, a tale, and the *Bas Blue*, or *Conversation*,

two poems, 8vo. 1786. *Slavery*, a poem, 4to. 1788. *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*, 12mo. 1788. *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*, one of the cheap repository tracts, which collection was planned, superintended, and considerably enriched by Miss More. *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, 12mo. 1791. *Village Politics*, 12mo. 1793. *Remarks on the Speech of M. du Pont in the National Convention*, on Religion and Education, 8vo. 1793. *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1799. *Practical Piety*, or the *Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1811; 8th edition, 1812. *Christian Morals*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1812. *Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*, 2 vols, 8vo. 1815.

Miss More enjoyed the happiness of an intimacy with Dr. Johnston, Reynolds, Bishop Porteus, Beattie, and many other of the most celebrated persons of that day; and in later times it may be truly said, that, either personally or through confidential correspondence, she was, even in retirement, almost equally well acquainted with the most distinguished men of the present time. To the very end of her life (broken as it was by pain and suffering) her manners were amiable, instructive, affectionate, and endearing—without austerity or pretension to superior godliness; for she was good in every sense of the word—benevolent, just, and pious; strict in the discharge of her own duties, and liberal in her construction of the conduct of others. Her biography is, we observe, already announced. Her example cannot be too soon set in its proper light before the world.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Another biographer thus expresses himself:

This lady died on Saturday last, at Clifton, in the 88th year of her age. Few literary persons have had the good fortune to reap so plentiful a harvest of fame during their lives; and yet, we doubt whether, at this moment, more than one or two of her works be known, even by name, to the majority of our readers—the reader being, it is presumed, under five-and-twenty. Miss Hannah More was an amiable and accomplished lady, with much practical and wordly wisdom, and very strong religious feelings; her writings

were addressed to a large and influential class, and their temporary success was proportionably great; but there is no trace in them of that original mind—or of that subtle development of human feelings, in its weakness and its strength, which can alone insure even the immortality of a lifetime to a writer who has the fortune, good or ill, of living to eighty. Miss Hannah More came early into the literary world, ticketed, and labelled, and patronized as a prodigy. \* \* \* The only one of her works likely to be now met with, except among very young people, is 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' published in 1809, and which went through ten editions in a twelve-month; we doubt whether ten copies be now sold in the same time. Her tragedies—The Inflexible Captive—Percy—The Fatal Falsehood—must be considered as utterly forgotten by the public. Early patronized herself, Miss More loved to play the patron; and in 1785, brought forward a Mrs. Yearsley, a milk-woman at Bristol, as a poetical prodigy; her friends, of course admired—her friends had a voice potential!—and the public admired; the woman grew insolent upon success; and the patron had to explain and excuse to friends against misrepresentation and abuse; the quarrel put an extinguisher on the prodigy; and except, perhaps, Dr. Southey, who has a crop for all corn, and is a native of Bristol, it is more than probable that not a single literary man could be found who have ever read a line of Mrs. Yearsley's poetry. In 1805, Miss More published 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess,' written, it was said, expressly at the suggestion of her late Majesty. Of its merits we know nothing; having no princesses entrusted to our charge, we never read the book. Mrs. Hannah More was singularly, and not undeservedly successful thro' life; her talents and her moral conduct deserved to be; but we think she was one of those few literary persons who had their reward while living.

#### PENNSYLVANIA COAL TRADE.

The coal trade of the Schuylkill region is of a very recent origin. Of its rapid progress and great importance, some idea may be formed from the following statement. It will be observed that the amount for 1833, includes only to the 20th of September.

During the year 1832, the amount of coal taken from the mines in this state, and forwarded to market by the Lehigh, Delaware, Schuylkill, and Delaware and Hudson canals, amounted to 363,850 tons. Of this quantity, the amount brought by the Schuylkill canal was 204,000. Lehigh and Delaware canals, from Maunch Chunk 75,690. Delaware and Hudson canal, from Carbondale 84,160.

Total	363,850 tons
In 1833, amount received by the Schuylkill canal, from Pottsville, and Schuylkill Haven, and the Little Schuylkill, up to Sept. 19th	192,315
By the Lehigh and Pennsylvania canals, from Maunch Chunk,* up to the 20th inst.	83,419
By the Delaware and Hudson canal, from Carbondale	74,730
By the Union and Schuylkill canals, from near Harrisburgh	1,000

Total 351,454 tons. \*By a break in the Pennsylvania canal, near New Hope, the operations of this company were retarded two months. Had the canal been in navigable order, 30,000 tons of coal would have been brought down during that period.

#### BANKING SYSTEM.

The New York Commercial Advertiser furnishes the following, as an accurate list of the banks in the state of New York.

#### Incorporated banks in the state of New York.

71 state banks (and two branches) as given in Williams' Register for 1833, capital	\$25,681,460
Additional stock to the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank	200,000
	<hr/> \$25,881,460
8 banks incorporated at the last session of the legislature, in 1833	1,950,000
79 Total	<hr/> \$27,831,460



Subject to safety fund, 69 banks	\$22,731,460
Not subject to safety fund, 10 banks	5,100,000
	<hr/> \$27,831,460

*Names of banks incorporated at the last session of the legislature.*

Cayuga County Bank, Auburn	\$250,000
Chemung Canal Bank, Elmira	200,000
Herkimer County Bank, Little Falls	200,000
Lewis County Bank, Martinsburgh	100,000
Seneca County Bank, Waterloo	200,000
Seventh Ward Bank, New York	500,000
Troy City Bank, Troy	300,000
West Chester County Bank, Peekskill	200,000

Total 

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\$29,781,460

In Ohio, there are 13 banks, viz: the Banks of Chillicothe, Marietta, St. Clairsville, Steubenville, Mount Pleasant, Canton, Western Reserve Bank at Warren, Franklin Bank of Columbus, Lancaster Ohio Bank at Lancaster, Urbana Banking Company at Urbana, Bank of Scioto at Portsmouth, Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, Franklin and Commercial Banks at Cincinnati. It is difficult to ascertain the amount of capital employed by these banks, as many of them vary considerably from the amount mentioned in the charter. The capital of the Franklin Bank at Cincinnati is \$500,000, and that of the Commercial likewise \$500,000. These two banks probably employ all their capital; most of the others much less. The whole amount of bank capital actually employed in Ohio does not exceed \$2,200,000—exclusive of the Bank of the United States at Cincinnati. This bank in the commencement of 1832 had probably more than \$4,000,000 vested in discounts and bills of exchange: Now, it is thought not to have more than \$2,500,000; hence the total amount of *active* bank capital in Ohio is not far from \$4,700,000.

How this compares with other states may be seen from the following statement.

	Pop.	Bank Cap.
N. York	2,000,000	\$50,000,000
Maryland	447,000	10,450,000
Pennsylvania	1,400,000	10,300,000

Connecticut	300,000	4,000,000
Rhode Island	100,000	6,000,000
Ohio	1,000,000	4,700,000

Population is certainly not merely the standard by which banking capital is to be proportioned, but, if in addition to the population we take into view the great internal commerce of Ohio, and the large business transacted at Cincinnati, it will be obvious, that Ohio has less banking capital in proportion to its wants, than any state except those of the 'far west.'

The following statement will show a comparison between the banking capital of Cincinnati and that of other towns.

	Pop.	Bank Cap.
Albany	25,000	\$1,819,000
Utica	8,328	1,000,000
Troy	11,405	1,540,000
Providence	16,332	3,400,000
Hartford	10,000	2,500,000
Cincinnati	30,000	1,000,000

Exclusive of U. States Bank.

It will be seen from this table, that the towns of the eastern states have far more bank capital in proportion than Cincinnati: nor is this all; none of these towns do any thing like the business of Cincinnati, and none of them from the greater amount of private capital, have the same demand for borrowed means. E. D. M.

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PRODUCTION OF COTTON IN FLORIDA.—By a statement in the last *Floridian*, we perceive that a great increase in the production of cotton is taking place every year. From two ports in Middle Florida, St. Marks and Magnolia, in 1825, 64 bales were shipped. In the year from the 1st July, 1832, to the 1st July, 1833, *nine thousand six hundred and seventy-five* bales were shipped from the same ports.

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Watson, in his *Annals*, tells us, that 'in 1756, the first stage was started between Philadelphia and New York, by Mr. Butler. Three days through in summer time, five and six in winter. In 1765 a second stage was started, to go through positively in three days. This was a covered Jersey wagon—fare two pence a mile. In 1766, another stage, called the 'Flying Machine,' to go through in *two* days in good wagons, and seats on springs, at three pence a mile, or 20s. through.

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CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—A sovereign is about 9.59 inch thick, or that a thousand measures 59 inches. Hence our debt of 800,000,000*l.* would form a cylinder of

sovereigns, if laid one on the other, of nearly 745 miles in length. But if instead of being laid on the edges, they were laid flat on the ground, and touching, they would form a line of nearly 11,048 miles, or would reach far towards half way round the globe. Again, since 1000 sovereigns weigh 16,6587 lbs. avoirdupois, or 23,051 weigh 384 lbs. the whole debt is 5,945½ tons, which, allowing two tons to a wagon load, would require 2275 wagons to carry it, and if they contained four horses each, and occupied severally about 16 yards in length, this line of loaded treasure would extend to 27 miles.—*Lon. paper.*

We learn by a table in the Philadelphia Commercial Herald, that there are 16 banks in that city, having an aggregate capital, actually paid in, of \$19,065,000. Seven millions of this amount are in the United States Bank. The Pennsylvania Bank has the next largest capital, being \$2,500,000. The bank of North America is the oldest in the United States, and was established by Robert Morris. There are 18 insurance companies, with a capital of \$5,480,000.

The Nashville Republican estimates the annual exports of Tennessee at six millions one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; in the following proportions: 120,000 bales of cotton, \$4,000,000; corn and live stock, \$1,000,000; 4,000 hogsheads of tobacco, \$120,000; iron and castings, \$800,000; other articles, \$200,000.

We learn from the Albany Argus that the amount of tolls received upon the state canals in the month of September, was \$203,685 82; being an increase of \$52,634, as compared with the receipts of the same month last year. Receipts of the year to 30th September, \$998,176 20; exceeding the receipts of last year, down to the same date, more than \$210,000.

It is proposed in the New York papers to make a ship canal of eight miles around the falls of Niagara. The project is said to be wholly feasible, and at comparatively little expense. Such a canal would, it is thought, secure to New York the trade of Ontario.

**LIBRARIES IN PHILADELPHIA.**—We have been induced to ascertain the names of the public Libraries in this city, and

the number of volumes contained in each, as nearly as practicable. We present the following as the result of our inquiries.

	Volumes.
1. Philadelphia Library,	42,000
2. Library of the American Philosophical Society,	9,000
3. Library of the Pennsylvania Hospital,	6,500
4. Library of the Academy of Natural Sciences,	5,200
5. Library of the University of Pennsylvania,	2,000
6. Library belonging to the Society of Students,	2,000
7. Library of the Friends in Philadelphia,	2,700
8. Library of the Alms House, upwards of	3,000
9. Library of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts,	150
10. Library of the Law Association, upwards of	1,400
11. Library of the Medical Society,	600
12. Library of the College of Physicians,	500
13. Library of the College of Pharmacy,	500
14. Library of St. Augustine Church, upwards of	3,000
15. Library of the German Society,	4,000
16. Library of the American Sunday School Union,	1,800
17. Library of Foreign Classical Literature and Science,	2,800
18. Library of the Philadelphia Museum,	500
19. Library of the Athenæum,	6,500
20. Mercantile Library,	4,000
21. Apprentice's Library,	7,000
22. Northern Liberties Library and Reading Room,	2,100
23. Southwark Library,	2,200
24. Kensington Library and Reading Room,	250
25. Library of the Carpenters' Society,	350
26. Youth's Library,	1,500

111,550

Many of the works in these various depots are scarce, and not easily procured at the present time. The Library of the University contains a donation from the unfortunate Lewis XIV. made during the revolutionary war—all of which were printed at the Royal Printing Office, and treat of mathematics, natural history,



&c. The Library of the Academy of Fine Arts contains a donation from Bonaparte. The Libraries of the Hospitals and Alms-House contain the best works on medicine, surgery, and the sciences, while those of the Academy of Natural Science and the Museum, are devoted to natural history and travels. The Library of St. Augustine Church contains, we believe, the only complete copy of the 'Fathers' in this country.

CONDITION OF THE FREE BLACKS.—It is stated in a pamphlet recently published, that of 40,000 blacks in N. Y. state, in 1825, but 931 were taxed, and but 298 qualified to vote. It is also calculated that the colored population of the north furnishes ten-fold more of both the criminals and paupers than our white population. The report of the Prison Discipline Society for 1827, sets the result thus:

Proportion of the Population sent to prison.

In Massachusetts,	1 out of 1665
Connecticut,	1 out of 2350
New York,	1 out of 2154
New Jersey,	1 out of 3743
Pennsylvania,	1 out of 2191

Proportion of col. Pop. sent to prison.

In Massachusetts,	1 out of 140
Connecticut,	1 out of 205
New York	1 out of 253
New Jersey,	1 out of 833
Pennsylvania,	1 out of 181

The report further states, that 'the returns from several prisons show that the white convicts are remaining nearly the same, or are diminishing, while the colored convicts are increasing; at the same time the white population is increasing in the northern states much faster than the colored population.'

Mrs. Trollope has been arrested and tried in London, for unmercifully beating one of her servant girls; and was convicted and fined for her 'domestic manners' in the premises.

Twenty years ago the price of the carriage of merchandise from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh varied from four to eight dollars per 100 pounds, according to the state of the roads. Recently, goods have been transported from New York to a point on the Scioto river, in the interior of Ohio, for less than *two* dollars, and to the interior of Illinois, by way of Lake Michi-

gan, for *three* dollars. When some of the great works of internal improvement now in contemplation, shall be completed, goods will be transported from the eastern cities to Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, nearly as cheaply as to Ohio or to Pittsburgh.

EXPENSES OF NEW JERSEY.—The usual appropriation bill was passed at the late session of the legislature, giving to the governor, for the current year, a salary of 2,000 dollars; the chief justice, 1,200 dollars; the two associate justices, each 1,100 dollars; the state treasurer, 1,000 dollars; the law reporter and chancery reporter, each 200 dollars; the attorney general, 80 dollars; quarter-master general, 100 dollars; adjutant general, 100 dollars. The vice president of council and the speaker of the house are each allowed 350 dollars, and the members of either house, 3 dollars a day during the sitting of the legislature, and 3 dollars for every 20 miles travel in going to and returning from the seat of government. The clerks of the two houses are also each allowed 3 dollars a day, 8 cts. for writing every 100 words in the records, and for copies to the printers. The sergeant-at-arms and the door-keepers, are each allowed 2 dollars a day. It is proper to add that the governor receives—being ex-officio chancellor—fees for his chancery duties, and that there are perquisites, though inconsiderable in amount, attached to the duties of the justices of the supreme court. The attorney general also receives fees in all cases of criminal conviction. The legislature, at the late session, authorized the governor to borrow 10,000 dollars, at 5 per cent. on the faith of the state, for the purposes of the commissioners in building the new penitentiary.

The Granville institution, in the state of Ohio, has nearly completed its new edifice, which presents two handsome fronts of 80 feet on the south and west, and is three stories high. It already numbers 88 students, 74 of whom are pursuing classical studies; of this number 26 are professors of religion, and 20 are looking forward to the christian ministry.

The appropriation of the city council of the city of New York, for the support of public schools, for the year commencing in May last, is 86,657 dollars and 50 cents.





















